

HG

HOUSE & GARDEN

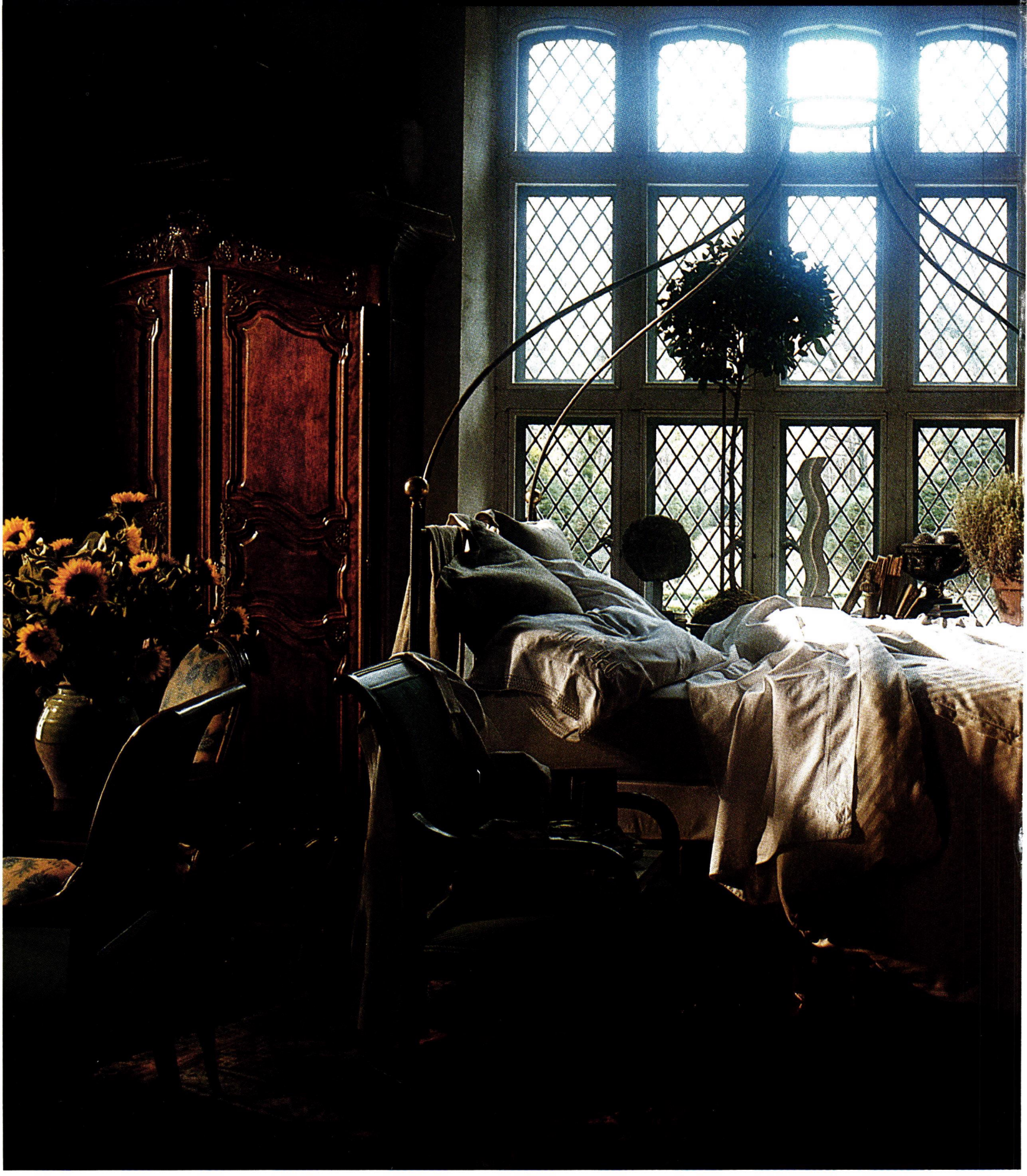
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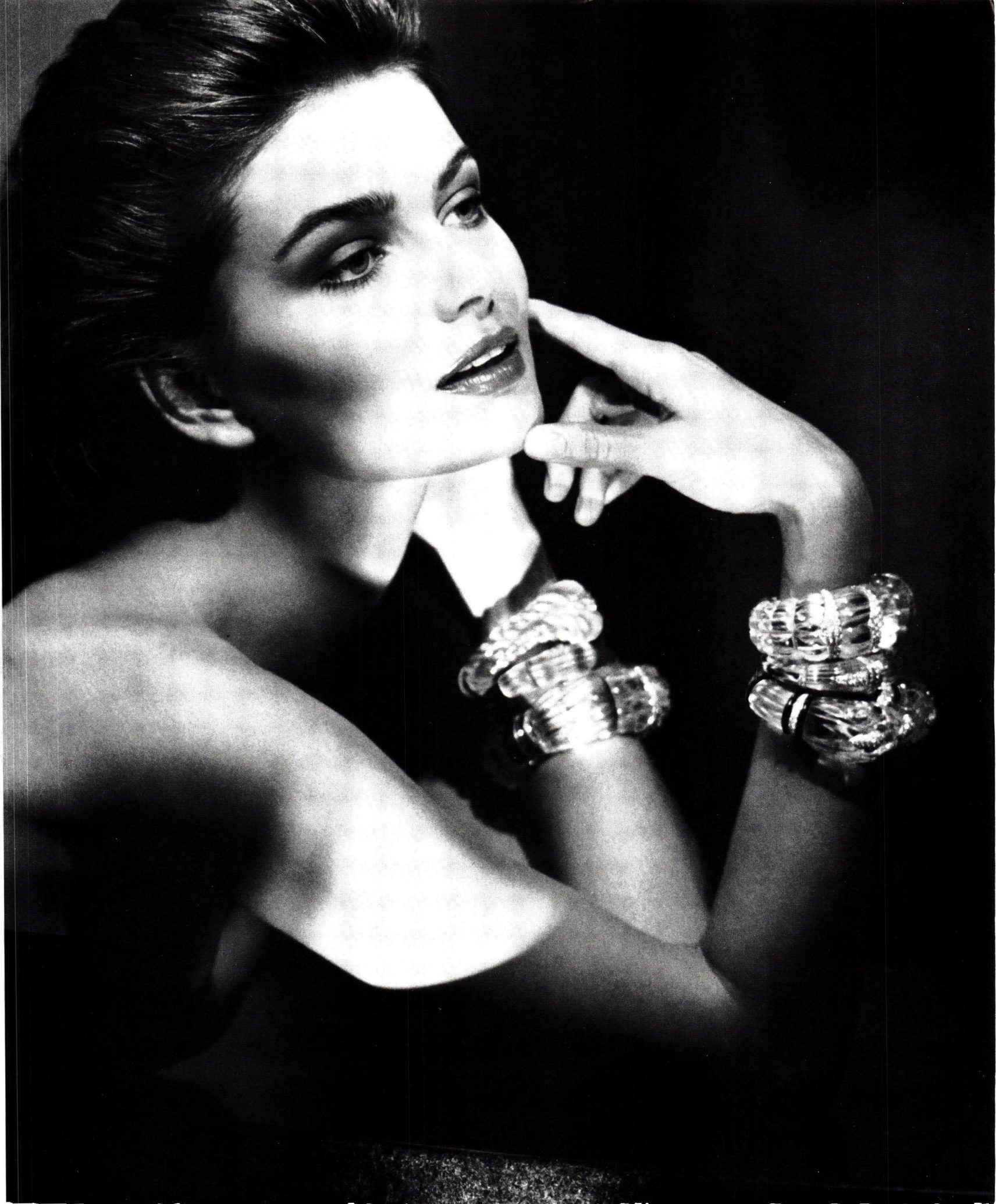
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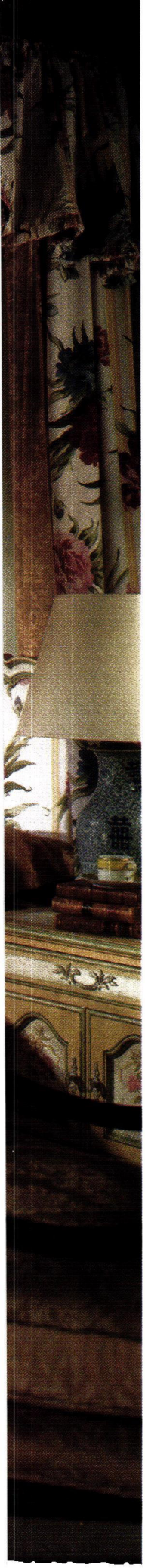
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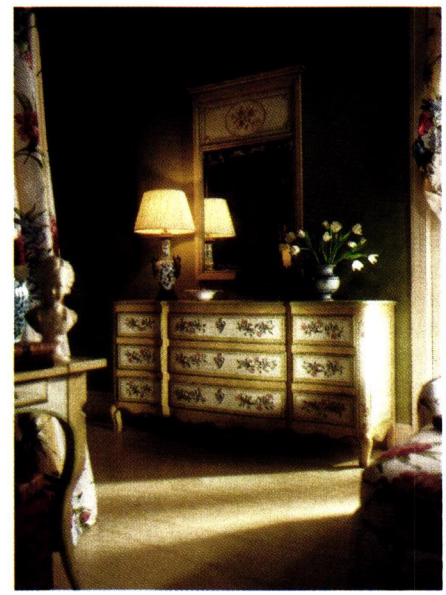






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HOUSE & GARDEN
MAY 1989
Volume 161, Number 5



COVER In the newly restored Upper Garden at Mount Vernon, beds bloom with flowers Washington is known to have used or had available to him. Page 140. Photograph by Marina Schinz.

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The living room of connoisseur Federico Forquet, above, with a view of half of Rome outside. Page 128. Photograph by Karen Radkai. Below: Dancer Alessandra Ferri, among others, describes napping techniques. Page 164. Photograph by George Lange. Illustration at left by Anders Wenngren.



Noble Roman Federico Forquet's tower apartment commemorates a family of collectors. By Michael Mewshaw **128**

George Washington's Garden Mount Vernon's floral heritage is restored to its eighteenth-century simplicity. By Martin Filler **140**

Sanctuary for Art Painter Malcolm Morley's life and work converge in a transformed church. By Dodie Kazanjian **150**

Collective Spirit On the Connecticut shore, decorator Georgina Fairholme creates a hospitable setting for unexpected antiques. By Stuart Greenspan **156**

Great Nappers HG talks with Fran Lebowitz and others about the simple (and not so simple) pleasures of dozing **164**

Abloom in the City The Manhattan apartment of Fernanda and Jamie Niven is a mixed bouquet of her chintz designs. By Jennifer Conlin **168**

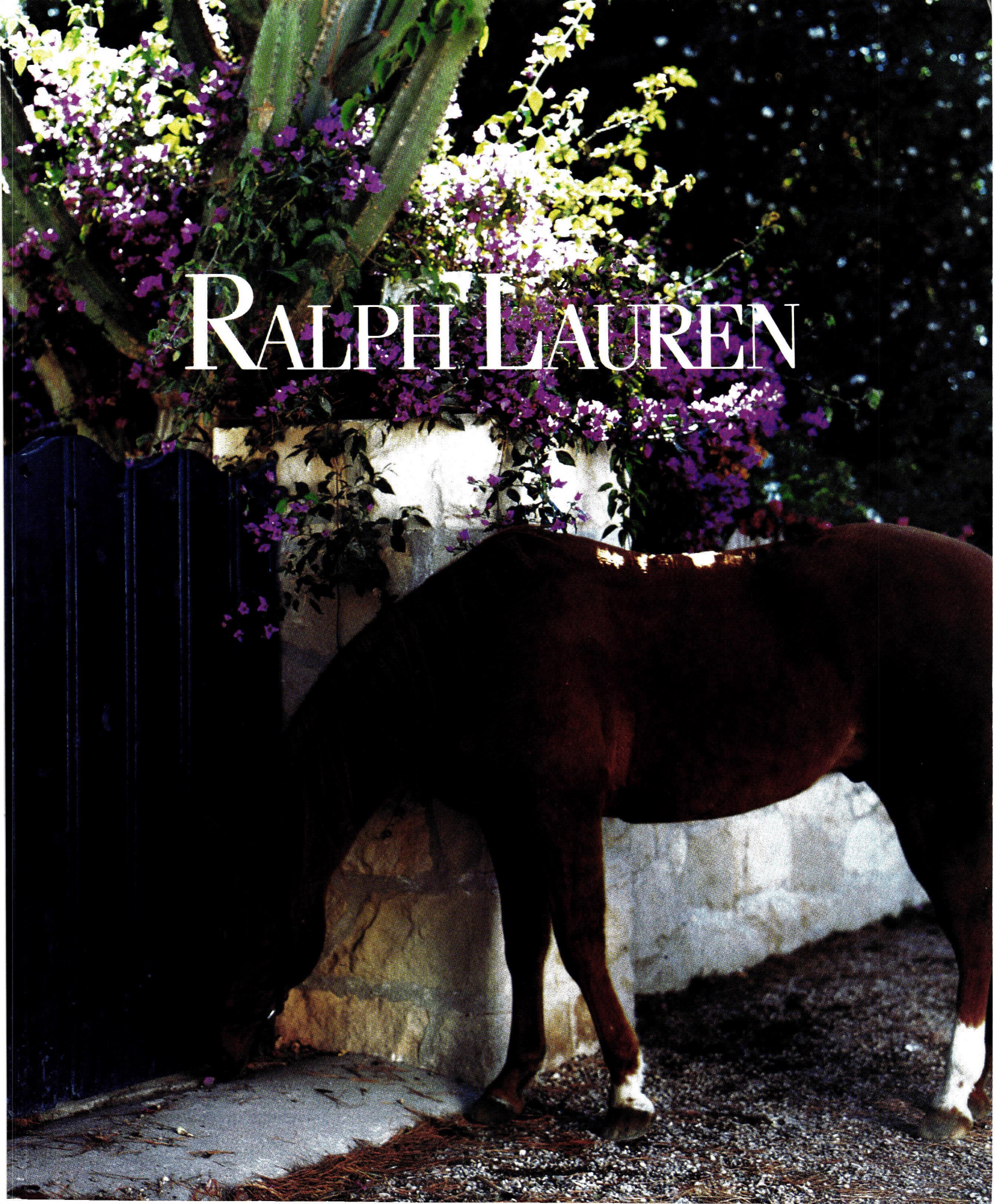
In the American Mold Pioneering porcelains reflect the exuberance of an emerging nation. By Margaret Caldwell **174**

Bringing It All Back Home Clothing designer Nancy Heller never returns to California empty-handed. By Dale Kern **178**

Victoria's Secret A childhood passion becomes a grown-up profession. By Lynn Snowden **188**

Cottage Classic A Long Island house by architect Jaquelin Robertson draws on the early traditions of the place. By Martin Filler **192**

Movable Seats The best of benches, stools, and ottomans. By Dana Cowin **200**


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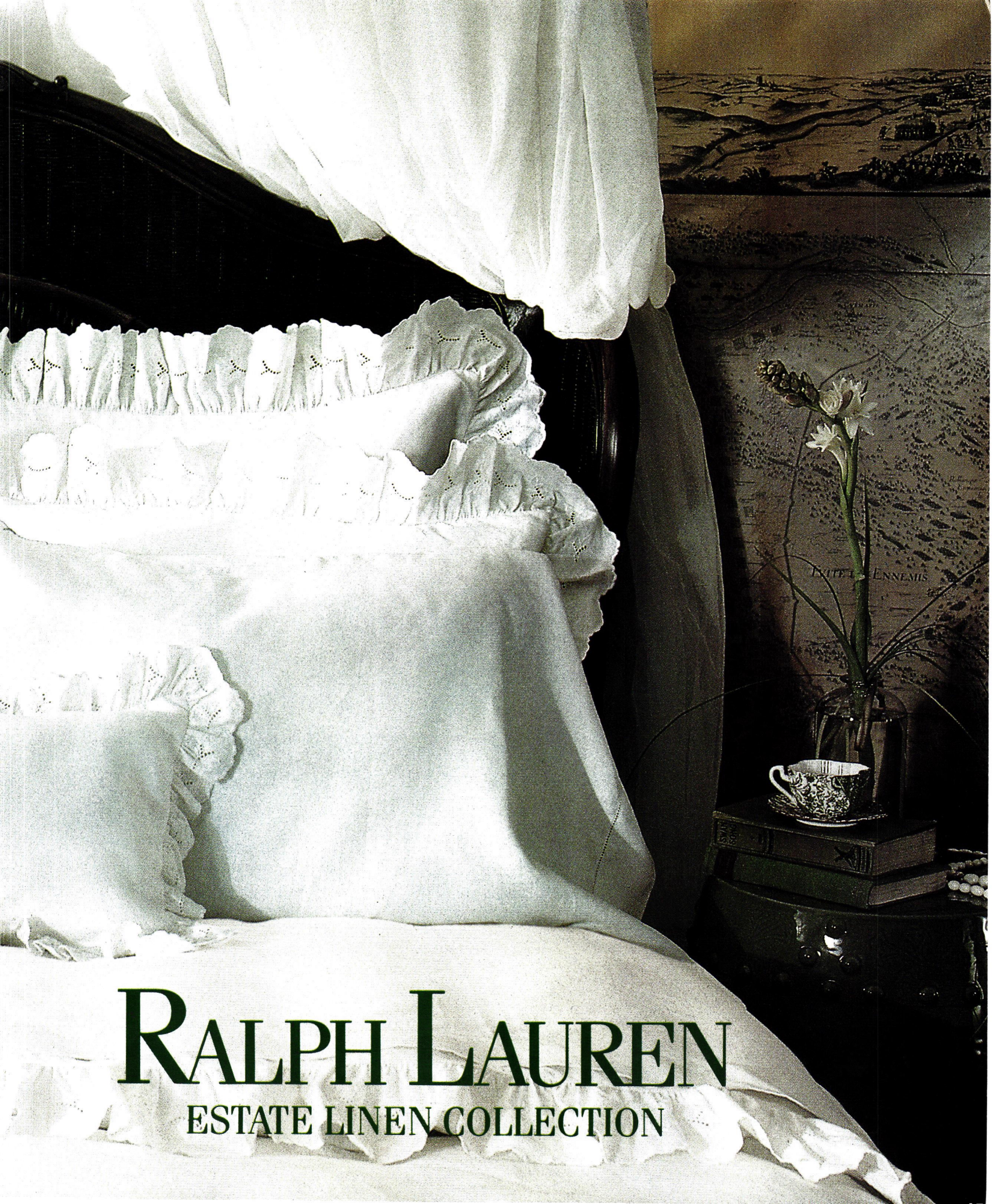


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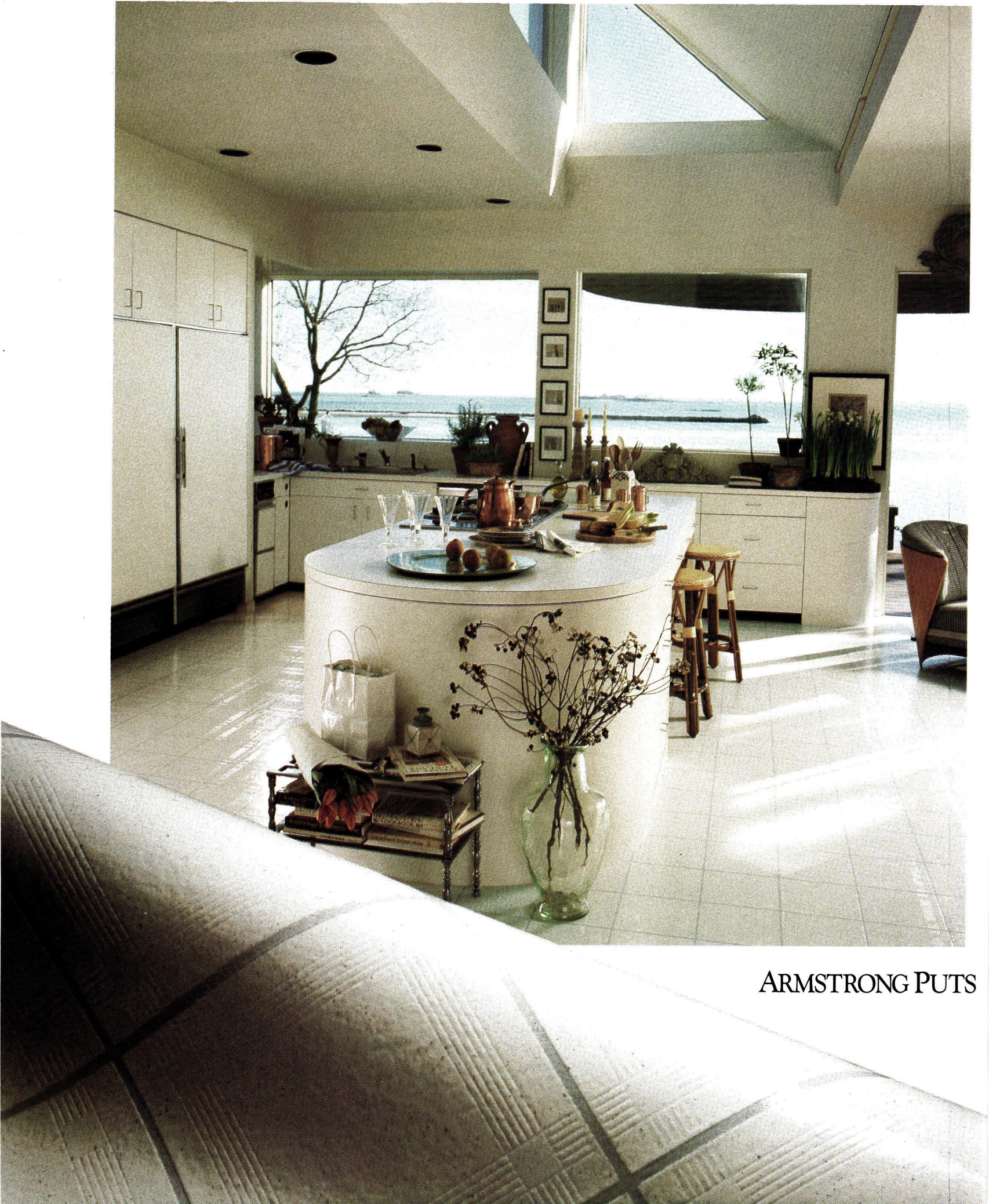
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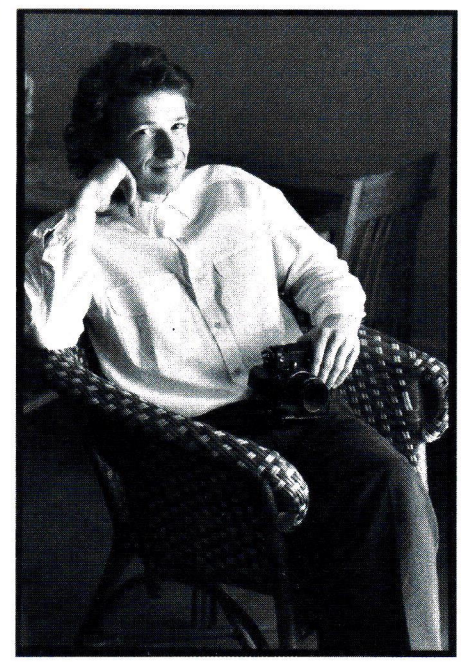
MICHIE GLEASON

Fran Lebowitz discusses the perfect conditions for a delightful short snooze on the living room sofa in this month's feature on napping. While she likes covering herself with a thin blanket, she could never wear a sleep mask: "They look ridiculous, and the sense that I looked like that would keep me awake." The author of *Social Studies* and *Metropolitan Life*, Lebowitz is writing a novel, *Exterior Signs of Wealth*, to be finished "sometime this century."

Margaret Caldwell, a writer and private dealer in American furniture, specializes in the decorative arts of the 19th century, a period she finds especially imaginative. For this issue of HG she reports on the American porcelain show at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Filled with whimsy, "some of the pieces are actually very amusing."



MARK STERN



PARI STAVE

William Waldron believes that "in magazine photography I am there because the reader isn't. I have to be the reader's eyes and that's the challenge." About Victoria Hagan's apartment, which he shot for HG this month, he says: "I love her sense of style. When I walked in, I knew immediately that it was a woman's house—it was feminine without being frilly."

clarence house

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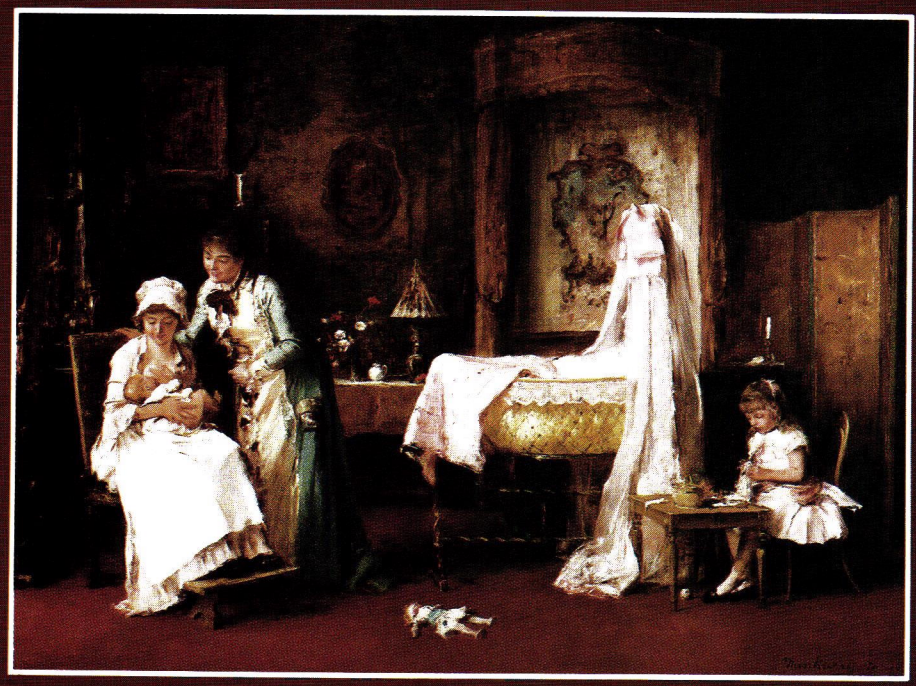


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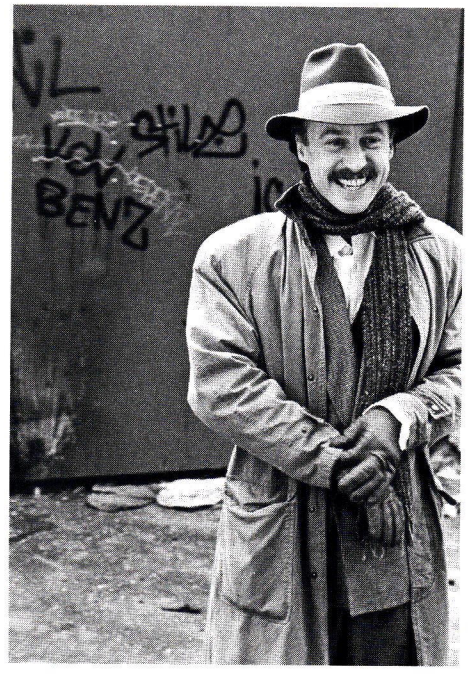
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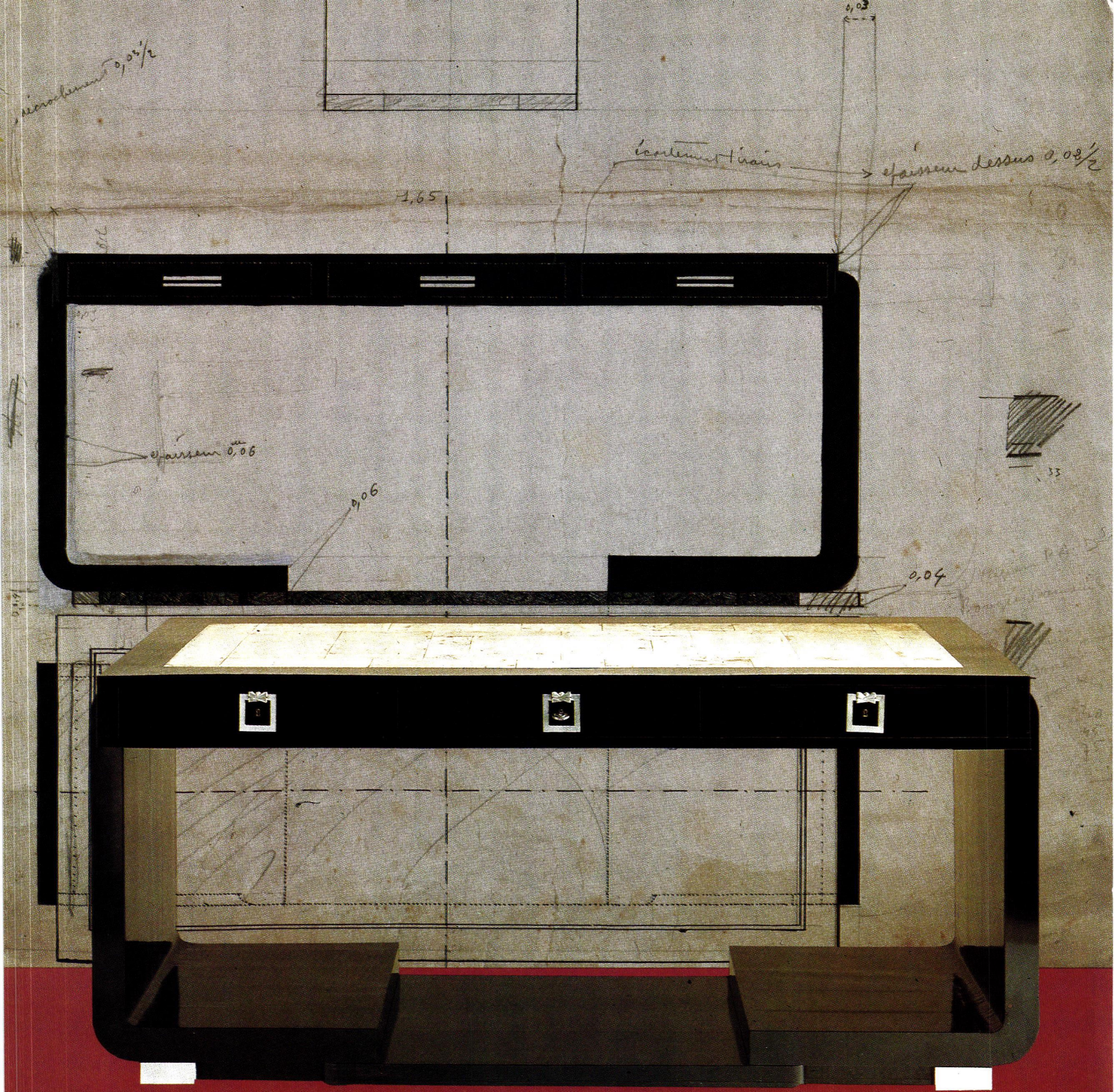
RUEDI HOFMANN

Susan Goldberger, House & Garden's dynamic picture editor, finds working on shoots—from conception to final design—exhilarating. "As with all visual magazines, it is the images that really tell the story. We work closely with today's most talented photographers to make our features come to life."



JEAN KALLINA

Allan Gurganus, who wrote "Storied Objects" for May, finds HG a "fertile sourcebook, its rooms all possible scenes of crimes, stage sets ripe for haunting by imaginary characters." His first novel, *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All* (Knopf), rolls off the presses this September.



Pierre Legrain

On May 6, Sotheby's will auction an important group of 20th century works of art by Pierre Legrain and Eileen Gray, and the New York townhouse, designed by Philip Johnson, where they were installed.

For catalogues and more information, please contact Barbara Deisroth at (212) 606-7170. Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

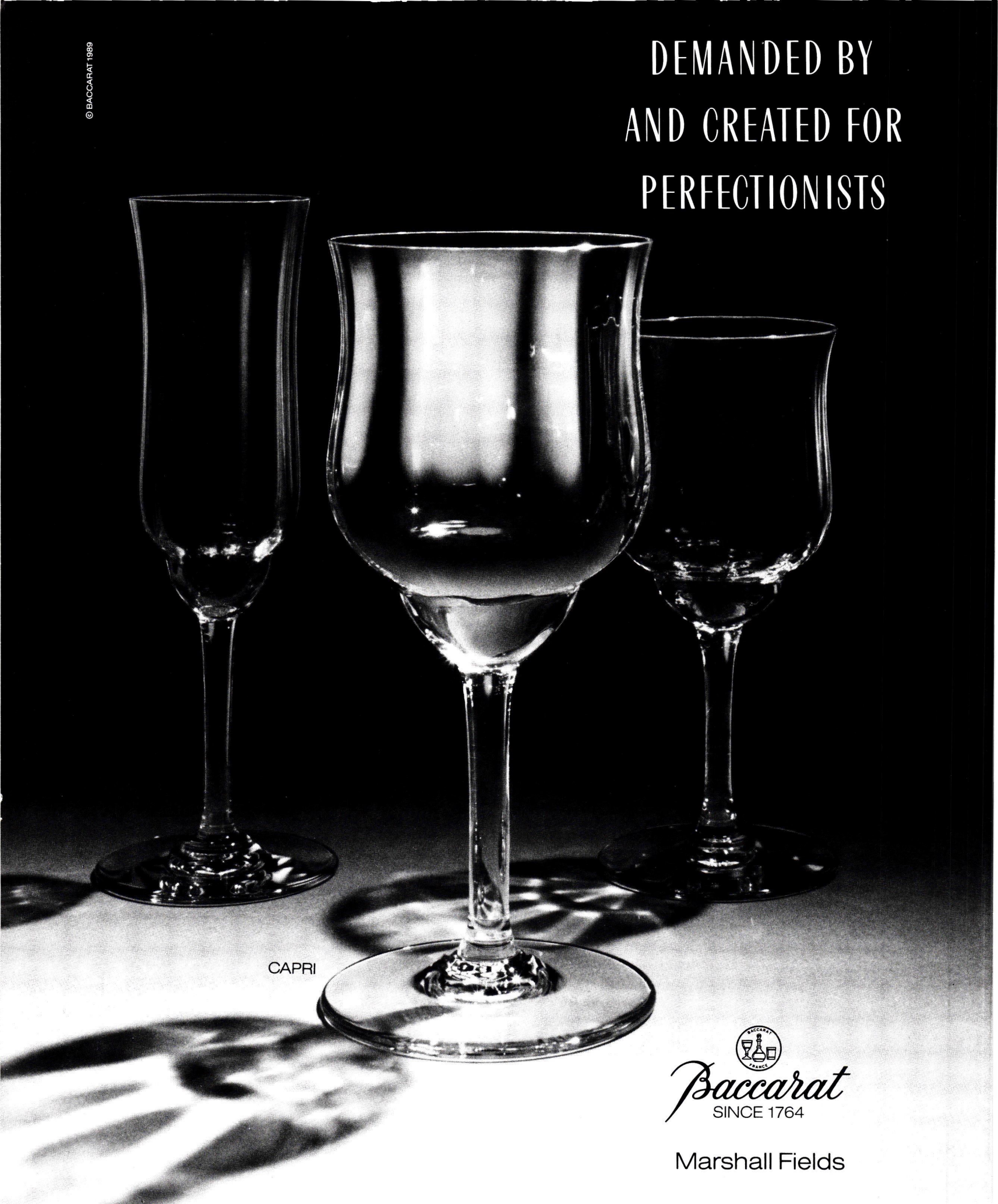
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A Pierre Legrain ebony and galuchat bureau plat, circa 1920, designed for Jacques Doucet, and the original drawing in pencil, ink and gouache on paper.

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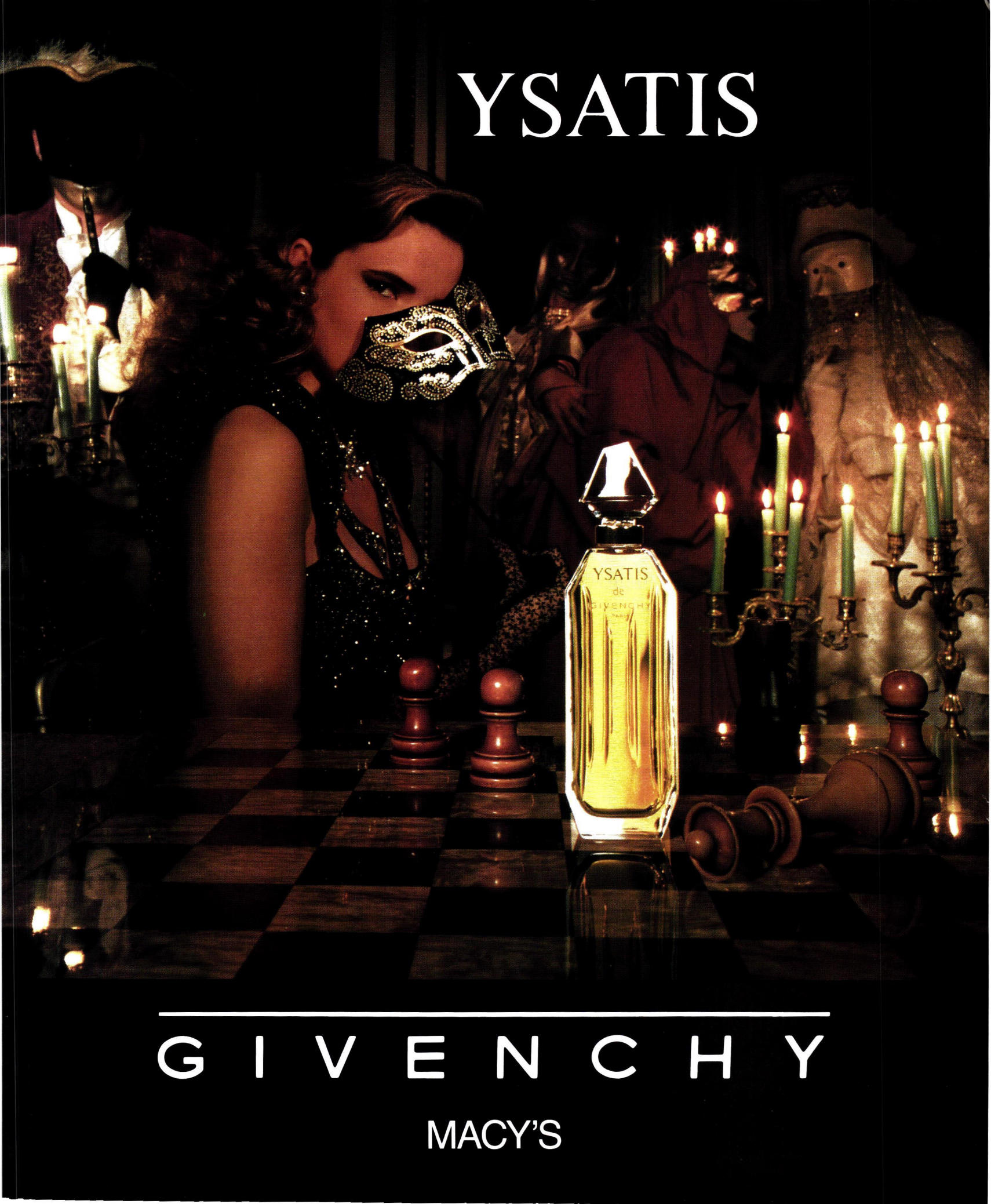
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HG reports on the new and the noteworthy from the garden

Edited by Heather Smith MacIsaac



MONICA STEVENSON

BRANCHING OUT

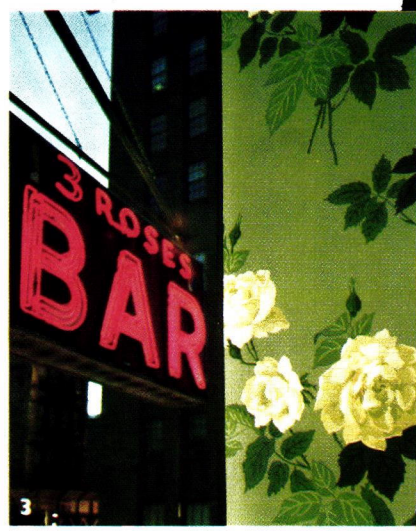
From radishes to roses, the garden is the inspiration for this month's crop of objects and events. New York–based Dutch artist Gerd Verschoor sits with three of his one-of-a-kind sculpture chairs ($1,500–$4,000). Antique seats are embellished with bundles of birch twigs, ensnarled laurel branches with resident bird's nest, and elegant birch trunks. To order call (212) 262-0694.

NOTES

from the garden



Spring fancies: **1.** Vibrant blossoms shimmer on checked dobby-weave cotton masquerading as silk. Designed by Gianni Versace, Mandarin Rose, in lacquer red, royal blue, gold, and teal, is available to the trade at China Seas, NYC (212) 420-1170. The 1930s deck chairs are from Elan Antiques, NYC (212) 529-2724. **2.** Occasionally mistaken for UFOs landing on the lawn, these illuminated concrete stepping stones, $25 each, are dramatic and functional. To order, call J Collard at (800) 541-4550. **3, 4.** A funky neon sign from one of SoHo's seediest bars marks the new Three Roses restaurant—low-key, offbeat, and terribly elegant. It features a 33-foot mahogany bar, 1940s wallpaper, a wall sculpture of three roses in aluminum and patinated copper, and serves up fried shoestring beets and sourdough oysters. Closed Sunday; 311 Church St., NYC (212) 925-3700. **5.** Unusual shrubs, trees, and perennials are up for grabs on Mother's Day at the first annual Sedgwick Garden Plant Auction and Sale at Long Hill in Beverly, Mass. Illustrated here is one of the rarest plants on the block, *Arisaema sikokianum*. Free admission. Call (508) 921-1944 for directions. **6.** Tartan cotton gloves with silk radish ornament, $15 a pair, will please the most fashion-conscious gardener. From the Well-Furnished Garden in Bethesda, Md. (301) 469-6879. In hand, the Pocket Gardener, $62.50, gives expert advice on 191 different



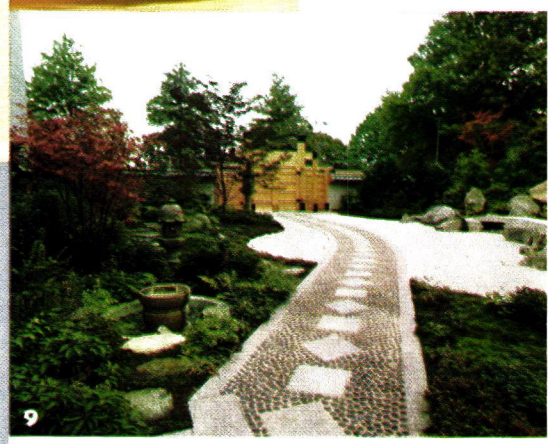




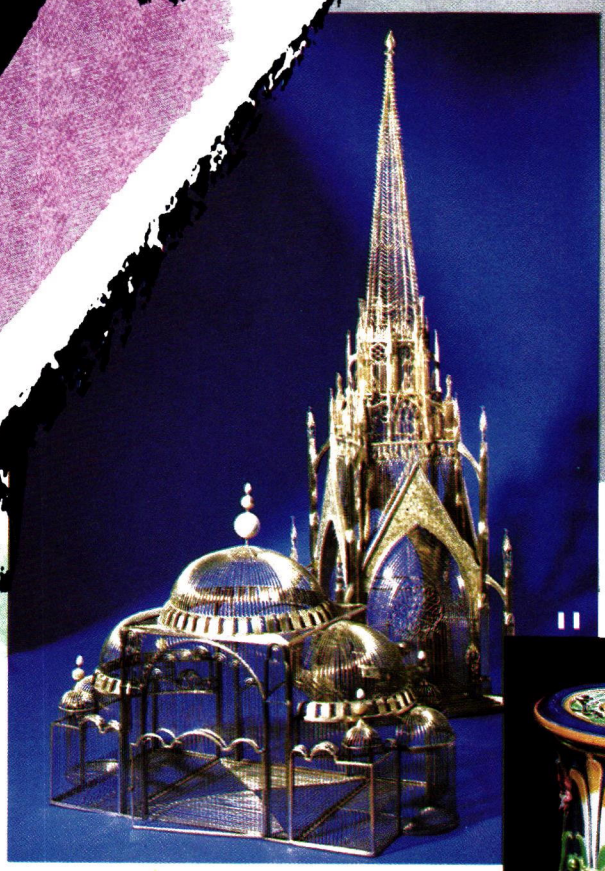














houseplants. To order, call Hammacher Schlemmer at (800) 543-3366. **7.** Recently spotted in a window at Bergdorf Goodman: fruit-adorned Limoges plates with hand-sponged rims in green, purple, yellow, and fuchsia. Designed by Laure Japy, each sells for $48; available at Bergdorf's, NYC (212) 753-7300. **8.** Panama hats—dyed to match Christian Lacroix's floral spring palette—are loaded with silk vegetables, roses, or wildflowers. Choose a plain one for $30, or go for the whole 21-variety garden for $75. From the Well-Furnished Garden (see above). **9.** Over 70 species of plants and 390 tons of local stones went into the making of Tenshin-en, an American interpretation of a Japanese contemplative viewing garden, which opened last fall at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Apr.–Oct., Tues.–Sun., 10 A.M.–4 P.M. **10.** Handcrafted sterling silver demitasse spoons, $295 each, from the Stephen Dweck Home Collection are charmingly decorated with meandering grapevines. At Bergdorf Goodman. **11.** John Buford's brass models of Constantinople's Hagia Sophia, $10,000, and Chartres cathedral, $15,000, are perfect for housing exotic birds. To the trade from Johanna Welty, Walnut Creek, Calif. (415) 937-4035. **12.** Manufactured by Minton & Co., this c. 1872 Victorian majolica garden seat, $4,000, is patterned with molded floral forms under colored lead glazes. At Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. **Glenn Harrell**

1, 6–8, 10–12. MONICA STEVENSON; 2. DAVID VAN INWEGAN; 3–4. DAVID FRAZIER; 5. ANDERS WENNGREN; 9. COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON. 1. STYLIST: SHEVA FRUITMAN


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NOTES

ARCHITECTURE

Hard-Hatted Woman

Seagram's scion Phyllis Lambert opens her new museum of the building art

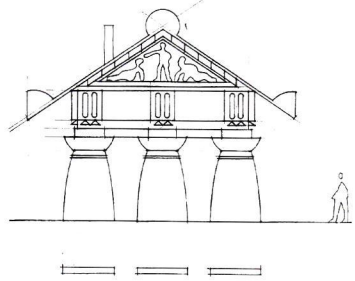
By Douglas Brenner

It isn't only Phyllis Lambert's crew cut and imperious gaze that make you think of Gertrude Stein. It's also the way she repeats a single phrase with absolute intensity, as though straining to focus on some grand yet elusive truth. More often than not, when Lambert talks, the resonant phrase is "making a case for architecture"—cool words that distill the passion of a lifetime. Although she is a trained architect, the 62-year-old Canadian whiskey heiress does not choose to make her case by building buildings. "I never liked selling myself, professionally or as a designer," she explains. "Obviously, if that were my chief love I'd . . ." She halts in mid sentence with an impatient jerk of her hand. For now, Lambert's chief love is better expressed by what is happening inside a building designed by someone else: the new headquarters of the Canadian Centre for Architecture (CCA), a $35 million museum and study complex in Montreal which opens to the public this month.

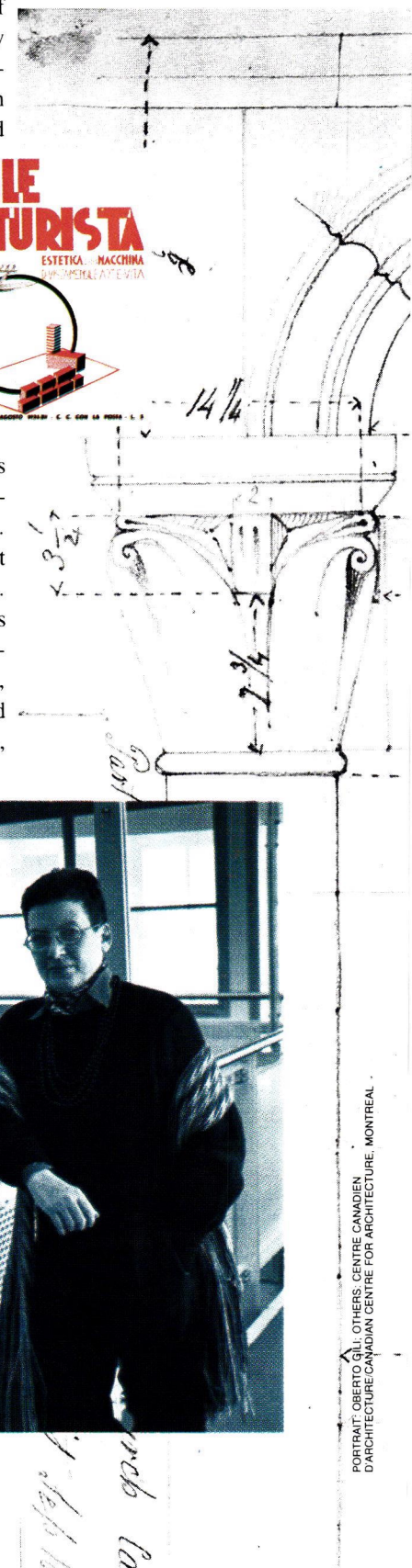
When Lambert founded the CCA ten years ago in the converted peanut warehouse where she still lives, it was the first truly international institution of its kind. Indeed, architectural museum and study centers of any sort were a novelty. Even now, with its ambitious publication program and a wealth of rare books, prints and drawings, photographs, and archives, the CCA is quite unlike any other museum. Within its galleries you can expect to find Renaissance engravings next to computer graphics, a daguerreotype of vanished garden walls alongside a videotape of modern steel construction, a Beaux-Arts reverie on antiquity against a Futurist vision of some brave new world—and learn what they all have in common.

French daguerreotype, c. 1848.



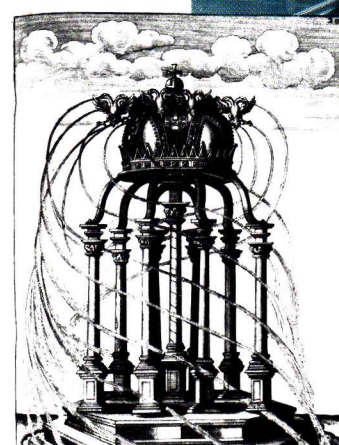


Montrealers take chauvinistic pride in pointing out that Lambert, like the CCA, is a one-of-a-kind phenomenon. The local press revels in treating her as an animate *monument historique:* the eccentric daughter of hometown distillery mogul Samuel Bronfman, the woman who could afford Chanel but prefers workman's overalls and running shoes. Lambert herself bridles at any mention of the family fortune. Undeniably, though, her inheritance has played a large role in the CCA's genesis. She purchased the site of the new building and set up a foundation which donated more than $30 million toward the construction of Montreal architect Peter Rose's design, pays the salaries of a full-time staff, and underwrites most acquisitions (the value of current holdings exceeds $50 million). Lambert is not, however, a white-gloved lady bountiful. Her constant hands-on involvement is both celebrated and notorious. "Phyllis's passion and directness can offend," says New York architect Robert A. M. Stern, "but boy, can she be on the mark! If I could give her one message, it would be, 'Relax, Phyllis, just relax.' "



Phyllis Lambert, right, with a CCA sampler, clockwise from top, Italian magazine cover, 1934; A. C. Pugin sketch, detail, 1824; engraving of a fountain from a German book, 1664; Robert Venturi drawing, 1977.





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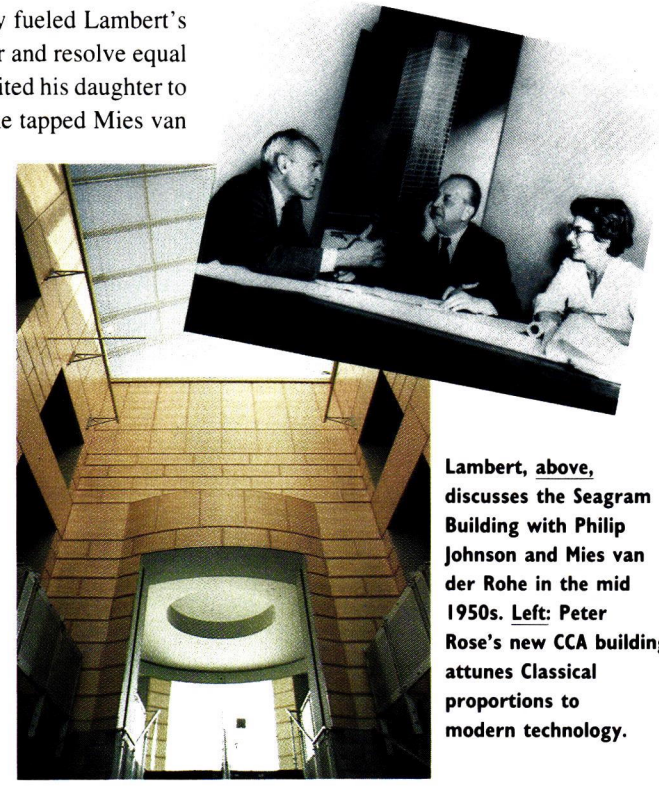

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Lambert first hit the bull's-eye more than thirty years ago, in a series of now-legendary events that made her an ingenue heroine of modern architecture before she even thought of becoming an architect herself. In 1954, the story goes, Lambert was in Paris, in the midst of divorcing her French husband, when she read reports of a Manhattan office building commissioned by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, the citadel of her father's empire. Disgust with the apparent mediocrity of the proposed design impelled her to shoot off protest letters home, which the patriarch countered with an offer to "come back and choose the marble"—a sop that only fueled Lambert's rage. Faced with a temper and resolve equal to his own, Bronfman invited his daughter to select a new architect. She tapped Mies van der Rohe, and the Seagram Building he designed turned out to be the Parthenon of postwar skyscrapers. Philip Johnson, Mies's associate on the project, remembers how "Phyllis's father would send people over to tell her what to do, and every one of them met bloody defeat at her hands. This little girl, slight and short, could walk into a room with eight powerful men, and if she said, 'Mies wants this,' it was done. Things like that don't happen in the real world, but they happened in her world."



Lambert, above, discusses the Seagram Building with Philip Johnson and Mies van der Rohe in the mid 1950s. Left: Peter Rose's new CCA building attunes Classical proportions to modern technology.

Asked how she now sees her role as champion of architecture, Lambert replies, "In England there's something known as voluntary services. You become like a person in a religious order; you don't have to go out and make a buck. I like that idea. You can be an advocate rather than be in it for yourself." There is a distinctly monastic aura about the white-walled loft where she lives with her dog, Bogart, an aging Bouvier des Flandres. The furnishings are spartan yet eclectic: sawhorse tables piled with books, chrome and black leather Mies chairs, a construction worker's hard hat, and a cheap industrial lamp clipped to one finger of a mammoth Rodin bronze above a mattress laid on the floor. These items compose a portrait of an inquiring mind—as Lambert puts it, "I've always collected to see how things work." Max Protetch, the New York dealer in architectural drawings, observes: "More than any other major collector, Phyllis goes for the hand of the architect, the germ of an idea that's often almost lost in the building itself."

Visitors to the CCA can see this sensibility at work in the opening exhibition, "Architecture and Its Image," on view May 7–August 7. "The center doesn't contain its subject the way a museum of painting or sculpture does," says curator of exhibitions and publications Eve Blau, "it contains representations of it. But it is important to see how these representations convey ideas about the *process* of architecture. That's why we tend to collect groups of material, not just the individual pretty object." For the CCA's inaugural, Peter Rose has left a temporary "window" in one gallery, to allow a glimpse of the structure's sophisticated technology. He admits to a fantasy of having Phyllis Lambert stand behind the window, dressed in her overalls amid the ducts and wiring. The tableau is an arresting icon, and you can imagine what the wall label would say: "Making a case for architecture." ▲

TOP: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, MIES VAN DER ROHE ARCHIVE; BOTTOM: OBERTO GILI

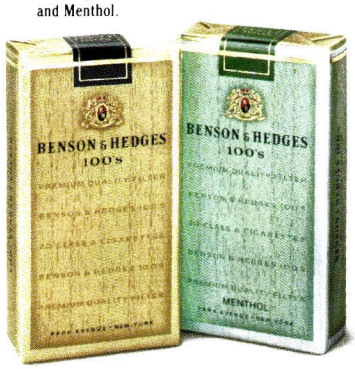
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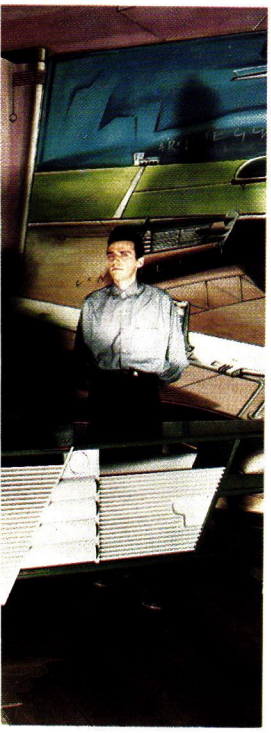
DESIGN

Dangerous Curves

A new nightclub marks the American debut of Bolidism, the latest Italian export
By Charles Gandee

Massimo Iosa-Ghini, a suave 29-year-old Bolognese architect with slicked-back hair, is the ringleader of a new Italian design movement called Bolidism, which, as of, oh, say, a year or so ago, unofficially replaced Memphis—remember Memphis?—as the avant-garde style of the moment. Although Iosa-Ghini and his twelve Bolidist buddies have made a fair amount of much-publicized noise about their aesthetic revolution, they have met with only limited success in realizing their vision of a Barbarella-style brave new world. Admirers have had to settle for a rousing Bolidist manifesto, a few odd domestic objects, and a high-profile line of jazzy furniture distributed by Palazzetti throughout the United States and in Canada and by Modern Living in Los Angeles. But Bolidó (from *bolide,* fast moving object), a new nightclub-cum-restaurant in Manhattan, changes all that. Now anyone who can pass sartorial muster at the closely guarded West 18th Street door can take an exhilarating spin through Iosa-Ghini's fanciful rendition of life in the futuristic fast lane.

The uninitiated and the timid, however, should proceed with caution—Bolidists prefer dangerous curves to straight lines. The idea is that objects must appear to be in a state of perpetual motion, which means that the action at Bolidó is not limited to the dance floor. Iosa-Ghini and his longtime collaborator, Milan-based entertainment impresario Gian Carlo Soresina, have filled the tri-level club with swoopy curvy chairs, stools, sofas, bars, and banquettes. These signature elements of Iosa-Ghini's very spirited style seem to race around the rooms at breakneck speed, all but bumping into the walls covered with vivid murals of some Fritz Lang–like metropolis in which visitors would be well advised to sit back and fasten their seat belts. ♠



Architect Massimo Iosa-Ghini, left, and a detail of one of his murals, below, for a new nightclub-cum-restaurant in Manhattan.

A curvilinear bar with quirky steel and leather stools at Bolidó, below and bottom, a late-night pleasure palace for the progressive. Details see Resources.







PORTRAIT: TONI THORIMBERT/LUIGI VOLPE; OTHERS: MICHAEL MORAN


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PEOPLE

Storied Objects

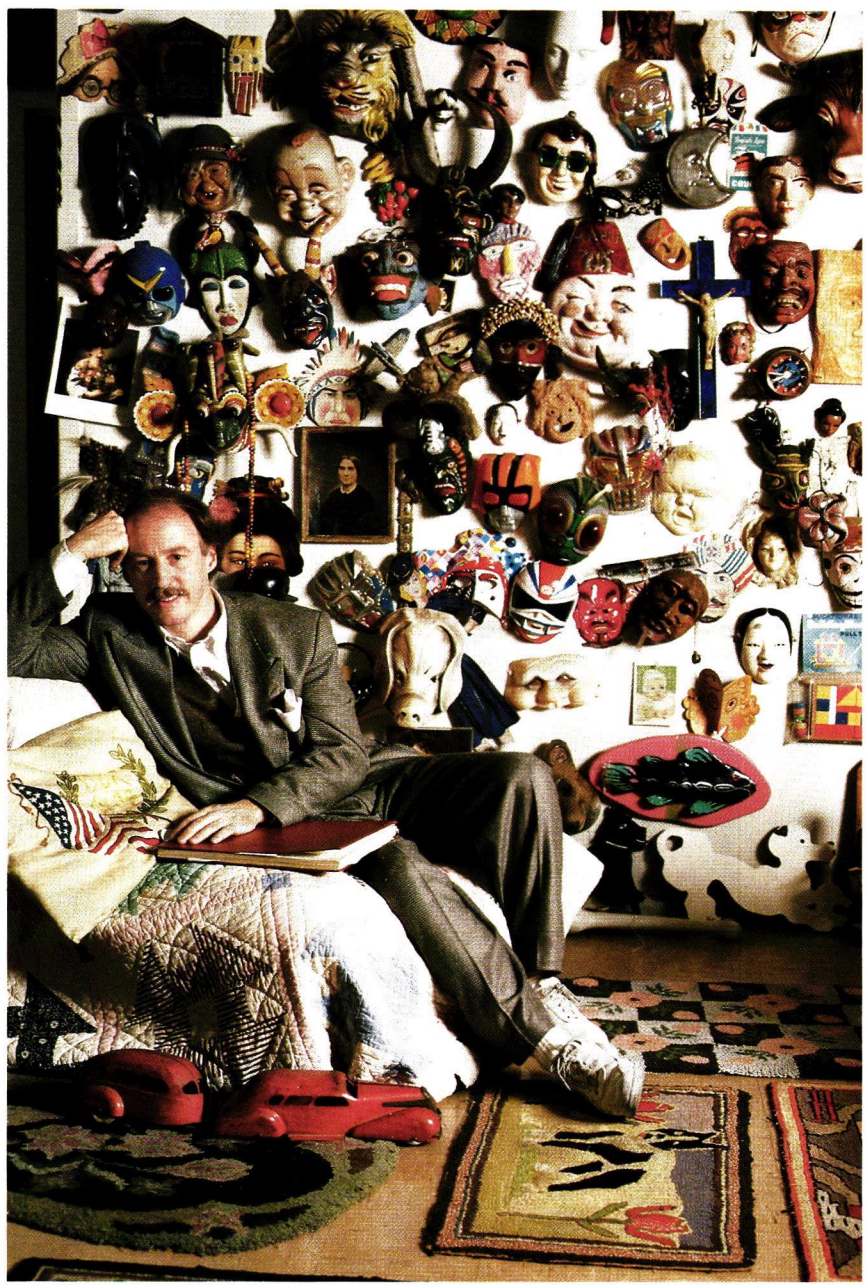
A novelist tells how the unlikeliest possessions find their way into his work

By Allan Gurganus

Henry James, who knew a great deal, if not everything, considered these two words the most perfectly beautiful in English: "summer afternoon." My own favorite since childhood is just "Home." I love the way its stately gate of an "H" swings open onto the shielded domesticity of roundnesses, the way Home's little "e" stands, back-looking, bye-saying, like the household's child sent out to wave company safe into the night. That last sentence, playing house with the letters of one word, shows both my novelist's trade—making something of seemingly nothing much—and the reason my rooms look the way they do—that overloaded, overheated alphabet, my home.

Good taste interests me mostly for the human exceptions it can make. My rule-bending tendency makes me wonder how the houses shown in magazines manage their Zen cleanliness. Where do such houses store, for instance, the many previous magazines full of houses like themselves? I always intend to live simply, in stark white rooms scary with elegant rectitude: a futon, a lacquer table, one ripening persimmon, and a vase bearing, say, a single twig. I manage that till the following morning, on the sidewalk waiting for the garbagemen, there's this Deco-ish thirties rattan chaise in almost-perfect shape which really must come home and help home become more fully Home. Within one week and three more finds I've gone from Buddhist purity to Santa's workshop. Oh, well.

A real estate ad might describe my lair as a one-bedroom apartment with a balcony. How partial all truths are. I work here because—given Manhattan's office rents—I can't afford a home away from home. Those of us involved in cottage industries must pay especially industrious attention to the cottage itself. This economic necessity—the keeping of desk near bed near fridge, this mingling of love, work, and the usual eat/sleep—has come to feed the writing, has become a joy that lets me live with my research—known in some circles as clutter. By now the place is a provincial museum of my collections motley and grand, it is a file drawer with a bed in it. It's a rescue-mission halfway house for objects equidistant between being fashionable and extinct. Over time, alongside my fiction, the rent-controlled apartment has evolved, grown



Allan Gurganus with a portion of his collection of masks—"co-sufferers, co-jokes."

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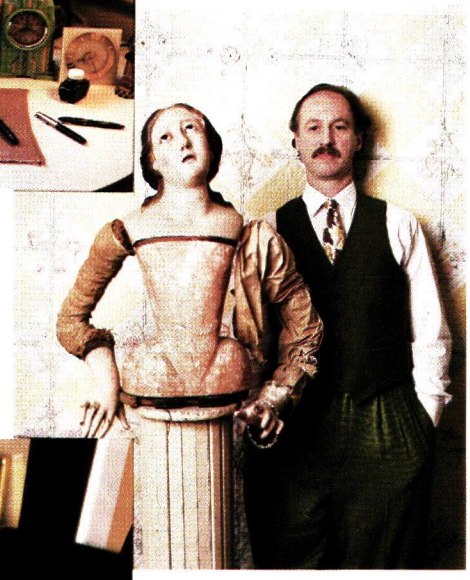
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peony-layered with allusions and jokes. It has become partly office supply store, partly a tragicomic thrift shop attempt at creating a little dignified bourgeois comfort, partly alchemist's medicine chest, partly the toy-strewn nursery of a well-equipped if not quite spoiled child. The place also serves as a southerner's ancestor-worship altar, a hermit's cave, a telephone clearinghouse, and, whenever still possible, a seducer's den. Mostly it's a beloved yeasty petri dish for ideas, friendships, hopes. It is Yeats's "rag and bone shop of the heart."

Six days a week for the past seven years I've paced and mumbled in these rooms, finishing my novel *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All* [to be published in September by Alfred A. Knopf]. The book, 700 pages long, offers the voice of one 99-year-old woman, a veteran of the last veteran of our Civil War, somebody "too old to lie, too vain to need to." The novel covers 150 years of dark American comedy; by now it also covers every square inch of this research-site apartment. Bathroom walls are still paved with tintypes showing doomed boy soldiers whose clear eyes seem to know. I am still addicted to the bedroom's images of Lincoln's messianically human mud pie of a face. (I've heard that Picasso had a collection of Lincolnalia; Marilyn Monroe considered Lincoln the sexiest man in American history, and she married Arthur Miller because of his Lincolnly length.) But where was I? Oh yes, underfoot crumbles one informative 1888 Montgomery Ward catalogue, a useful gauge to the daily objects of home back then.







The writing table, above, with its honor guard of clocks. Right: The author and Saint Ursula, at left. Below: The drawing table features the phone saved from a razed Harlem brothel, photographs of ancestors including the adopted Chekhov, and, in progress, one illustration from the author's second novel, *Blessed Assurance: A Moral Tale.*

Between projects, I mostly collect what most collects me. My two hundred masks become tacit company for any novel's long haul; masks offer an anthology of squints, a laughing Hogarthian audience, a crop of fellow souls trapped in some amicably melancholy plaster-polychromed limbo. They are co-sufferers, co-jokes. The masks range from fifteenth-century French altar carvings to wonders made by my father and brothers and a cross-stitched sampler by Mom: THOUGHTFUL DEEDS BRING HAPPINESS—I sure hope so. These rest among a plentiful supply of last Halloween's choicest Woolworth's luridness.

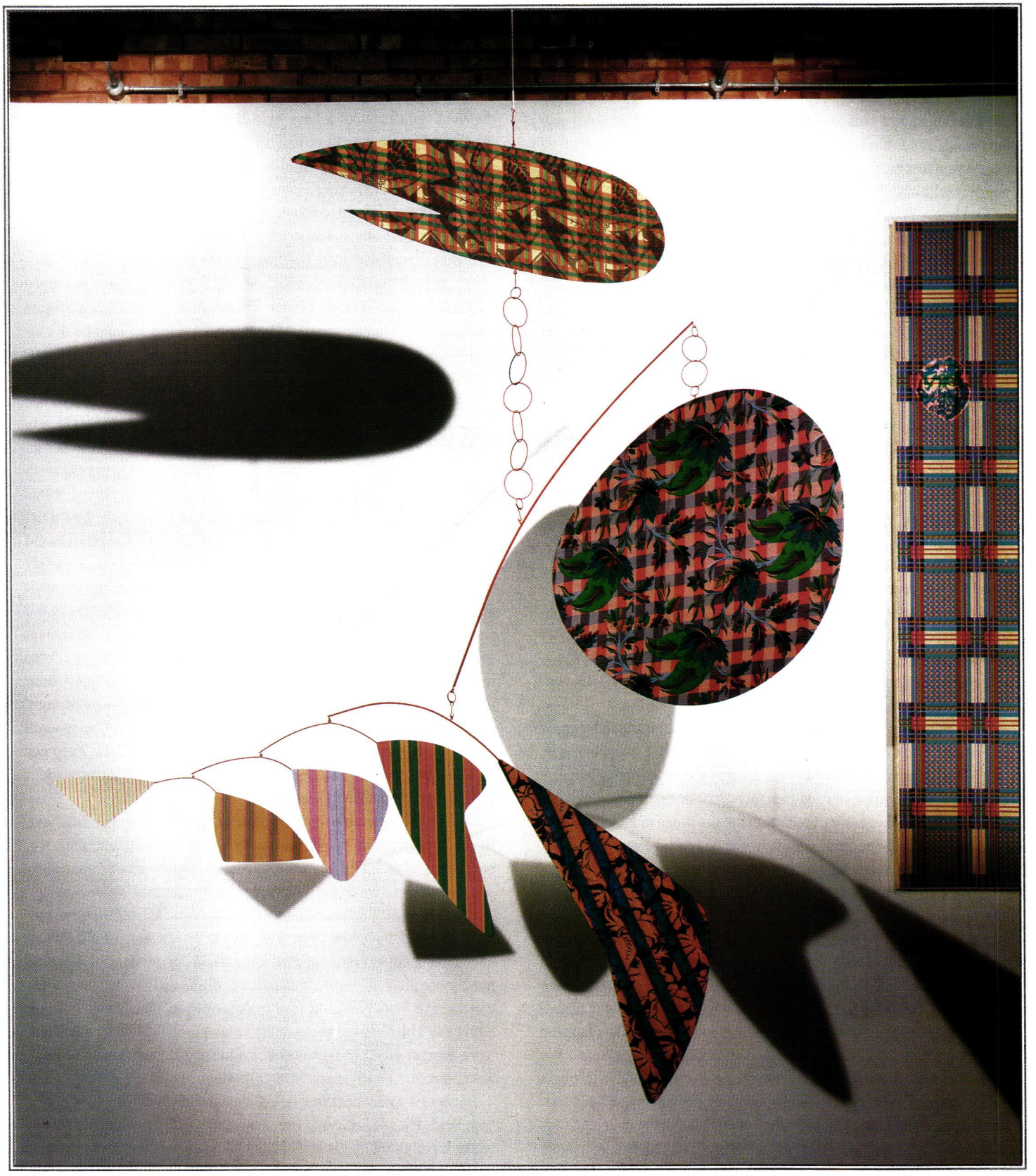
Oscar Wilde warned against people who understand the price of everything and the value of nothing. In our trumped-up lucre-lusting age, taste is everywhere, minus meaning, robbed of the contradictory, the compassionate, the personal. (If "home" is the most roundly pure of English words, what is "homeless"?) In such a time, home—as in the 1820s to '40s—again seems Biedermeier-reified, half holy. We are sensible to try perfecting what little space we do control. I am personally untrust-funded while engaged in a profession that pays, if at all, only fitfully. I have access only to values, prices being lately so pricey. And that, I've come to believe, is not so bad a deal.

I have one table where I write; another is reserved for a recent pleasure—trying to illustrate my fiction. The writing desk is meted and humanized by four to fifteen clocks, all in working order—a middle-class point of honor. These serve as memento mori, as metronomic counterpoint to reading my work aloud, plus they're the source of eastern standard time, which lets a guy know when he can finally knock off after a hard day's truthful lying on the page. A recent favorite timepiece is a four-foot ashwood Deco one that for fifty years ran a Glens Falls, New York, public grammar school's bell system; every day at 3:10 P.M., the whole mechanism still shudders with orgiastic knock-kneed release. (My reader and guest here, matter remembers!) The black lacquer-bronze-onyx Art Nouveau mantel clock belonged to my grandmother, who brought it from Edinburgh in the 1880s to boomtown Chicago. Every time this item sounds forth its blurry Westminster gongs, whether I consciously hear them or not, I am instantly realigned with all the decades that have plaited through its workings, in rooms as stubbornly improvised and determinedly shabby-genteel as mine here.

If clocks play abstracted headmistresses to the writing table, old photos convene an undistracting reunion here on the table where I draw. Family pictures show forebears both genetic and literary—actual great-grandpops stand alongside Dr. Chekhov, who perhaps more deeply and daily, *is* one. The table's ivory telephone was sal-

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vaged from a 1920s Harlem brothel—two blocks from the Cotton Club—and, I'm told, a four-star house if not a home. The imagined story of what was ordered through this receiver via room service gives mundane phone talks a certain buttery and jazzed allure.

With a novel regularly brewing among such die-hard character-burdened things, a cross-pollination goes on: the book expands into the background that home provides, and homey totems sometimes insist upon foreground rights. Things unionize. They demand walk-on roles within the novel.

You know how in dreams you find familiar objects employed on unexpected errands? The hairbrush is a weapon, your misplaced address book becomes Saint Peter's guest ledger. That same upgrading distortion can send beloved items into your book's daily dreamed growth. But first let me ask you to name the three things you'd save first from any disaster at home. Hard, isn't it? I'd now ask you to tell the story of why those three. Why should those stories make those storied objects mean more to you than things of greater seeming value?

Before I show you my homey clocks Pygmalioned, ticking, into fiction, a last element needs explaining: an 1830s life-size Italian wood and plaster saint with whom I've lived some years in concord and in sin (her concord, my sin). I found Saint Ursula at a Manhattan street fair. It was a summer afternoon, one as sensually perfect as its name is euphonious. Amidst junk far beneath her, Ursula, eyes aimed heavenward, was being remartyred—this go-round on the pyres of commerce, poor underrated thing.

By now my apartment is a file drawer with a bed in it

Most of us know the feeling of being deeply summoned by some exquisite object, exquisite at least to you. The price of ignoring its call? That damnation named: eternal regret. Sometimes you get a crawling before you even see the necessary thing. Then you turn, and the certainty is nearly pure as that the disciples must have felt in leaving their tools of trade and following, luggageless. For me it sometimes sets in as a sort of aural buzz, high-pitched as owner's whistle call to dog. Other times, a smell foretells nearby delight, the scent part metal, part celestial freesia. That June I saw this life-size woman, impossibly fine, a piece of ecclesiastical processional statuary, pearlike in her splendid masochism, hardly a Bernini but all the more poignant for that saintly failing. My first glance told me this: "We will go home by cab." I ran across the street and milked the nearest cash machine half-dry and then—eureka—after lugging her toward a cab, was suddenly seated alongside an actual saint. We drew looks from pedestrians. The driver—one rearview mirror's matched set of puffy eyes—finally croaked in a voice jaded yet endlessly bemused as Manhattan itself. "You had to have it, right?" He understood. Grateful, I nodded. I surrendered then (the cabbie wouldn't mind). I lightly rested my head on her shoulder, her plaster there was warm because this was a summer afternoon. Home we went. I overtipped the driver. "Bye, doll," he called back at 60 mph. I love New York.

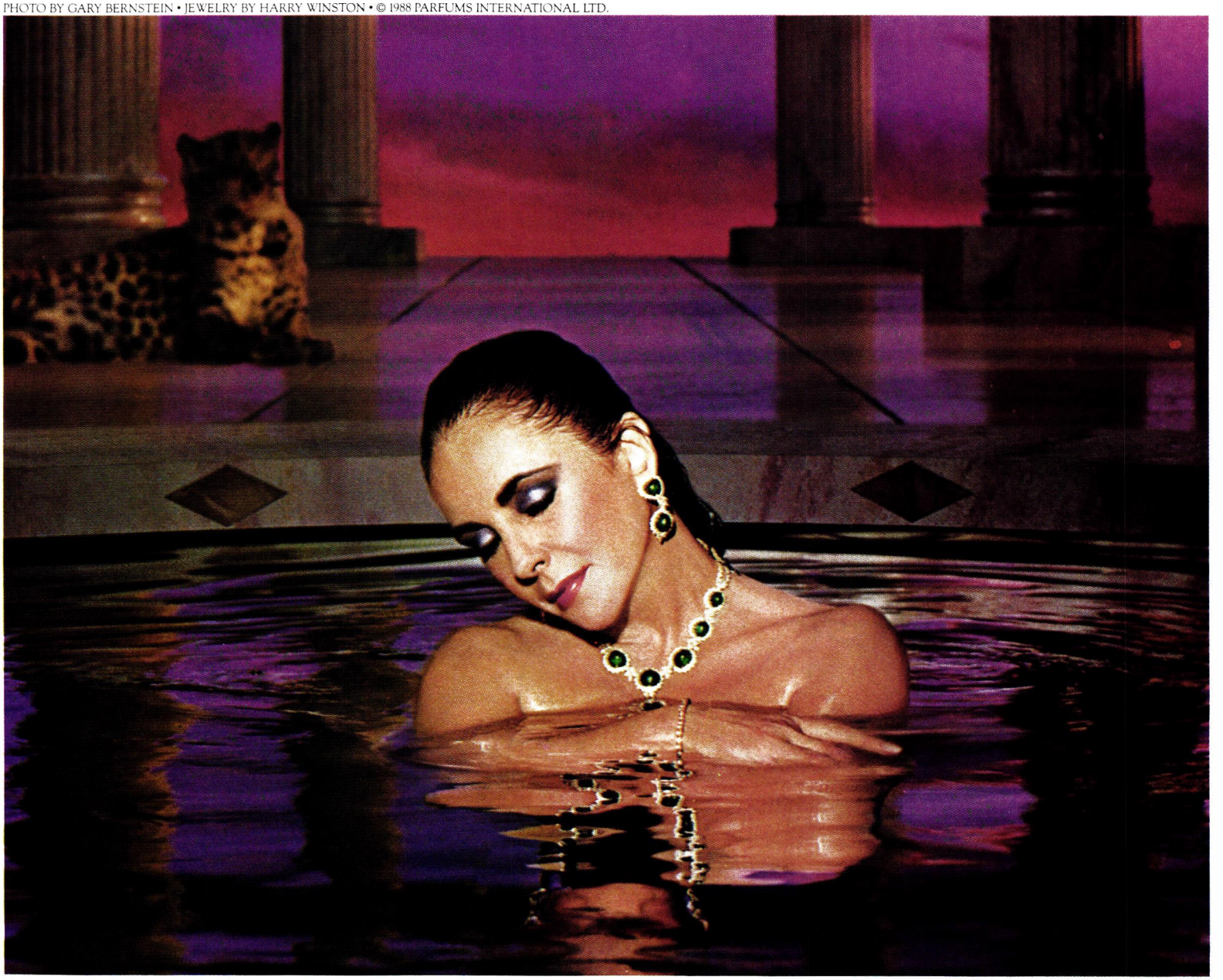
Here is how Ursula and the clocks got into my novel. I don't know which of them started it or how they did so, but a character in there began looking a lot like Ursula. Lady More Marsden is a comically self-involved slave owner and pianoforte whiz, mistress of a 2,000-acre plantation, The Lilacs. Of all white ladies near Falls, North Carolina, in the 1860s, she is locally perhaps the whitest: "She had the oval saintliness of a very hard-boiled egg. Her freed slaves—thirty-odd years after Sherman's fire darkened her—claimed Lady hadn't been all that bad. Hobbies kept her clear of the worst mischief: pianoforte, knitting, doing jigsaw puzzles of European vistas, and, naturally, fainting. Plus the clocks. Her mansion's seventy-odd rooms each housed a novelty clock—marble, bronze, quartz. All showed subjects from mythology. Swans mounted Leda ladies every quarter hour, tiring. Hercules's flat tummy was a walleyed German pocket watch. Under Phaëthon's chariot, pendulums swung, cheery as the hearts of peasants, solemn as famous necessary manly parts. Lady Marsden, in a white silk wrapper, hand-cranked every cloisonné Apollo herself. 'Somebody has to.' Thursday—the day that gear wound down—Lady would actually rise before noon, she'd string an opera jailer's worth of keys around her neck. She'd tug on a green visor purchased from Falls's one pawnbroker. 'Something about it appealed to me.' Mrs. Marsden laughed at her own paleness tinted fishy green and off she'd scuff to wind parlor's seven-day-movement masterpieces. She'd taken a two-year correspondence course in horology. Slaves made fun of the word, though they knew their mistress's chastity was total, dull. Strange that neighbors brought the usually helpless Lady their stalled locket watches. She worked in her high ivory four-poster, visor tugged low, black eyepiece screwed into her all but albino face. Favorite tools: sterling sugar tongs and her eyebrow tweezers."

Fiction's imaginative markup. Using what's at hand, I, like you, live in my own workshop, putting this over there, trying that over here, a little to the left. My rooms are stuffed with what's seemingly semiworthless, with the chipped, the tired-of-being-whimsical. You might think I've opened an orphanage for cast-off images, has-been bibelots, but those of us who hear the siren song of old things, new things, things damaged or unfinished, understand that we do not choose them any more than we can consciously pick those lovely worthless human paragons love makes us love. The few true things adopt us. The choicest things you've acquired—be they inherited, store-bought or street—prove once and for all: "inanimate object" is a contradiction in terms. Matter matters.

Earlier I asked what three items you would save from your home, fast. And, friend, in case of fire, know this—if they could move and weren't weighted by the awful burden of immortality that you and I have been lightly spared, you are the first thing those three would save. I believe, to them the sight of you means welcome, happiness, and use. For your own storied objects, you remain the sun, the organizing principle, the godlike visiting myth.

For your relics, you are home. Therein lies a tale . . . ▲

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MEMORABILIA

Remembering Tomorrow

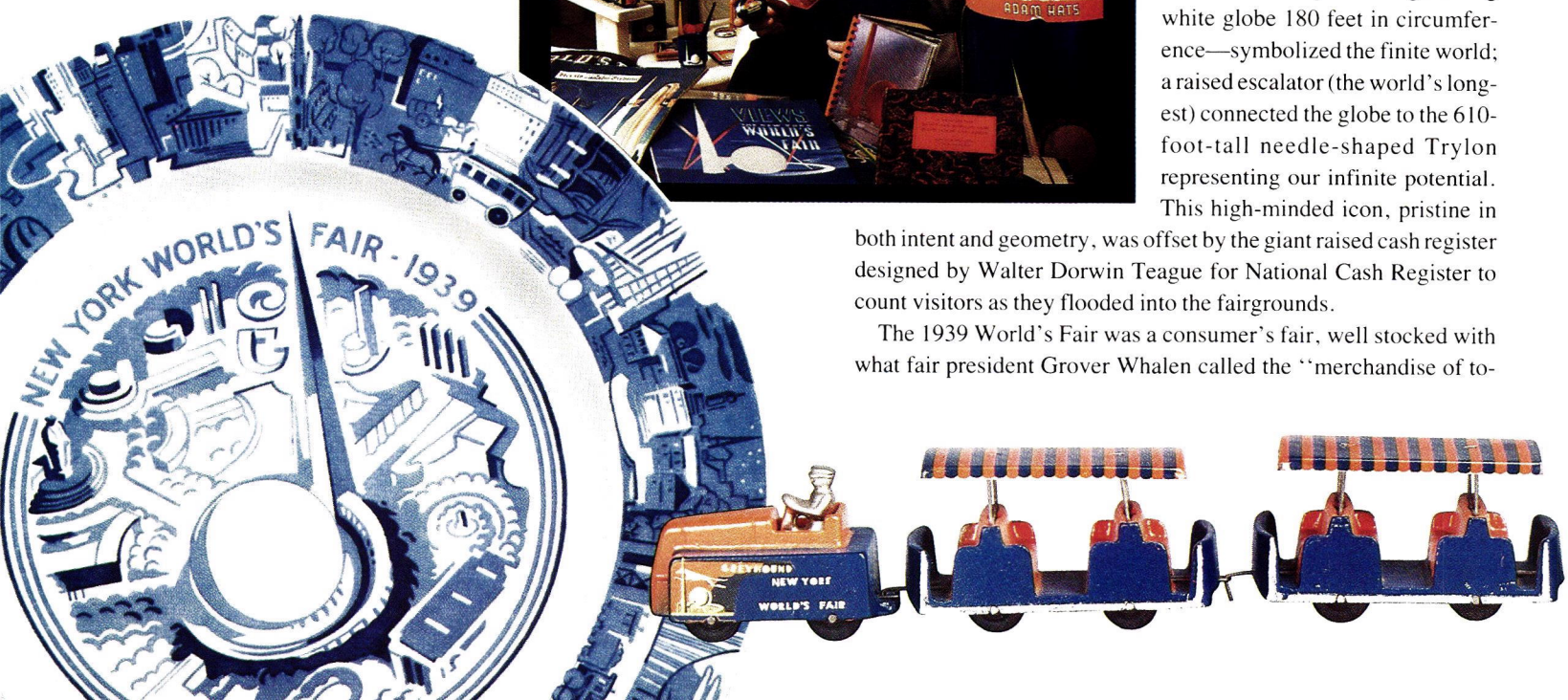
Collectors are scrambling after souvenirs of the New York World's Fair on its fiftieth anniversary

By Diane Lilly di Costanzo

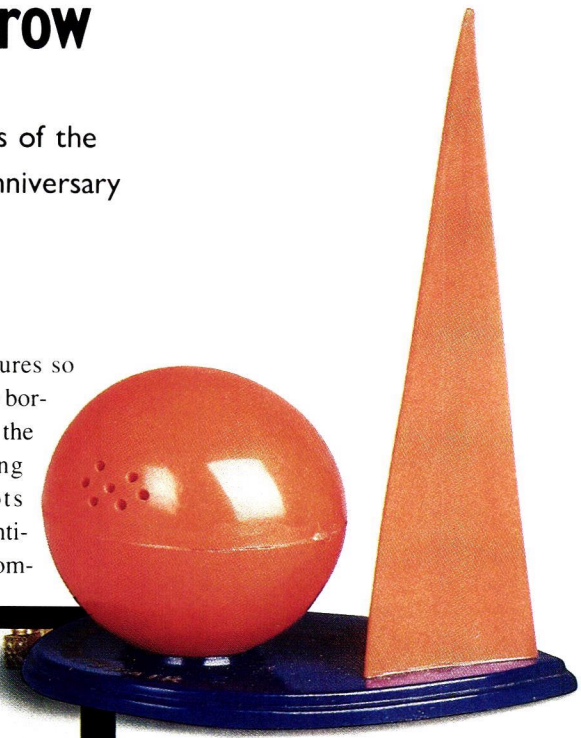
After a decade-long depression, and on the eve of war, New York City mounted a world's fair that glowed with unapologetic optimism. The site: a former city dump in Flushing Meadow, Queens. The opening date: April 30, 1939—fifty years ago. The vision: ''Building the World of Tomorrow'' or, more precisely, the 1960s when—according to the fair's architects—television would be commonplace, Americans would live in prefabricated housing, and the automobile would transform our lives.

These prescient notions were exhibited in structures so glorious that they bordered on lunacy: the loaflike building with merry dots built for the Continental Baking Company to resemble Wonder Bread's wrapper; Borden's Dairy World of Tomorrow with copper Elsie the Cow heads adorning the rim of her shrine; and, soaring above them all, the fair's trademark Trylon and Perisphere, also known as the T&P. The Perisphere—a gleaming white globe 180 feet in circumference—symbolized the finite world; a raised escalator (the world's longest) connected the globe to the 610-foot-tall needle-shaped Trylon representing our infinite potential. This high-minded icon, pristine in both intent and geometry, was offset by the giant raised cash register designed by Walter Dorwin Teague for National Cash Register to count visitors as they flooded into the fairgrounds.

The 1939 World's Fair was a consumer's fair, well stocked with what fair president Grover Whalen called the ''merchandise of to-







William Straus, right, has a collection of 1939 World's Fair memorabilia that ranges from guards' uniforms to forks and knives. Above: Button from the General Motors Futurama exhibit. Far right: Trylon and Perisphere salt and pepper shakers. Below right: Toy tractor train. Below: Commemorative plate.

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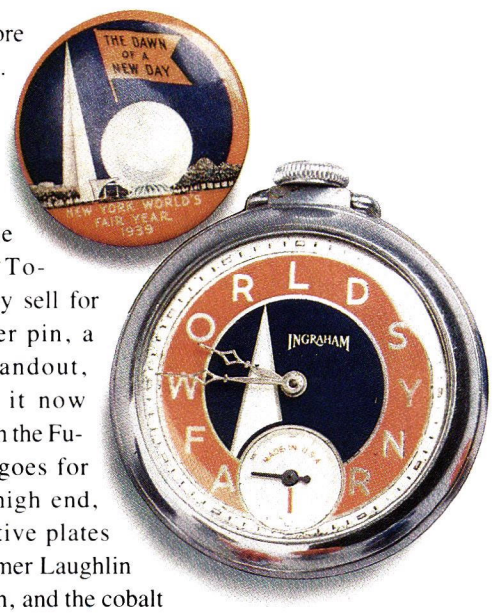
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morrow." Herb Rolfes, a nine-year-old consumer at the time, left the fair with a clutch of modest useful souvenirs bought for him by a kind auntie: a leather bookmark (affixed to it still, a price tag of 29 cents), a set of bookends, and a walking stick. Today Rolfes's collection of World's Fair memorabilia is anything but modest. Included among his approximately 80,000 items are a Charlie McCarthy ventriloquist's dummy, smartly clad in orange and blue (the fair's official colors); a few toy-sized, bullet-shaped "cars of the future" from the Futurama exhibit designed by Norman Bel Geddes for General Motors; and a framed collection of fifty brooches, each in the shape of a state flower, mounted on velvet. This last was assembled for Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, who, sadly, could not attend the fair and, sadder still, never received the gift. After war broke out, all overseas mail was restricted to what was essential to the war effort.

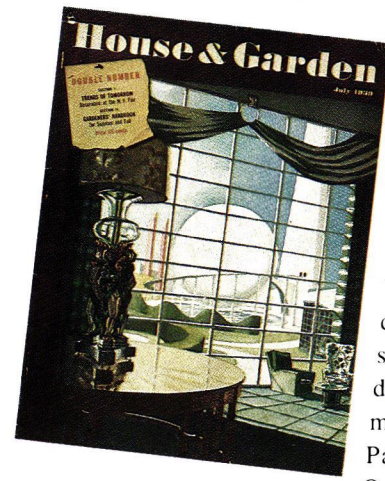
For fair fanatics the one-of-a-kind, not-meant-for-public-consumption items have great cachet. But even the mass-produced memorabilia have more than held their value. William Straus, a New York collector, cites the millions of Bakelite pickle pins given away at the Heinz Pavilion. "Today," he says, "they sell for $35 each." Another pin, a General Motors handout, reads—ominously it now seems—"I Have Seen the Future." It currently goes for about $40. At the high end, lovely commemorative plates manufactured by Homer Laughlin bring about $175 each, and the cobalt blue Hall China teapot with its T&P logo (one of Straus's favorite pieces—he owns six of them) fetches about $650.

The Trylon and Perisphere's shining image lives on, emblazoned as it was on nearly every flat surface during the fair, from Bissell carpet sweepers to Remington typewriters



In July 1939, House & Garden devoted a double issue, top right, to the World's Fair and featured the Trylon and Perisphere on the cover. Above: A World's Fair souvenir pin and pocket watch.

Peter M. Warner epitomizes an entirely different breed of collector. In the thirty years since he began ferreting out fair memorabilia he has amassed great reams of paper ephemera, including brochures, maps, blueprints, photographs, tickets, and transcripts of speeches—in short, documentation that fills in the details not necessarily expressed in a souvenir teapot. In a photograph we see Fiorello La Guardia nearly bursting the buttons on his jacket as he lords over the first shovelful of fairground soil. And we read that at Toffenetti—the Times Square restaurant that established a fairground branch—a plate of "genuine Italian spaghetti" might be had for 55 cents; a "special double-thick Honolulu Salad" cost the same.



Warner, president of the 350-member World's Fair Collector's Society, collects as a means of preservation. He points out the great irony of the 1939 fair, and indeed every fair: a vision is built, heralded, and then destroyed. Of the 1939 fair structures only two stand today. One of them, the former New York City Pavilion, now houses the Queens Museum, which is planning an exhibition called "Living in the World of Tomorrow," a look at the 1939 and 1964 New York World's Fairs.

And what became of the Trylon and Perisphere? Certainly the T&P's shining image lives on, emblazoned as it was on nearly every flat surface during the fair's two-year run, from Bissell carpet sweepers to Remington typewriters. It even graced the cover of the July 1939 issue of House & Garden. But the real thing, the fair's symbol of the future, was destroyed, its scrap metal used for defense purposes during the war.

New York City museums will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the 1939 World's Fair with the following events:

Cooper-Hewitt Museum
2 East 91st Street; (212) 860-6868
Two lectures on the 1939 fair, one on the museum's collection of books about the fair and the other on its architecture and design. Both on June 28 at 6:15 P.M. A $15 registration fee.

Museum of the City of New York
Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street; (212) 534-1034
Photographs, plans, and memorabilia, on view from October 17. Tuesday–Saturday, 10 A.M.–5 P.M.; Sunday, 1–5 P.M.

New-York Historical Society
Central Park West at 77th Street; (212) 873-3400
World's Fair memorabilia will be on display April 15–August 20, Tuesday–Sunday, 10 A.M.–5 P.M.

New York Public Library
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street; (212) 869-8089
Exhibition of photographs and memorabilia on history of the 1939 fair, on view June 1–November 11 in Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Monday–Saturday, 10 A.M.–6 P.M.

Queens Museum
Flushing Meadow–Corona Park, Queens; (718) 592-2405
"World's Fair Anniversary Weekend" held April 29–30 at the museum, the site of both World's Fairs. Events include a collector's sale, films, walking tours. Exhibition "Living in the World of Tomorrow," September 2–December 31. Tuesday–Friday, 10 A.M.–5 P.M.; Saturday–Sunday, 12–5:30 P.M.

LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON; RIGHT: COPYRIGHT © 1939 THE CONDE NAST PUBLICATIONS INC

The gem that is most woman.

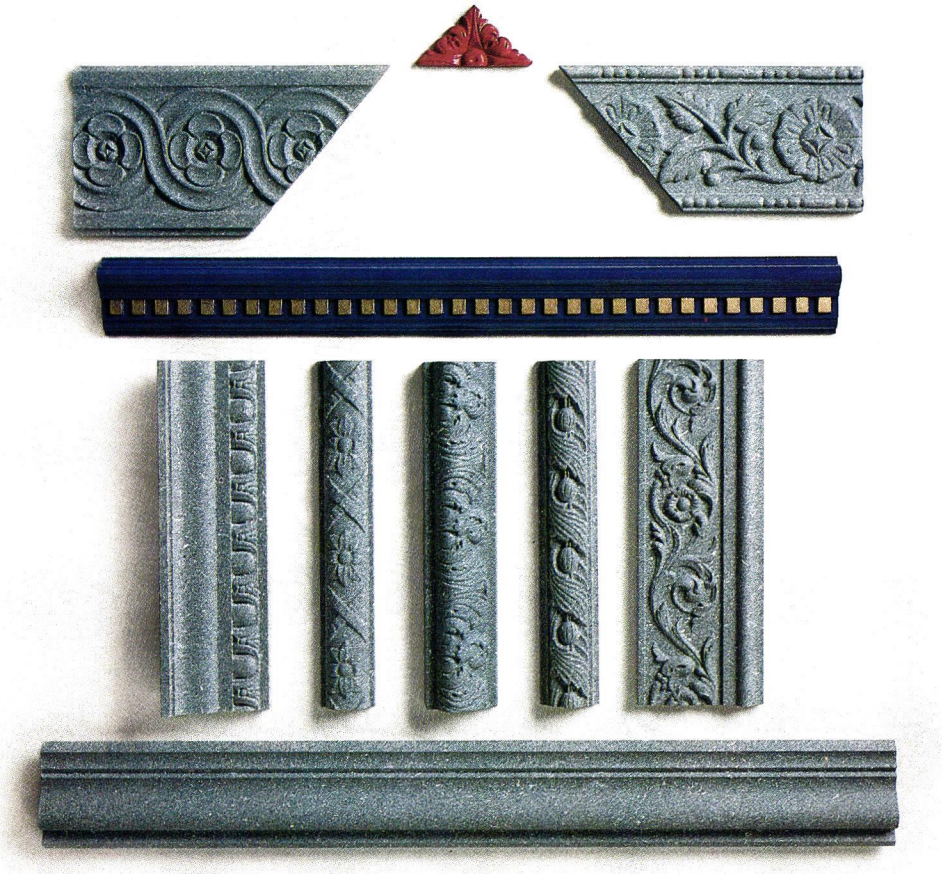


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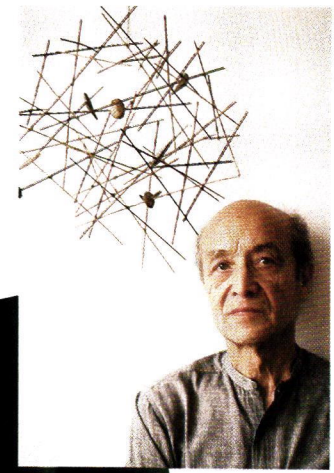
ART

Talking Heads

Noguchi's portrait busts bring to life two decades of America's creative elite

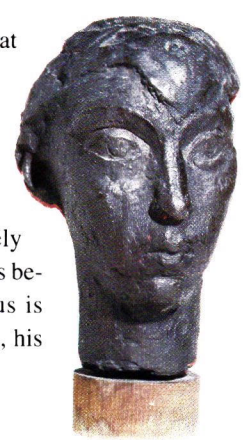
By Martin Filler





Isamu Noguchi, top, with *Bird's Nest (Nesting)*, 1947. Right: Actress Aline MacMahon, marble, 1937. Bottom: Photographer Berenice Abbott, bronze, 1929.

When Isamu Noguchi died last December at age 84, his artistic reputation was far from a matter of consensus. Although this prolific sculptor has always had his staunch partisans—he represented the United States at the 1986 Venice Biennale—many critics have found a disquieting glibness in his exquisitely crafted works. Yet there is much else to reassess before a verdict on Noguchi's historical status is reached. His stage designs for Martha Graham, his garden plans, his furniture, and Akari lamps must all be brought into the full account of his formidable achievement.



One virtually forgotten aspect of his wide-ranging career is his sculptural portraiture, the 120 busts Noguchi produced from 1924 to 1950. Thirty-five of those likenesses in metal, clay, plaster, stone, and wood are being exhibited at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C., through August 20. This show is an illuminating experience on several levels. It is an impressive display of his formal range and technical virtuosity before he settled into the sleek biomorphic surfaces that characterized his later output. It is also a meditation on the disappearance of an art form once considered a touchstone of public eminence. And not least, it provides an intriguing review of cultural celebrities in the years between the two world wars, some still well known, others familiar only to the middle-aged or older.

There are busts of Martha Graham and George Gershwin, artists Fernand Léger and José Clemente Orozco, playwright Thornton Wilder, and technologist R. Buckminster Fuller. To the end of his life the notoriously concupiscent Noguchi had an eye for beautiful women, and among the actresses whose faces he modeled were Ginger Rogers, Clare Boothe Luce, Helen Gahagan Douglas, and Aline MacMahon. MacMahon, now 90, remembers sitting for about ten sessions with the Los Angeles–born sculptor in return for a $500 loan she had made so he could visit his father's homeland of Japan. "When it was finished, it did not look like me," she recalls of the Botticino marble head, which appears absorbed in deep thought. But as with Picasso's famous portrait of Gertrude Stein, she has come to look like it.

Noguchi made every bust a law unto itself, with such variations of style and material from one to the next that the hand of a single artist behind them all seems prodigious to a fault. The cavalcade of contemporary influences on him ran the gamut from Arp to Zorach with stops along the way at Brancusi (with whom Noguchi studied in Paris in 1927), Epstein, and Duchamp-Villon, among many others. For all this fluctuation, one nevertheless senses a sincere and largely successful attempt to capture the distinctive personality of each sitter rather than cast them into an existing formula like most portraitists. Here we can sense the impetuous vitality of the young Noguchi's raw talent before he smoothed off the rough edges. ▲

FROM TOP: NATHAN BENN/WOODFIN CAMP & ASSOCIATES; BILLY ROSE THEATER COLLECTION, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER/MONICA STEVENSON; NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

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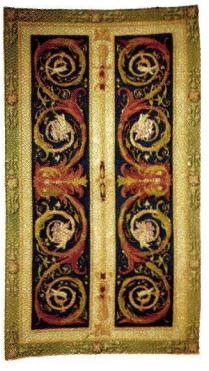
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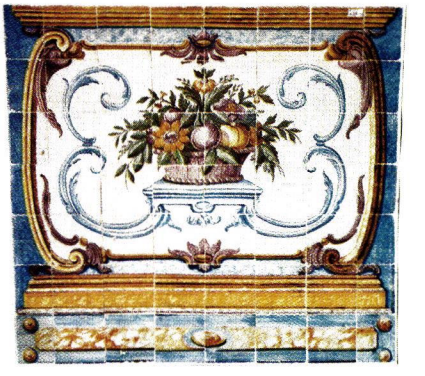


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AZYGOS

The Best of the Worst

One man's pick of history's most unfortunate furniture styles

By Stuart Greenspan



I learned about style from my mother. She is the kind of woman who doesn't know when to leave well enough alone, who believes as she grows older that more is never enough, and for whose sensibility the expression "horror vacui" could have been minted. She is, I have come to believe, the person who invented fun fur, enlivening acrylic pelts with insets of plastic and chain links. Her twist on the tired Thanksgiving turkey theme is to staple chicken wings onto a brisket. It is her keen sense of style which, alas, is responsible for my own.

As long as we—my mother, father, and three brothers—lived in a small apartment in the Bronx, Mother's aspirations were contained. But when I was ten, we moved into a brand-new split-level in New Jersey, about a hundred times larger than our former house, and with all that space to fill, she really went to town.

Actually, she went first to Greenwich Village to a ruthless old lady, a personal antiques shopper. I use the word antiques loosely because nothing this woman ever sold came anywhere near to meeting the official one-hundred-year requirement for that designation. Most things had been made about ten minutes before Mother bought them and were stamped "Japan" or "Germany." In the thirty years she's owned the stuff, none of it seems to be getting any older, although the rest of us do.

The antiques lady managed to unload things on Mother largely by making up important-sounding names to describe what my eager but unsuspecting parent was in no position to question. That is how we got our "Rothschild piece," a circular painted-plaster relief representing a tavern scene complete with a slut smoking a wire pipe and surrounded by a heavily embossed brass frame, and the "Williamsburg" sconces, which I think were manufactured in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, not in Virginia's colonial capital. There are also porcelain busts, painted plaques, and figurines, some made into lamps with (almost) matching bases—in fact, many things were electrified or otherwise transformed to uses never intended by their makers. Tables to trip on and pedestals to support nothing, an interesting American spool-work corner chair sprayed with radiator paint, and a fearsome lyre-shaped boudoir chair, painted with romantic scenes of shepherdesses and putti cavorting on a black ground, with a pink and gray striped satin seat that was never sat on—these were typical elements of Mother's decorating. And that was just the entrance foyer.

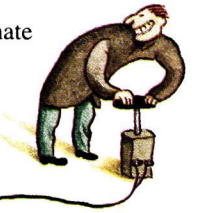
My own taste, I admit, lacks purity, not to say focus. From the first time I saw one, I wanted a monumental Bavarian coatrack realistically carved with a momma bear and a baby bear climbing up a tree. Ditto Victorian papier-mâché furniture with floral inlays of mother-of-pearl. I also crave a stuffed moose's head or any stuffed animal, small or large. But unlikely as it seems, there are styles—nine to be precise—that even I can't embrace.

1. I cannot, for example, bring myself to appreciate Viking Revival. Several years ago Christie's had an entire paneled room to sell, walls, beamed ceiling, and all furniture deeply carved and painted blue, gold, and red, with motifs of interwined creatures out of one's worst nightmares. It was not too surprising that only one chair sold at the auction.

2. Almost anything made in Spain in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries also earns my scorn. With the exception of the vargueño, the portable, drop-front desk on stand, which anyhow probably originated in North Africa, most Spanish furniture derives in bastardized fashion from the worst of English, French, and Flemish Baroque forms, only done more excessively and with no regard for proportion. Spanish, I think, is the true model for the decor of the Balkan royal palaces of kings named Boris and Zog who, with good reason, all lost their thrones not too long after the Great War.

3. Most French styles after Napoleon I and up to Art Nouveau are ludicrous, trying to be bourgeois and royal at the same time. Reviving eighteenth-century Louis XV and XVI in the nineteenth, the French had obviously exhausted their inspiration and needed a good rest before giving life to Philippe Starck.

4. America, too, has produced its share of unfortunate styles. So-called Pilgrim furniture of the seventeenth century is much worse than the English Jacobean style on which it is modeled (and



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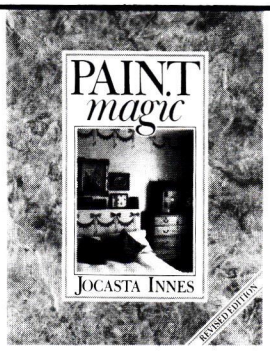
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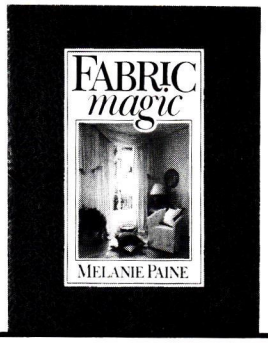
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which, frankly, is quite bad enough). Too richly carved for comfort and with applied decoration that looks like leeches or boils in military formation, this merciless furniture could stand as a metaphor for the hardness of Pilgrim life. Unbelievably, once was not enough, and Pilgrim was revived in the nineteenth century.

5. Not much better in the comfort department is American Arts and Crafts, the current vogue for the stuff notwithstanding. Unlike its English counterpart and inspiration, American Arts and Crafts of the Stickley ilk lacks whimsy and lightness. Yes, it makes its

It is my mother's keen sense of style which, alas, is responsible for my own

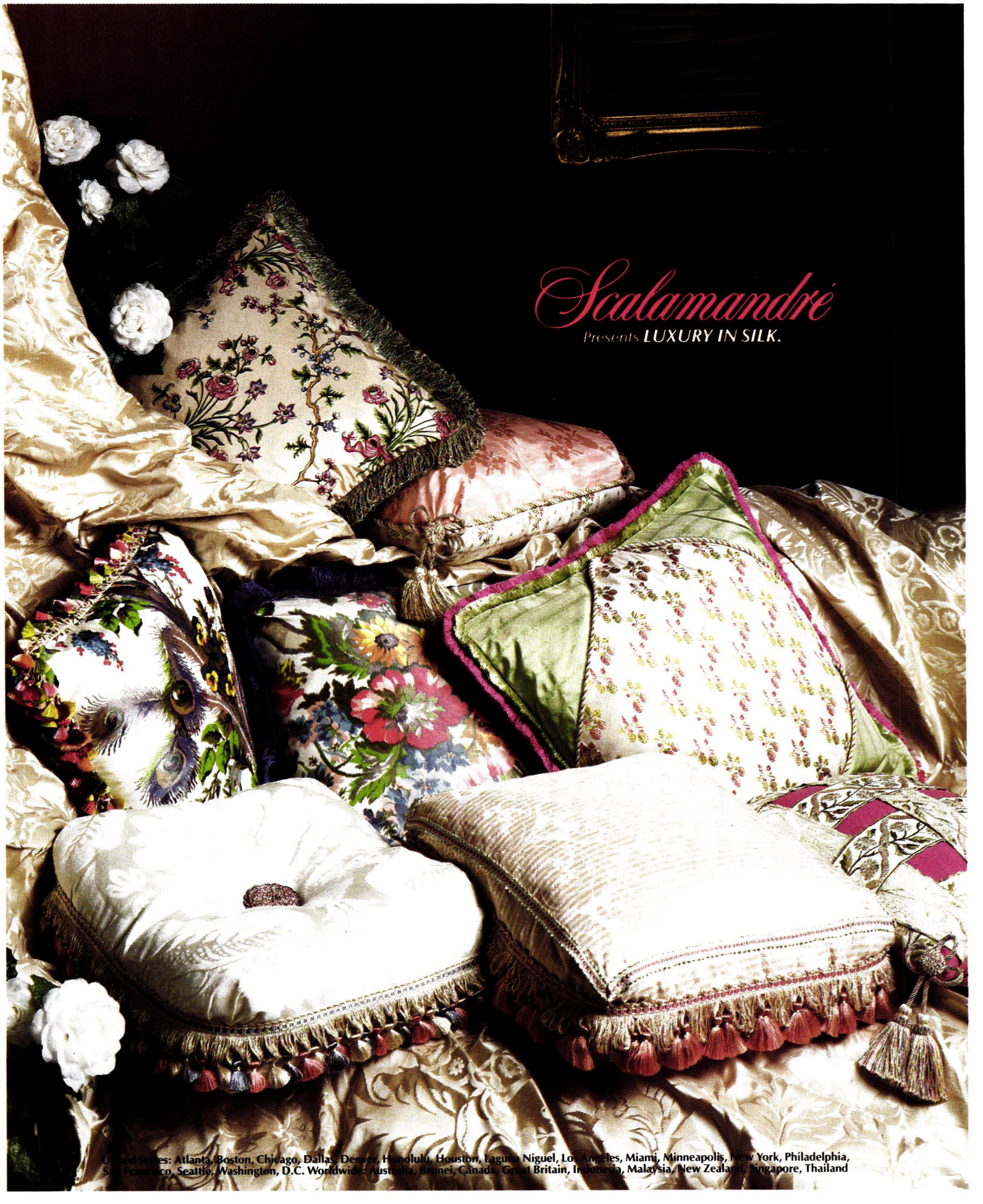
point about handcraftsmanship versus industrial manufacture, but does one really have to live with all that ugly raw oak?

6. French Provincial, which used to be ubiquitous, mercifully no longer is. It has gone the way of Italian Provincial—whatever that was—and Mediterranean, as manufactured in landlocked Grand Rapids.

7. However, we will still have to live with Santa Fe or Southwestern style for a while longer, as those attractive and honest forms are only now being translated into simulated wood complete with mosaic skulls and neon cacti and coyotes for the mass market.

8. Some of our own contributions to design are truly among the lowest points of Western culture. Plastic having been perfected, designers in the 1960s and '70s ran amok with the material, giving us those shapeless blobs known as beanbags, inflatable plastic armchairs, and a variety of cheap hard-edged furniture in colors like pumpkin and avocado, which melted at the sight of a lighted cigarette and which might as well have been manufactured with those scratches, chips, and cracks for all the longevity of the product.

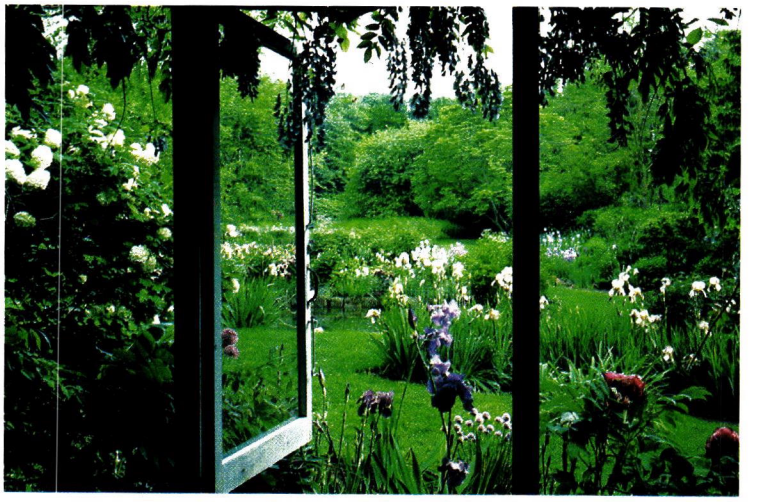
9. Milanese Memphis style is just an attempt to give a bad deal a new twist. No wonder the eighties have veered in the direction of English country style, which, at least, has the virtue of comfort and well-earned wear. Mother would not understand. ▲


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GARDENING

By Any Other Name

Gardener Rose de Rose
cultivated an eccentric way of life
By William P. Rayner



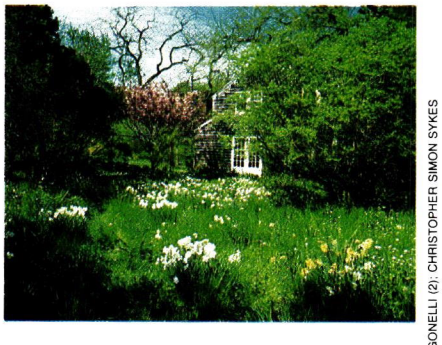


Miss Rose de Rose was a compulsive buyer who purchased tulip bulbs and plants by the thousands, the same way she ordered typewriters and sewing machines four at a time, pianos by the brace, pencils by the gross, and books by the dozen. A woman of exceedingly generous proportions, she lived near the heart of our village of Southampton, Long Island, in a cottage much too small to hold all her possessions but surrounded by fourteen acres in which to hide her garden. Some villagers called her a saint, others thought she was bewitched, while still others considered her just plain crazy. People remembered how generously she gave food from her farm to the needy during World War II. It was also said that near the end of her life she would arm herself at night with a twelve-gauge shotgun and blast away at shadows.

I first met this white-haired eccentric when accompanying my wife to buy eggs at the little cottage—at one point Rose de Rose had more than five hundred chickens. It was quite an honor to be allowed to buy her produce, for if she didn't like you or thought you uppity, she was more likely to wing an egg at you than sell you one. Rose de Rose had little use for uppity people. Her mother was uppity, old-timers tell me, and she and Rose never got on. Mr. and Mrs. de Rose had come to Southampton in 1904 and bought a house attributed to Stanford White, which has recently been restored. As a young woman, Rose built a studio in a wooded part of the grounds where she could play the piano and sing. And right after her mother's death (her father having previously died), she moved into another cottage on the property to take up wood carving and gardening. From then on she used the big house only for cold storage.

Coming for eggs in the spring, we would approach the wisteria-covered cottage through a thicket of trees and underbrush along a narrow path carpeted with violets. After inspecting us through a sliding panel in the door, Rose de Rose beckoned us into her little lavender and purple sitting room. Countless chickens perched on the roof beams, and every nook and cranny was hung with baskets of rose-colored plastic flowers, perhaps Rose de Rose's strangest compulsion. It was strange because the beautiful garden outside was nearly always in bloom.

Behind the cottage was a grape arbor, a trellised fence overgrown with clematis, and a sixty-foot locust tree, which, it is claimed,



Violets and mixed varieties of narcissus, above, blanket the side terrace of Rose de Rose's cottage in spring. Top: Wisteria overhangs a view of red peonies, iris, and white hydrangea in early summer. Left: Charles Parker beside a magnolia.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: PETER MARGONELLI (2); CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES



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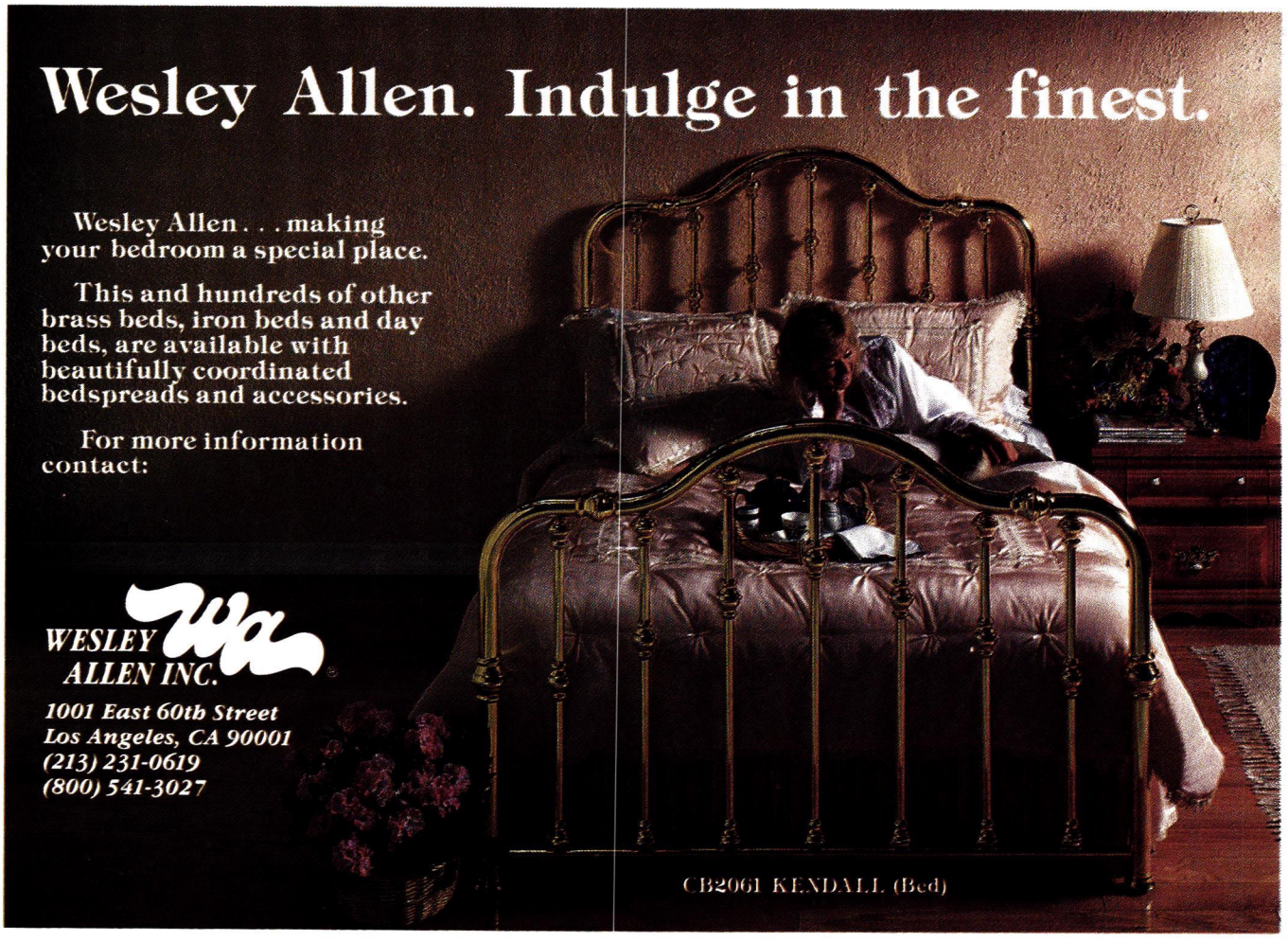
Iris of every variety dominate the loop of the R-shaped bed in late spring.

sprang from a pole Rose de Rose stuck in the ground. Her gardener, Charles Parker, who first came here to clean chicken coops, began by planting the thousands of tulip bulbs. But tulips only bloom in the spring, and Rose de Rose wanted a year-round garden—or as close as you can get to one on the fortieth parallel. It took some time, but she and Parker had those flowers organized like a marching band at halftime. The parade started early with snowdrops, crocus, and daffodils, the latter having already been potted and forced. Come spring, the scilla and lily-of-the-valley would appear. Next, the hyacinth, cottage and parrot tulips, and the Solomon's-seal. Then Japanese, Dutch, Siberian, and bearded iris and so on, through the roses, lilies, and daisies of summer.

The entire garden, which covers about two acres, was divided into eight irregularly shaped plots surrounding an immense central bed in the form of an R. Among the flowers behind the borders of sweet alyssum, petunias, and ageratums would be forget-me-nots, dahlias, chrysanthemums, delphiniums, asters, lupines, alliums, foxgloves, sweet peas, and Virginia bluebells, interspersed with hostas. Each year the composition varied slightly, for Rose de Rose could be ruthless in rearranging what in her view didn't contribute to the whole.

The garden would have died with her had she not provided an annuity for Charles Parker, who still tends to her private domain. The dowdy recluse who sold us eggs left a fortune estimated in the millions. The Southampton Hospital alone bought a nursing home with what she gave it. But she also left sums to the Bronx Zoo, several museums and colleges, the man who sold her chicken feed, the owner of the local liquor store, and hundreds of others. She bequeathed over 90,000 books to the town historian, Robert Keene, including a collection of works on incest. To other friends she gave wooden bas-reliefs of flowers, which she had chiseled herself but rarely signed. The one signature Rose de Rose put down with a real flourish was the great R in the middle of her garden. Looking at her mark on the landscape, you know that that acquisitive old saint of a lady left something of her soul behind. ◆

PETER MARGONELLI





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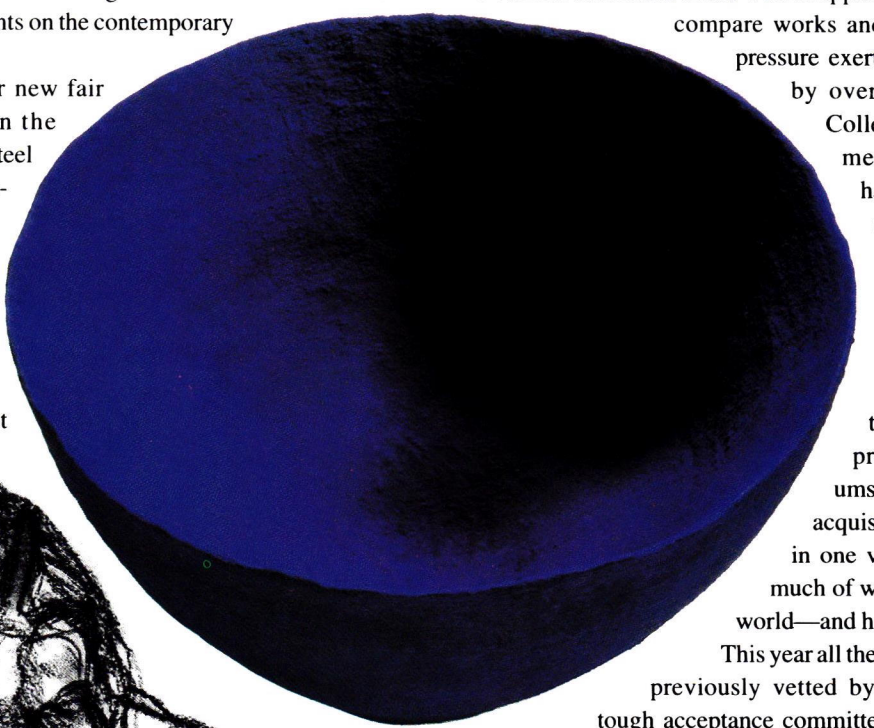
Tony Cragg's *Pebbles*, Lisson Gallery, London.

Fair City

On its tenth anniversary, the Chicago Art Expo reigns supreme
By Doris Saatchi

On opening night at Chicago's first art fair in 1979, rain poured through a section of the exhibition hall roof and the lights went out, leaving several dealers completely in the dark. Undaunted, the keen-eyed collectors, museum curators, and local luminaries assembled in the cavernous Navy Pier complex sipped champagne, peered through the candlelit gloom, and bought millions of dollars worth of paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. In the hard light of morning, it was clear to dealers everywhere that the Chicago Art Expo had joined Art Cologne and Basel's Kunstmesse on the list of mandatory events on the contemporary art calendar.

Now, each year another new fair springs up somewhere in the world. And in yet another steel and glass exhibition hall normally filled with boats, tractors, pedigreed dogs, and people wearing name tags, twentieth-century artworks are assembled and offered for sale much like boxes of breakfast cereal or oranges in a supermarket. (Occasionally, of course, the artworks *are* boxes of breakfast cereal or neatly displayed oranges.)





Drawing by Lucian Freud, left, Bernard Jacobson Gallery, London. Above: Anish Kapoor's *Void*, Lisson Gallery, London.

Every fair has its own consumer appeal. Madrid, for instance, offers the most up-to-the-minute art and the biggest program of lectures and discussions. Cologne caters to a large local coterie of dedicated collectors. Basel and Chicago, however, remain the hypermarkets in the roster of art fairs. They are where the big business gets done. Chicago also manages to be big fun with its legendary jazz, great steaks, and social whirl that carries on till dawn. But unlike Paris's FIAC, where the president of France mingles with the opening night crowd, or ART/LA, where art-buying megastars such as Sylvester Stallone cause traffic jams, the star attraction in Chicago is the art itself. Even hometown favorite Oprah Winfrey wanders the aisles without causing much of a stir.

Potential customers arrive with shopping lists, knowing they can compare works and prices relieved of the pressure exerted in boutique galleries by overly persuasive dealers. Collectors have a chance to meet dealers whom they have previously talked to only by telephone and to view a gallery's backroom inventory, consisting of works by artists the dealer does not represent but buys to turn around for a handy profit. Provincial museums arrange visits for their acquisition committees so that in one vast space they can scan much of what is available in the art world—and how much it costs.

This year all the usual top-drawer dealers previously vetted by Chicago's notoriously tough acceptance committee will be present, along with newcomers from Czechoslovakia, Korea, Zimbabwe, and Australia. Chicago's Richard Gray, said to be the guiding spirit behind the fair in its early days, will show his usual mix of modern and contemporary masters. John Berggruen of San Francisco will bring several pieces by local artists whose work may not otherwise come to the attention of collectors around the country. Ronald Greenberg will turn up from St. Louis with a solid group of blue-chip

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works by Europeans, including Polke, Kiefer, and Giacometti, while the major attraction at Chicago's Carl Hammer Gallery will be circus sideshow banners by Fred Johnson and Snap Wyatt.

Information, too, is traded at art fairs. Dealers swap stories of transactions which, though now commonplace in the auction room, still seem astonishing in the shopping mall setting of the fair, where the smell of grilled hot dogs mingles with the scent of big money: a $1 million Rauschenberg, a $500,000 Kline, and scores of similarly priced Picassos and de Koonings.

Stories of bargains also buzz around the aisles and the old saw persists that there is at least one at every fair. (It is hard to know what a bargain is when $100,000 transactions are now referred to as "bread and butter" sales.) Chicago is no exception. London gallery owner Bernard Jacobson remembers that in 1979 he asked $500 for a Howard Hodgkin print that is now in the collections of eight of the world's major public museums. When the last of the edition changed hands about two years ago the price was $15,000. This year Jacobson is showing prints by Sam Francis which have never been seen before.



Susan Rothenberg's *Blackground*, Greenberg Gallery, St. Louis

It is hard to know what a bargain is when $100,000 transactions are referred to as "bread and butter" sales

Francis and Hodgkin are established artists with worldwide reputations. But art fairs are also good hunting grounds for the work of unknowns. Nicholas Logsdail, owner of London's Lisson Gallery, uses international expos such as Chicago to give his artists exposure in an environment where they will be judged against their contemporaries from other countries. Nine years ago at Logsdail's stand in Basel it would have been possible to scoop up sculptures by Tony Cragg, Anish Kapoor, and Bill Woodrow for $3,000–$4,000. Today such pieces change hands for more than ten times those amounts, and there are waiting lists for them.

But contemporary art expos are not only about trends, turnover, and cash flow. One dealer who jets around the world attending art fairs suggests another reason for their appeal: "It's like the first sale day in a good department store," he says. "I can't leave empty-handed. I always have to buy something." (Chicago International Art Exposition, Navy Pier, 600 East Grand Ave., May 12–16; opening night benefit, May 11, for Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art) ▲



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China's Polished Art

Long confused with Western wares, Chinese export silver comes into its own

By Margot Guralnick







Catering to an overseas clientele, 18th- and 19th-century Chinese silversmiths applied Eastern motifs to Western forms. Above: Candlesticks from the Chinese Porcelain Co. on Georgian-style tray from Ralph M. Chait Galleries. Also from Chait: pumpkin-shaped teapot, below; dragon-handled mug, right; filigree fan, far right.

Twenty-five years ago Crosby Forbes stunned his mother by informing her that the family heirloom English silver—the Georgian fiddle, thread, and shell flatware bearing what looked like London hallmarks—wasn't English at all. It was made in China. "Back then few people, even scholars, had heard of such a thing as Chinese export silver," says Forbes, who, after discovering records of his great-grandfather's shopping sprees in the Far East, decided to set the record straight. Now the curator of Asian Export Art at the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, Forbes has assembled an astonishing collection of silver ranging from chaste Revere-style mugs to flamboyant standing cups topped by snarling dragons, all accurately attributed to China's once-forgotten craftsmen.

The export silver trade flourished for nearly a century, starting around 1785 when American, English, and European merchants—known collectively to the Chinese as yang gui (foreign devils)—found that Eastern silversmiths could masterfully mimic Western forms at a fraction of what they cost back home. In 1820 the going rate in Canton for a silver soup ladle, which would have run at least $16 in Boston, was $10; a pair of silver-gilt spectacles could be had for $5; and a tongue scraper, however unsavory sounding, was an undeniable bargain at 50 cents. Schooled in a native tradition of silvermaking, which had existed for over 2,500 years, the Chinese became so adept at reproducing the latest foreign fashions that traders often arrived with outmoded tea services to be melted down for a complete makeover. That forgery was never the intention behind these knockoffs is evidenced by the fact that most Chinese craftsmen added their own initials, typically in Roman letters, to the hallmarks they fastidiously copied.

During the last decades of the nineteenth century, as Western ornament grew more eclectic, the



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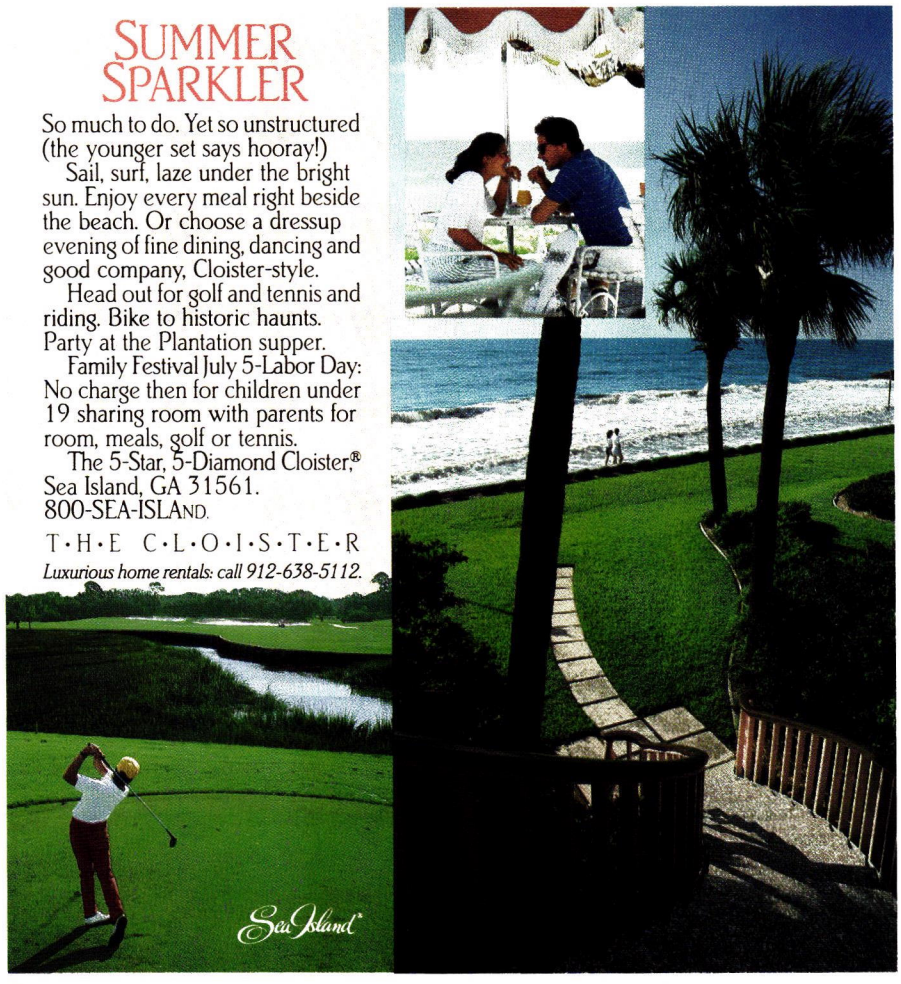
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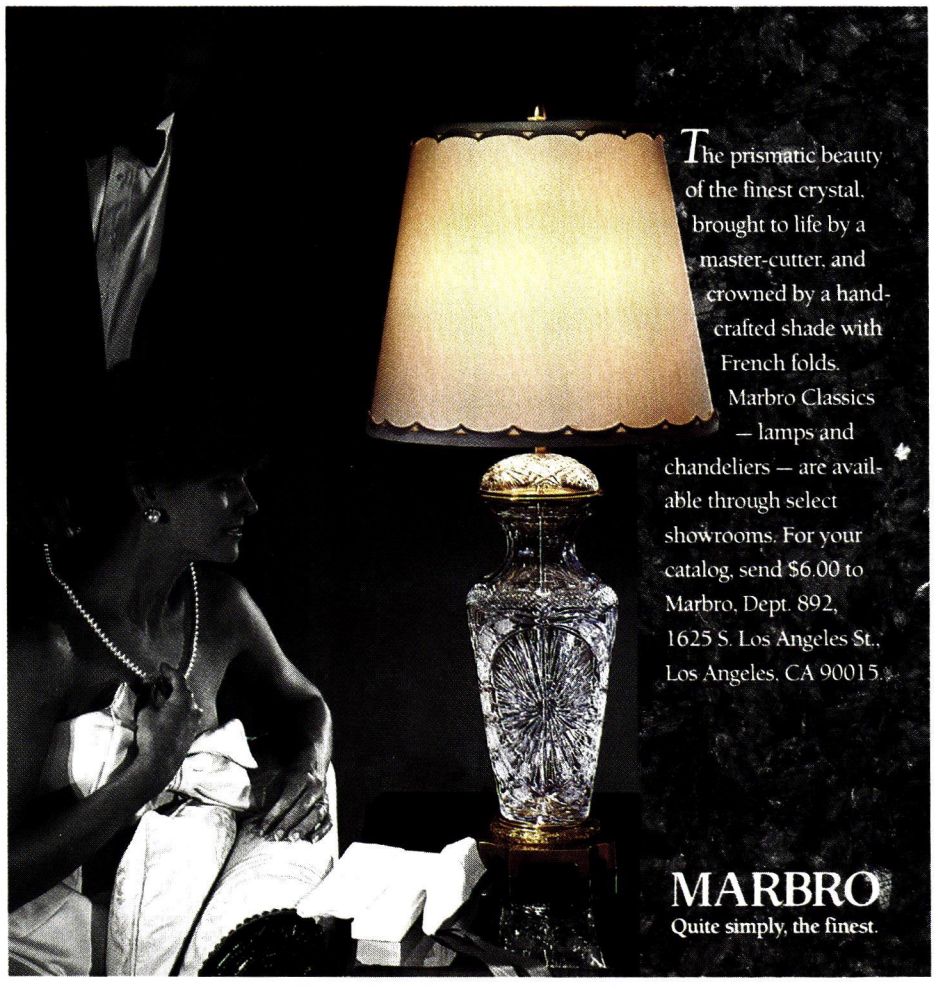
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Chinese unleashed some of their own fanciful flourishes onto these export wares. Classical acanthus leaves and shells gave way to rearing serpents and warring armies. Trim teapots sprouted whimsical bamboo handles, and the dragon, an age-old symbol of the emperor, proved its utility as everything from finials to feet. Even everyday shaving bowls and mugs became fair ground for landscapes of lotus leaves and prunus blossoms.

Unlike the shiploads of porcelain, silk, lacquerware, and Fourth of July firecrackers that crossed the China Sea to be retailed in America and England, Chinese silver was made to order and toted back only in suitcase-size quantities. How much was produced and still survives is hard to tell, but unknown pieces are steadily cropping up. Prices, too, are constantly climbing. Ralph M. Chait Galleries in New York has an inventory of close to three hundred pieces of Chinese export silver tagged from $250–$75,000. At Sotheby's last January a tea urn, circa 1800, estimated at $6,000–$8,000 shot up to $24,200. And the Forbes family's Georgian-style Chinese flatware now has more value, and certainly more cachet, than if it were truly English. *Editor: Sarah Kaltman*

Chinese Export Silver

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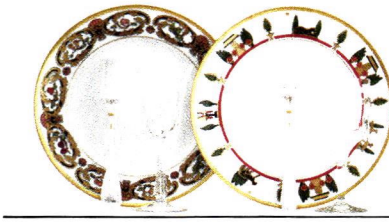
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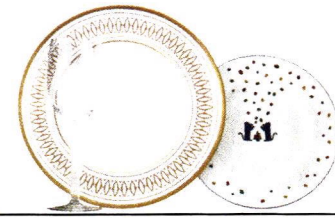
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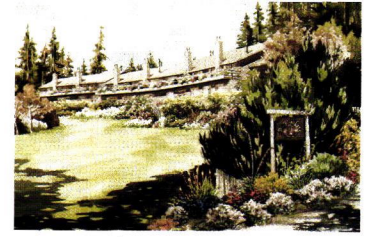
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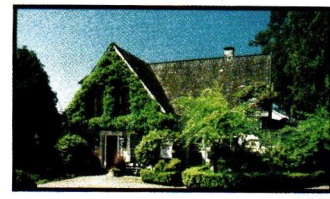
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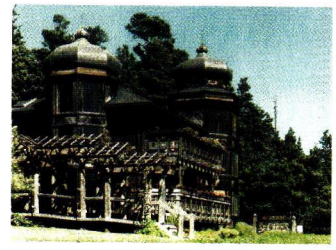
ELK

ANCHOR BAY

Heritage House



St. Orres



GUALALA



Timber Cove

Sea Ranch



JENNER

SAN FRANCISCO

Maybe you want to take a few days off, get away from it all. Maybe you want to take a certain someone along. And maybe, for reasons you'd rather not go into right now, you want to keep this rendezvous your little secret. Have I got a place for you.

The rugged coast of California north of San Francisco offers the perfect setting for a romantic getaway. It has dramatic cliffs towering above crashing waves. It has majestic redwood and cypress trees. It has breathtaking Pacific sunsets. It has secluded coves. In fact, it has almost everything that you'd find farther south in places like Big Sur and Carmel, except, of course, the scene. There are no Häagen-Dazs ice cream outposts, no celebrity mayors, no movie stars in Ray-Bans jockeying for the best table at the local hip restaurant. Here's what else you won't find: valet parking, room service, telephones, televisions, fax machines. There are exceptions to these rules, of course, but for the most part, the inns along this stretch of coast take the business of escape quite literally. It is the place to go if you want to be left alone. Just the two of you.

There are two ways to get there from San Francisco. The faster route is to go inland up Highway 101 and then to head west—but what's the rush? The spectacular route is along the coast up Highway 1 all the way from Stinson Beach in Marin County to Sonoma and Mendocino counties. This takes a lot longer than the inland route—on those winding cliffside roads several hundred feet above the sea, you take the 35-mile speed limit very seriously—but it's more romantic. Which, after all, is the point.

About eighty miles north of the Golden Gate Bridge you hit Timber Cove Inn just outside Jenner. A quick turn around the place will tell you that "timber" is indeed the operative word. Whoever coined the phrase the "warmth of wood" must have been staying here at the time. The inn's main building, with its exposed wood structure, big stone fireplace, and Ansel Adams photographs, owes a strong architectural debt to Frank Lloyd Wright. The rooms themselves are a throwback to the early seventies—earth tones, lots of (guess what?) wood paneling—but they are cozy and unpretentious. Fireplaces, bathtubs (or showers) with ocean views, hot tubs, Jacuzzis, and balconies are available in various combinations. My room, number 30, had a wonderful clay-tile fireplace, a shower

PHOTOS FROM TOP: ERIN DERTNER/COURTESY STANFORD INN BY THE SEA; MICHAEL MCCURRY; ALLEN FRANCIS; JERRY WAINWRIGHT; DAVID TORRES. DRAWING: ANDERS WENNGREN

Friday at the races in Sussex.



Observed in Philadelphia.

"Naturally, I lost my shirt. Why should this year be any different?"

"Was Enid there?"

"With her new husband, Mr. Tall and Witty."

"Did she talk about me?"

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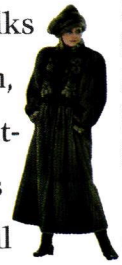


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with an ocean view, and a hot tub the size of Montana. Right in the middle of the room. You get the picture. The inn's restaurant is cozy—get a table by the fireplace.

After the Timber Cove Inn's aura of slightly wild abandon (hot tubs will do it every time), the mood at Sea Ranch is one of almost puritanical modesty. Contemporary houses with pitched roofs and weathered-wood siding blend into the landscape, which is criss-crossed by cypress hedgerows. In the interest of natural harmony, nothing in this 25-year-old award-winning development of private houses and the 20-room Sea Ranch Lodge is left to chance. Strict rules govern the architecture, landscaping, and even parking (cars are discreetly concealed behind wood enclosures). You can rent a house from Sea Ranch Escape (prices vary according to size and views), or you can stay at the lodge. In keeping with the understated modern architecture, the rooms are comfortable but minimal: mine had a large corner window seat, the perfect spot to curl up and contemplate a flaming sunset. For the athletically inclined, there are swimming pools, tennis courts, and a nine-hole golf course. The lodge's restaurant serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

Room 30 has a clay tile fireplace, a shower with an ocean view, and a hot tub the size of Montana—right in the middle of the room

A short drive up the road in Gualala, St. Orres's onion-domed architecture (a reference to the area's early Russian settlers) comes as a shock after the minimalism of Sea Ranch. The hotel's eight rooms are charming but tiny, and there are no private baths, so book one of the eleven cottages scattered through the woods around the inn. They range from the comparatively luxurious two-bedroom Pine Haven to the Wildflower, a rustic one-room cabin with a loft bed and an outdoor shower. It looks like a time capsule from the Woodstock era—which may explain why Neil Young (I was told) stays at the Wildflower or he doesn't stay at all. The restaurant at St. Orres is made for candlelit evenings: a triple-height dining room with stenciled friezes around the walls and a tiny bar with tapestry-covered banquettes. Another nearby dinner option is the Old Milano Hotel in Gualala. Open to the public only in the evenings and for Sunday brunch in the summer, the dining room of this Victorian bed and breakfast looks out over a neat lawn that rolls down to a spectacular cliff above a dramatic cove. Get there before sunset.

Thirty miles north of the Sonoma-Mendocino county line the town of Mendocino comes into view, perched on a bluff and looking just like a New England fishing village that has packed up and moved West. Mendocino is full of art galleries, restaurants, and shops—antiques shops, crafts shops, jewelry shops. Although it gets many visitors, the town is remarkably untouristy, perhaps because of its diverse population of superannuated hippies, millionaire businessmen, artists, writers, scientists, and actors.

If you should stay at the Mendocino Hotel, be prepared for a healthy dose of Victorian splendor. My suite, which was filled with

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period furniture, had a deck that overlooked the bay, just the spot from which to pursue the local pastime of whale watching. There are telephones in the rooms, and yes, even room service. The hotel's Garden Suites offer a variety of accommodations, but the nicest is a suite with a double-height library and a loft bedroom that has a distant but enticing view of the Pacific. The restaurant is pleasant but unremarkable. There are, however, many restaurants in town; the most famous is the Café Beaujolais. There are also two excellent dining spots in Little River: Ledford House and the Little River Restaurant. Book ahead.

Just to the south of town, and with a storybook view of it, is Stanford Inn by the Sea. Formerly a more modest place called Big River Lodge, the hotel was transformed by current owners Jeff and Joan Stanford into a vine-covered haven of luxury. The rooms and suites are decorated in a homey mix of contemporary and reproduction furniture with Oriental rugs spread over wall-to-wall carpeting. There is even a telephone, a remote-control television (with Cinemax, no less), VCR, and a *TV Guide* in each room. The Stanfords are sticklers for detail. There is no restaurant, but a cold breakfast is served in the inn's living room.

Finally, there is the Heritage House, just down the road in Little River. Although it offers none of the amenities of some of the other hotels—no telephones, televisions, or pool—it is in many ways the most elegant of the group. The inn's main building, which houses the restaurant and bar, is a beautiful yellow clapboard house covered with ivy. You stay in cottages scattered around the property, many of them with breathtaking ocean views. The decor is tasteful but cautious, with subdued colors and tiny prints. The bar and lounge are decorated with a nautical theme; the dining room is attractive but somewhat formal. There is a dress code at night—which, I suppose, fits in with the general buttoned-down tone of the place. But not too buttoned down. After all, Heritage House is where Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda conducted their illicit tryst each year in the 1978 film version of Bernard Slade's play *Same Time, Next Year*. Not even Hollywood could do better than this.

Coastal Hotels

Timber Cove Inn
21780 North Coast Hwy. 1, Jenner, CA, 95450; (707) 847-3231
Rates: $85–$285/night

Sea Ranch Lodge & Golf Links
Box 44, The Sea Ranch, CA 95497; (707) 785-2371
Rates: May–Oct. $97–$135/night; Nov.–Apr. $87–$125/night

Sea Ranch Escape
Box 238, The Sea Ranch, CA 95497; (707) 785-2426
Rates: Houses $150–$300/2 nights; $710–$1,010/week

St. Orres
36601 South Hwy. 1, Gualala, CA 95445; (707) 884-3303
Rates: Cottages $75–$180/night

Mendocino Hotel & Garden Suites
Box 587, 45080 Main St., Mendocino, CA 95460; (800) 548-0513
Rates: $65–$225/night

Stanford Inn by the Sea
Box 487, Comptche-Ukiah Rd., Mendocino, CA 95460
(707) 937-5025
Rates: $129–$205/night

Heritage House
5200 North Hwy. 1, Little River, CA 95456; (707) 937-5885
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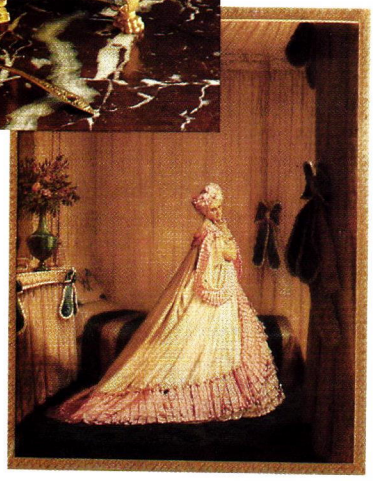
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Empire confiture container, top, by Thomire. Above: Portrait, c. 1850, of a mistress of Napoleon III. Below: Louis XVI Jacob chairs.

Castle Cast-offs

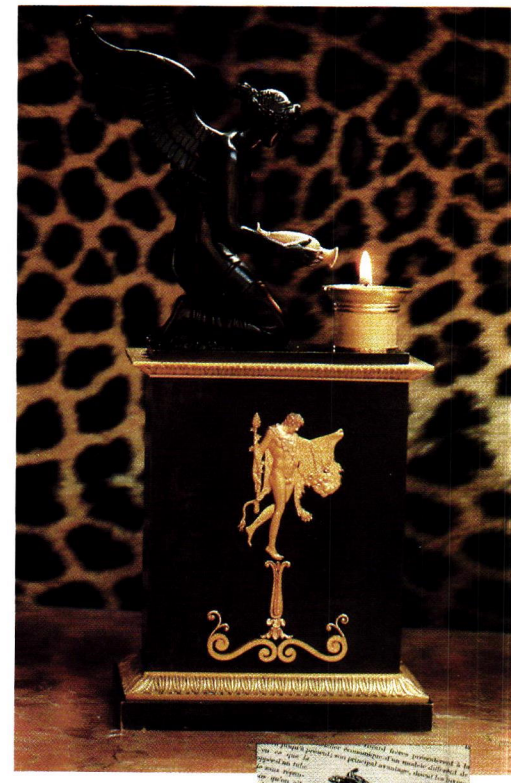
Loire Valley château owners stage the ultimate white elephant sale

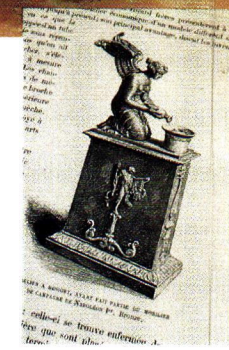
By Christopher Petkanas

Spring cleaning in the Loire Valley was never like this. For the past few months chatelaines have been poking through their jewelry boxes and braving the cobwebs in their attics in search of a bit of old family history to put on the auction block. If while visiting the great historic houses in the Loire you have ever wondered how to get that Napoleon III diamond necklace off the maîtresse de maison or how to escape with one of the peacock-patterned Aubusson tapestries that habitually line the entrance halls, this is your chance.

Last November a letter that sounded just the right note of practicality went out to some ninety château owners in the region inviting them to participate in a public sale that will be held on June 11 in the eighteenth-century orangery of the privately owned Château de Cheverny. The invitation was masterful in the way it dared to suggest that even the proprietors of stately houses could use a little extra cash to install central heating and fill in the potholes that make their allées of chestnut trees such a bumpy ride. "We have discovered," it read, "that there are many of us in our region who want to sell surplus objects, paintings, and furniture for a variety of reasons—succession, property division, roofing!" Signed "Paul et Sue"—Château du Fresne's Marquis de Brantes and his chirpy American wife—the letter also promised a "minimum of worry" and "anonymity if one wishes it."

According to Philippe Rouillac,





Napoleon's battle lamp, above and right, documented in an 1890 engraving. Below: Auctioneer Philippe Rouillac's gavel falls on June 11. Bottom: A 19th-century ship model with Château de Cheverny, site of the forthcoming auction, in background.







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From Château du Fresne: Victorian silver tea set, below; Nicholas II vermeil flatware, bottom left. Above: Empire commode, one of five pieces. Left: Lyonnais silk damask, c. 1850.

under whose gavel the hundred or so lots will pass, anonymity is key. "A lot of people are demanding it because they are afraid their relations will make noise," he says. "The relations would want to know, 'Why didn't you sell it to us so we could keep it in the family?' "

Flushed and cagey, blue bloods all over the Loire did nevertheless respond to the Brantes' bid, inviting Rouillac into their homes to see what they could be encouraged to part with. "Every object in a family has a history, and every family has its secrets," he says. "I am a doctor of people as well as a doctor of objects. You take your clothes off before the medical doctor, and you take your clothes off before the auctioneer. You don't do it in the same manner, of course, but it's just as intimate." Typically, one rather jittery and noble couple is selling a pair of rare Louis XVI ormolu candelabra (estimate, $50,000), eighteen Louis XIV–style carved walnut chairs made under Napoleon III ($4,000), and an early eighteenth century giltwood looking glass ($15,000–$20,000).

Not everyone is worried about what old Tante Cléophée will think. The duc de Caraman at Le Grand Launay, the marquis de Fayet at Château de Montmirail, the duc de Mailly, the comte de Nesle, Nicole Salinger at Les Pins, and the Brantes are participating in the auction with a cool lack of paranoia. The Caramans are unloading at least one big seventeenth-century painting which a Napoleonic officer brought back from Spain as a war prize. The Brantes have decided to let go of a Charles X billiards table that returns balls to players through the mouths of bronze lion masks ($5,000). Rouillac has even managed to secure two chunks of the original staircase in the Eiffel Tower. He hopes the personalized service offered by French auctioneers to sellers and buyers will make converts of the Americans, Japanese, and English expected to attend. "I am sure they will prefer to buy a commode at Cheverny than in an unattractive salesroom in New York where it is hit by a glaring spotlight. If Sotheby's is a supermarket, we are Fauchon."

The contents of the sale will go on view at the château on June 9, and a cocktail party, by invitation only, will be hosted by Cheverny's owners, the vicomte and vicomtesse Arnaud and Hélène de Sigalas, on the evening of June 10. Rouillac, who will be accepting live phone bids, and Sue de Brantes think the rest of the time should be profitably spent touring the Loire, attending son et lumière shows at nearby castles, dining at Barrier in Tours and Le Relais in Bracieux, and taking balloon trips.

One local who won't be joining in the festivities is Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, Sue de Brantes's brother-in-law and neighbor. Given the feverish unpopularity of so public an event—especially with figures like Giscard and some of the starchier families in the valley—she is bound to take some heat for her Yankee enthusiasm. "I'm sure there are people who will never speak to me again," she says. "But if selling a painting will enable you to repaint the shutters of your château, why not? It's comforting to know one's pals are in the same boat." Sue de Brantes also likes the idea of her and her friends' houses being emptied of the kind of stifling odds and ends that give château decoration a bad name. "Rather than living in a cold museum with five extra bergères, people might be a little less bitter if they have the means to buy a new radiator."

Given Napoleon's negative feelings about luxury, the centerpiece of the sale—a pair of lamps that followed him on his military campaigns from 1804 to 1815—could hardly be considered extras. They have an ingenious mechanism that pushes the candles up as they burn so that only the wicks are ever visible. Rouillac, however, isn't too enthusiastic about the mangle—an elaborate contraption that irons laundry by passing it between heated wooden rollers—being offered by the Brantes. If Madame were to consider throwing in a few bundles of immaculately pressed château-issue dinner napkins tied with satin ribbon, perhaps it would be a different story. But one thing Sue de Brantes is not selling is her napkins. (For a catalogue and information contact: Paul and Sue de Brantes, Le Fresne, 41310 Authon, France; 54-80-33-04, fax 54-80-34-41. For hotel reservations contact: Laurence Metivier, Loisirs Accueil, 11 place du Château, 41000 Blois, France; 54-78-55-50.) ◆

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Fernand Léger, *Étude Pour Musiciens et Acrobats,* encre de chine on paper, 25½″ x 19¾″, atelier mark lower right: FL BOOTH 6-141

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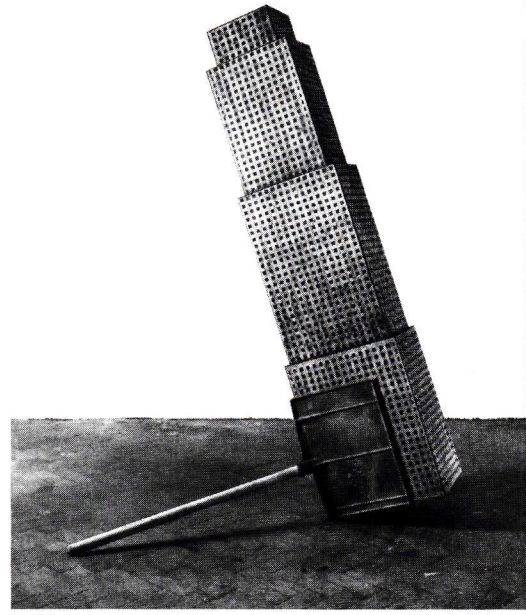


Joseph Beuys, *Goldhase*

Joseph Beuys, One Man Show BOOTH 2-240

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Steve Johnson, *Hod,* 1987/8, wood, height: 70⅝″ BOOTH 1-120

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Robert Moskowitz, *The Red and the Black,* 1988, color woodblock print
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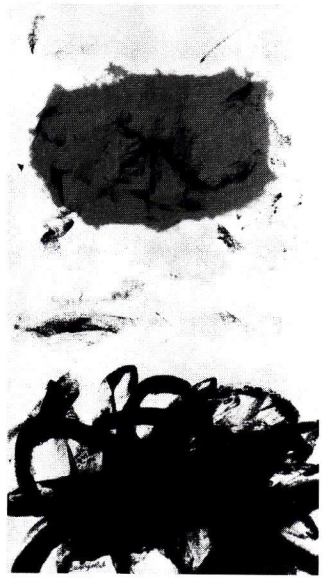


Ellen Brooks, *Untitled (Blue Circle)* detail, 1987
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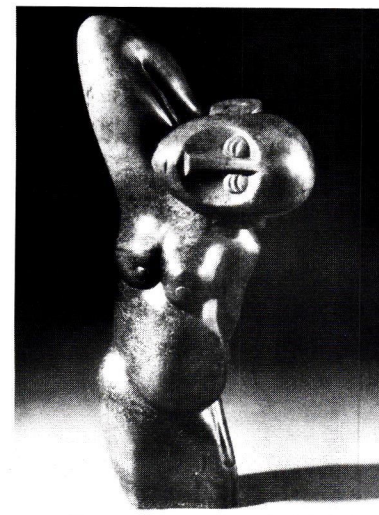
Adolph Gottlieb, *Pink, Blue, Black,*
1957, oil on canvas, 84″ x 41″

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Damian Manuhwa, *Woman,* 1988, green serpentine stone,
50 x 24 x 22 cm

BOOTH 3-105

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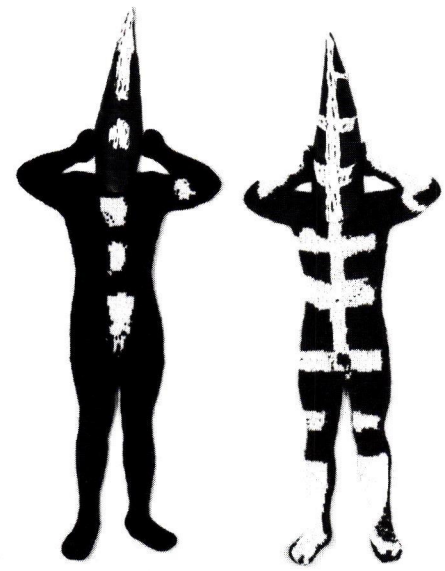
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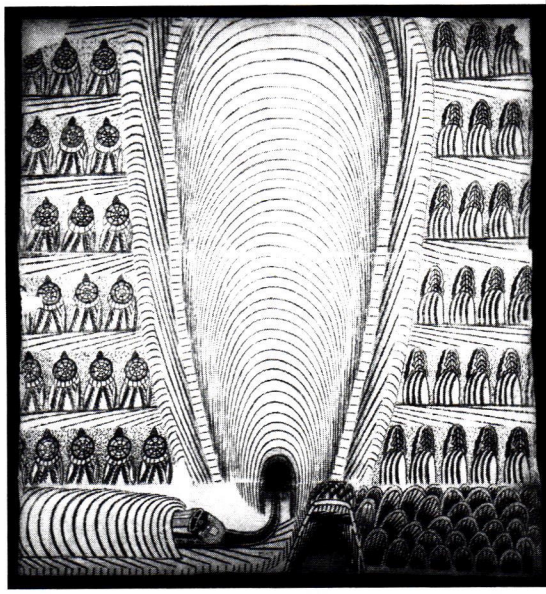


Elaine Reichek, *Masked Men (detail)*

BOOTH 3-157

Janet Fleisher Gallery

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Martin Ramirez, *Untitled,* October 1954, colored pencil on paper,
55″ x 51″, irregular BOOTH 1-223

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Franz Gertsch, *Natasha* 1988, woodcut on Japan paper
107″ x 83″ (273 x 212 cm) BOOTH 2-144

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Armando, *Kopf 20-11-88,* 1988, oil on canvas, 250 x 198 cm BOOTH 1-295

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Juan Munoz, *Two Hunters,* 1988, steel and wood, 150 x 200 x 34 cm
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Hans Hartung, *P 20 1979-H1,* 1979, oil on paper, 21″ x 30″ BOOTH 1-207

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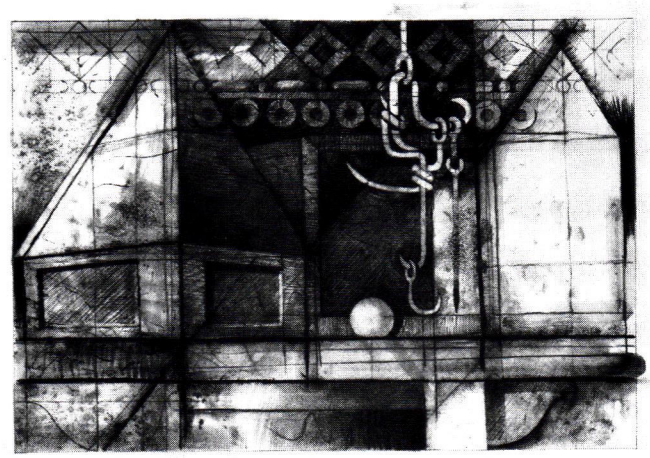


Thomas Chimes, *Faustroll/Air* 1988, detail, oil on linen 48x64

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Marcelo Bonevardi, *Drawing 397,* charcoal pastel and conté crayon
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Ed Moses, *Auged State,* 1988, oil and acrylic on canvas
66″ x 78″

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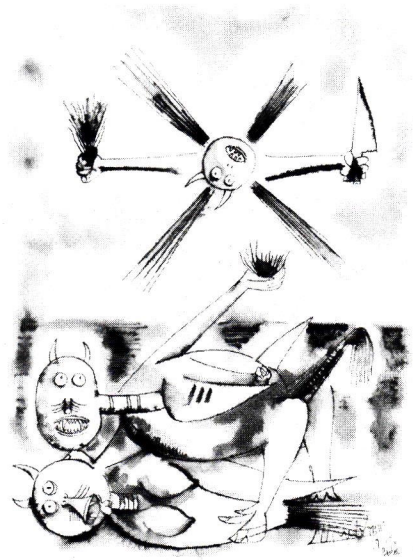
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Wifredo Lam, *Yoruba Ritual,* 1946, ink on paper, 12½″ x 9½″

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Willem de Kooning, *Untitled,* c. 1960, oil on vellum on canvas, 64″ x 41″

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Morris Graves, *Fledgling,* ink and watercolor on paper, 31½″ x 16¼″ signed lower right

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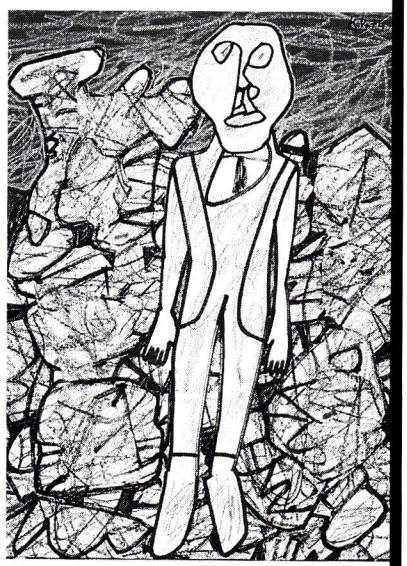
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Jean Dubuffet, *Paysage avec personnage,* 1974, collage, crayon, marker on paper, 16½" x 11¾"

BOOTH 2-146

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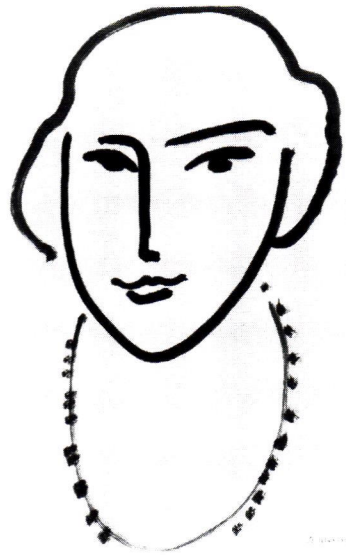
Perejaume, *Mareograf,* 1988, mixed media, 43 x 32 cm

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Henri Matisse, *Tête de femme au collier,* May 5, 1950, encre de chine on paper, 20¾″ x 15¾″ BOOTH 6-149

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Jack Levine, *Gangster Wedding,* c. 1958, oil, 17″ x 15″

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Courtesy: Arthur Roger Gallery, New Orleans, LA Photographer: Judy Cooper

Ida Kohlmeyer, *Synergism 88-2,* 1988, mixed media on canvas, 60″ x 59½″. Send for catalog BOOTH 5-108

Chicago International Art Exposition

WORKROOM



Captain Hook

Brooklyn rug designer Taylor Harbison turns an old craft into a sophisticated art
By Dana Cowin

A Taylor Harbison custom-designed hooked rug, like Monarch Notes for a complex book, summarizes the story of the house for which it is made. Dramatic moments are captured—flowers clipped from a handsome living room chintz, geometric shapes borrowed from window mullions, water tossed up from the blue sea outside—and then looped into woolly submission.

These are not hooked rugs of the curled-cat-on-black-background variety, but they do draw on folk traditions. "I like the quirky mistakes—colors running out, crooked stripes—in nineteenth-century rugs, but I don't like anything craftsy," says Harbison. As a result, his work looks as if Ammi Phillips tried her hand at hooking an Aubusson: the lines wiggle, the forms are a little crude, but the overall effect is elegant.

This 31-year-old self-effacing gentleman from the Mississippi Delta conjures up his unique rug schemes after hours of conversation with his clients and weeks of meditation in his cluttered Brooklyn studio. As he sketches, Harbison is surrounded by potential inspirations: skeins of wool, hand-dyed fabric flung over a rack, blooming heather and daffodils, art books, and a rainbow of paints.

Harbison, who's also an accomplished painter, loves hand-hooking and has been at it since he started repairing antique rugs four years ago. His idea of recklessness is switching from his controlled, academic painting to hooking, getting in there with colors and wools and burlap and playing. At the moment, he's working on a rug for decorator Kathy Willner, who is lining her walls with a Pierre Deux reproduction of a 1770 toile depicting a European vision of the New World. Harbison is mapping out an American response: an introduction to native flora and fauna as well as the symbols of freedom and liberty.

Until recently, his projects, most of them for designer William Diamond, consumed a full year from conception to completion—one month from gouache renderings to full-size painted model for approval, followed by eleven months of intensive work. It isn't hard to imagine Harbison working day and night, every day except Sunday afternoons when he would go to church and then out with friends. But one year for one rug and only 52 half days off proved too much, even for him, so now Harbison is designing in his studio and working with a mill in the Philippines. "The mill promised they could follow my designs with great fidelity and they do, but they tell me I'm driving them blind. They want me to simplify, and I won't," says Harbison. He insists on inspecting every dye lot and overseeing even the most minute details, checking that his "mistakes" are still in place.

Harbison's rugs are clearly the work of a man smitten with his medium. Graced with energy and movement, they hardly seem the product of thousands of fleecy curls, but more a plush expression of an interior landscape. (229 St. John's Place #4E, Brooklyn, NY 11217; 718-783-1746). ▲

FROM TOP: RUEDI HOFMANN (2); MARY GEARHART





Taylor Harbison, above, working on a preliminary watercolor. Left: A rug detail. Top: Skeins of some current favorite colors: forest green, heather, and sky blue.

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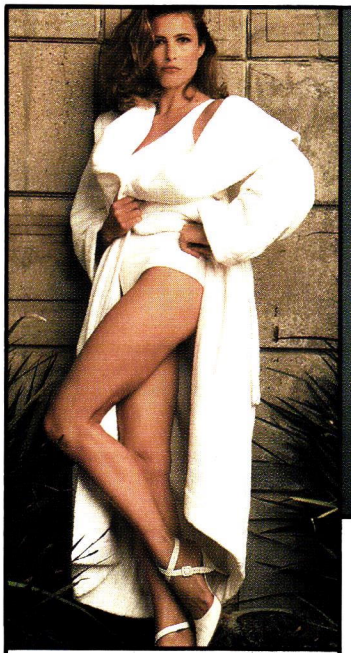
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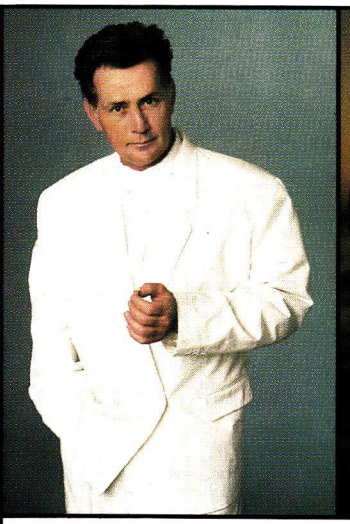
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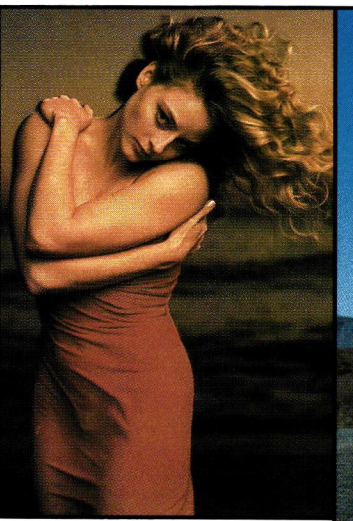
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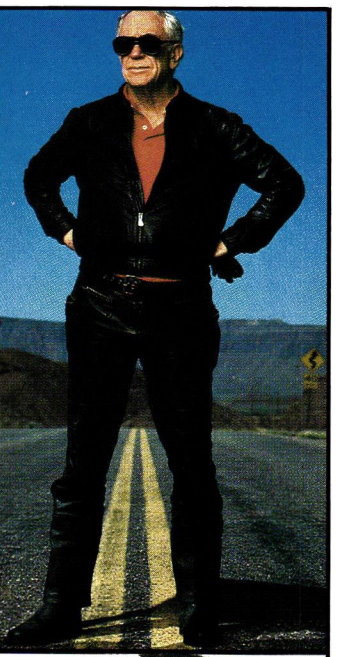
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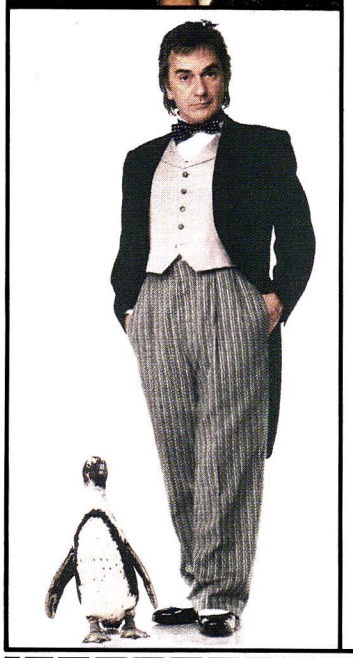
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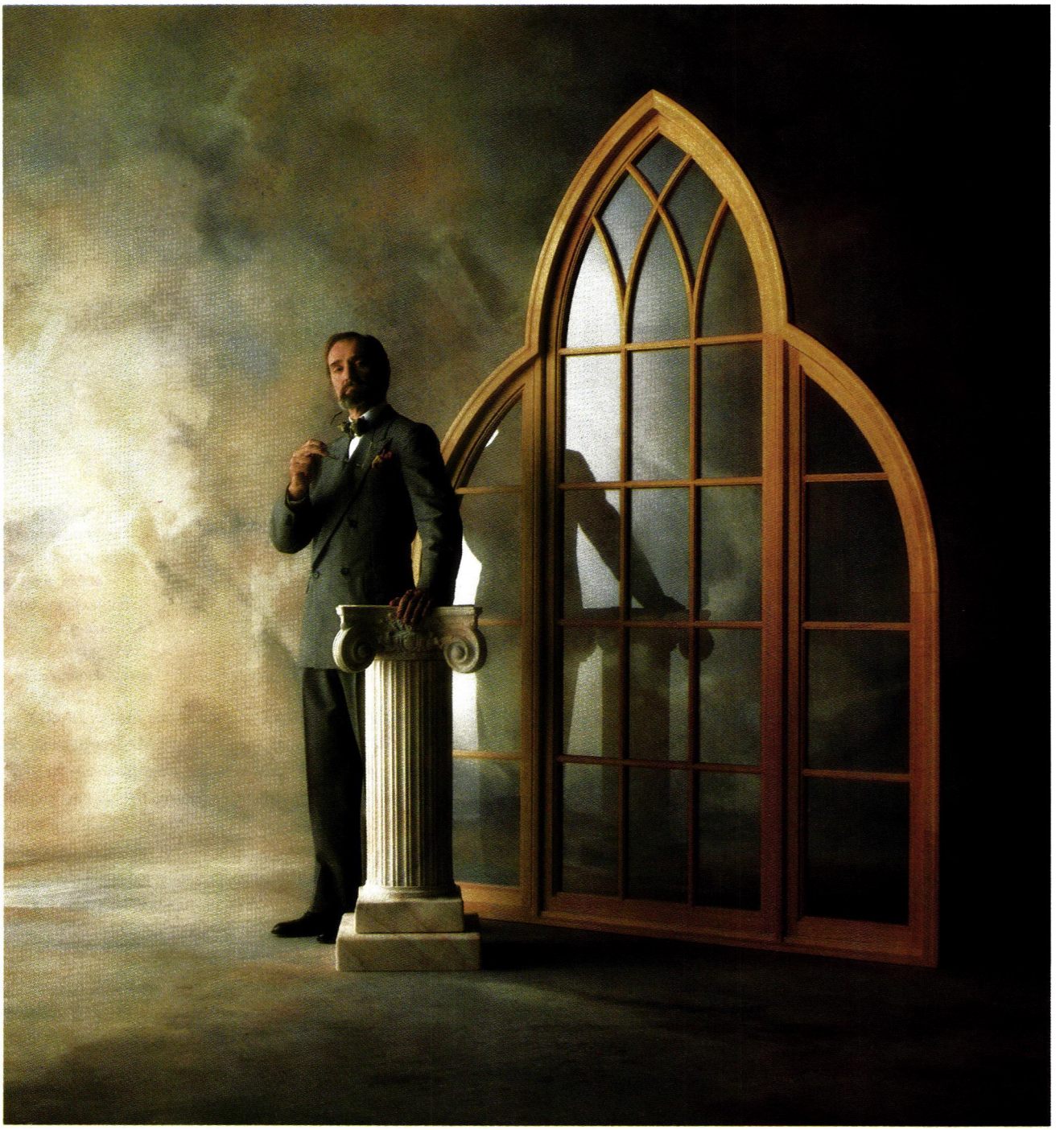
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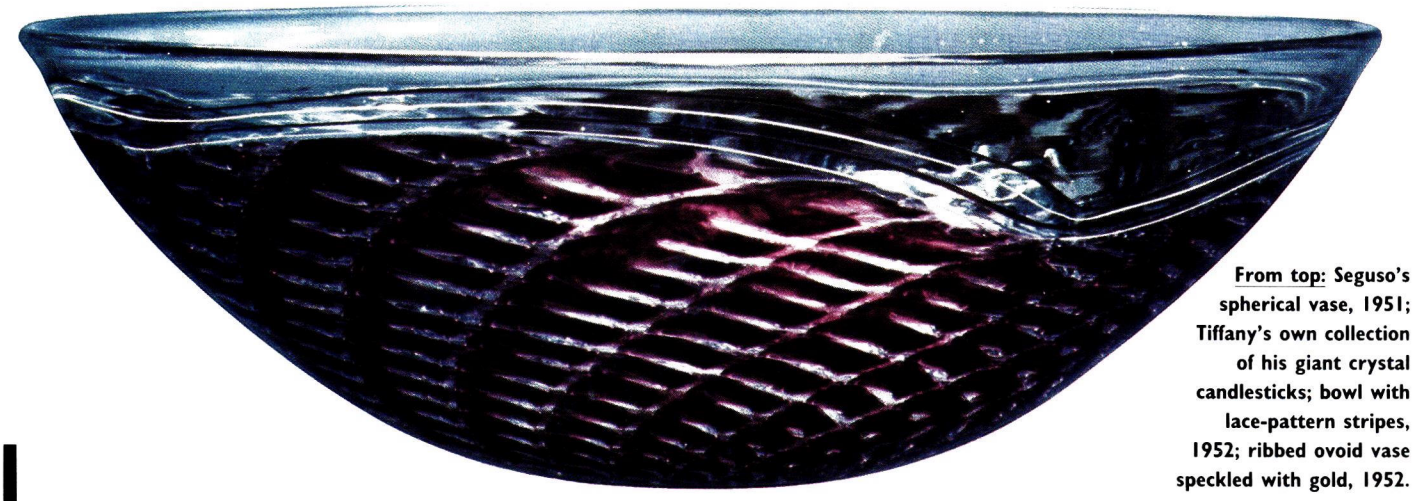
CLASSICS





Master of Murano

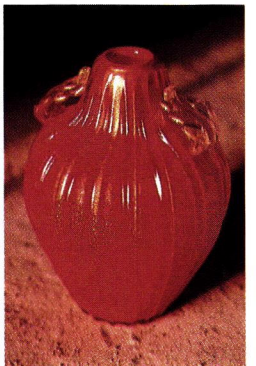
The light of Venice glows through the art glass of Archimede Seguso
By Alastair Duncan



From top: Seguso's spherical vase, 1951; Tiffany's own collection of his giant crystal candlesticks; bowl with lace-pattern stripes, 1952; ribbed ovoid vase speckled with gold, 1952.

In the vanguard of the design movement that after World War II liberated Italy from the formal rigidity of Fascist rationalism, Archimede Seguso was among such celebrated designers as Carlo Mollino, Gio Ponti, and Ettore Sottsass who were involved in the search for a new decorative vernacular. Exaggerated colors and forms were the common denominators of a style that sought to shock householders out of their humdrum prewar environments.

A taciturn man who finds expression only through his artistry, Seguso was born in 1909 into a dynasty of glassworkers who trace their heritage far beyond his great-grandfather Antonio, who helped pioneer the resurgence of the region's glass industry in the second half of the nineteenth century. The deteriorating façade of the Seguso workshop, on the Venetian island of Murano, encloses the furnaces where for sixty years this *maestro artista* has coaxed his magical confections out of a molten vitreous mass. Seguso's prodigious output is now the focus of a retrospective exhibition, at Tiffany & Co. in New York City, that celebrates his eightieth birthday and more than thirty years of collaboration with the firm's designers, beginning in 1955 with Van Day Truex and continuing with John Loring and Elsa Peretti. Fifty examples of his glassware, spanning the years 1932–72, are on view April 25–May 13.



Seguso has the rare ability to combine the master blower's traditional virtuoso technique with the skills of a Modernist glass designer, but his resourcefulness defies neat categorization. In the 1930s he began to experiment with biomorphic forms and undulating lines, and under the influence of contemporary painting and furniture he extended the conventional limits of the medium. No longer embracing Classicism's formal shapes, Seguso's glassware became soft-edged and organic, the surfaces frequently embellished with random protrusions and sunken planes. The material's fluidity inspired a wide range of sensuous shapes.

Seguso brought a provocative palette to these new shapes by mixing contrasting hues that unerringly engage the eye. His vibrant 1950s Merletto series, for example, with its speckled metallic-gold inclusions was immensely popular. Later models, particularly those of the 1960s, adopt more delicate forms, some enhanced with internal gossamerlike trails or geometric cellular patterns or with colorful applied decorations. Many exquisite pieces incorporate overlapping layers of a single color, while others are candy striped or pulsate with alternating spiral zigzags. Applying an updated version of the classic patterns that have graced the banqueting tables of European palaces and courts from the time of the Renaissance, Archimede Seguso has provided connoisseurs with a rich and diverse body of work that reinterprets the venerated grammar of Venetian glass ornament. ▲

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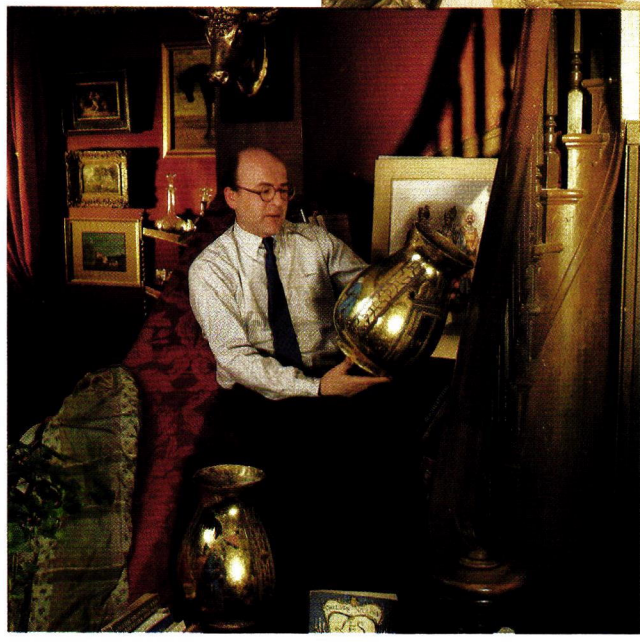
DEALER'S EYE

Tempted by the Past

Ex-monk Graham Shearing amasses splendid rarities in Pittsburgh

By Jeanne Marie Laskas





Graham Shearing, left, inspects vases posing as 18th century Chinese and pronounces them "made last year but delightful nevertheless." Above: Shearing's prints and oddities, including a rare fragment of 17th-century English wallpaper and a Thai Buddha hand.

Graham Shearing is British. Quite British. His shop, the Golden Calf, is an unexpected find sitting on the east end of Pittsburgh, just in front of a railroad track, well within sniffing distance of a Nabisco cookie and cracker factory. From this spot Shearing displays an exquisite collection of several thousand English and European prints—botanicals, architectural drawings, caricatures, interiors—and a careful selection of artifacts collected from centuries long gone. And from this spot Shearing spends much time sitting, smoking, musing on the meaning of interior decoration.

"It's essentially a game, a fun game," says Shearing, explaining his belief that a room, by its very definition, is never finished. To grasp the concept fully, you'd need to enter the Golden Calf. A visitor won't be immediately drawn to any particular item. Such fleeting attractions are guarded against. Instead the shop works rather like a symphony, the prints and artifacts displayed so carefully as to be orchestrated into themes and movements. In the middle of the room there's a collection of objects put together for no other reason than the fact that they are all colored black; while a table in a corner is a medley of blue and white—a Chinese Kang Xi dish juxtaposed with late eighteenth century English pottery.

You don't go looking for objects at the Golden Calf—you wait until the objects find you. A fourteenth-century pilgrim's badge. An early seventeenth century student's rendition of Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*. A tiny terra-cotta rendition of Astarte, the fertility goddess, from around 3000 B.C. "It looks just like a Picasso," says Shearing, who arranges and constantly rearranges so that the shop is continually in motion, alive.

Interestingly, in Shearing's apartment themes of mortality predominate. "I like things to look slightly run-down—old textiles that are falling to pieces," he explains. Graham Shearing wears his eccentricities proudly. Before coming to this country, he was a Benedictine monk, before that a magazine journalist, and before that he read for the English bar. Collecting pre-nineteenth-century prints had been his earliest passion, and he finally gathered his best examples in suitcases and decided to sell them in America. Shearing chose Pittsburgh, undaunted by its "slightly questionable reputation." In April 1988 he set up shop with his partner, Lea Simonds, and five months later moved into his dream house, a diligently restored former elementary school. Shearing's apartment is down the hall from a door that reads PRINCIPAL.

It is a stark white space with fourteen-foot ceilings broken up into pockets of prints and objects. In one room a mezzotint of Sir Joshua Reynolds looks down on a seventeenth-century ebony cabinet topped by, among other things, an Egyptian scarab and an African shuttle head for weaving. In another room a carousel horse is leaping, while in yet another flowers lie in various stages of decay.

"You know, I rather like dust," Shearing says after a day's work. "I was thinking of importing aerosol sprays of dust, taking the dust from six stately homes so that people can spray it all over their apartments." (The Golden Calf, 5881 Ellsworth Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15232; 412-441-1188) ▲

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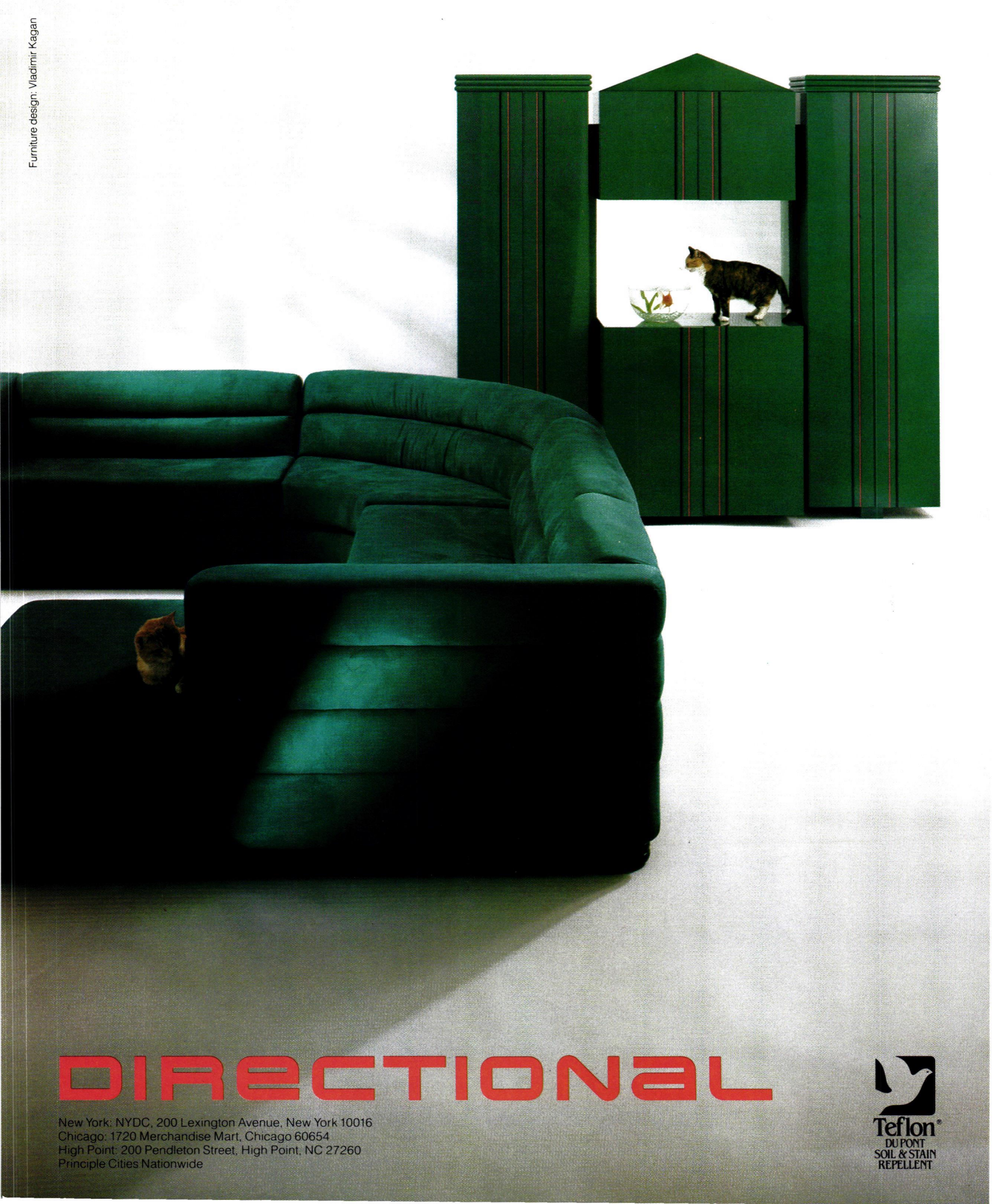
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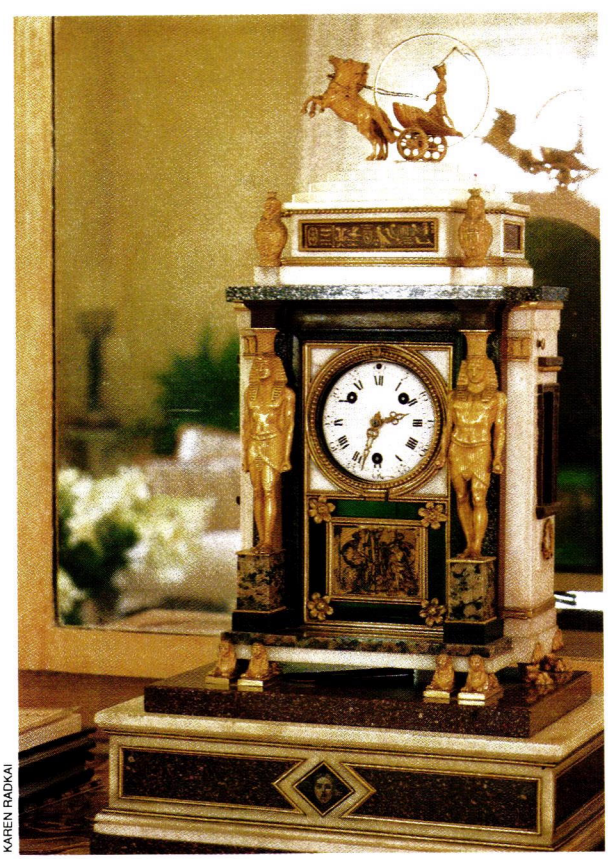
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EDITOR'S PAGE

M A Y 1 9 8 9

In an apartment overlooking Saint Peter's in Rome, Federico Forquet carries on a dialogue I know well. He calls it his "conversation with *collectionismo*." My own possessions, different as they are from Forquet's, also have stories to recall. They talk to me from the tables and walls where they are perched, recounting their private histories and eliciting from me memories of how and where they were acquired. Collectors are of course as diverse as the objects they collect—they range from those who proceed purely on instinct to those who methodically approach their task with a careful eye toward assembling a coherent whole. But for most collectors, I am sure, the pleasures of ownership transcend the obvious visual rewards—there are those small but nourishing bites from Proust's madeleine. One has only to stop by an auction house on the weekend before a big sale or even a small country antiques shop on a Saturday afternoon to see how much the ranks of collectors have swollen. In May, HG visits three residences informed by the collector's urge—Forquet's Roman apartment with its Classical antiquities, Empire furniture, and paintings of Naples; Paul and Pauline Briger's Shingle Style house on the Connecticut shore where the English Aesthetic movement mixes with Gothic Revival; and Howard Hughes's former house (itself a collector's item) in L.A. which now holds a seemingly limitless supply of silver, crystal, and glass that fashion designer Nancy Heller has amassed. To be sure, HG also offers objects of at least some collectors' desires—nineteenth-century American porcelain, Murano glass, Chinese silver. For the true collector, there are always new frontiers.



KAREN RADKAI

A French Neoclassical clock with ormolu fittings, one of the many treasures in decorator Federico Forquet's triplex in Rome.

Editor in Chief

NOBLE ROMAN

The tower apartment of Federico Forquet commemorates a family of collectors

By MICHAEL MEWSHAW
PHOTOGRAPHS by KAREN RADKAI

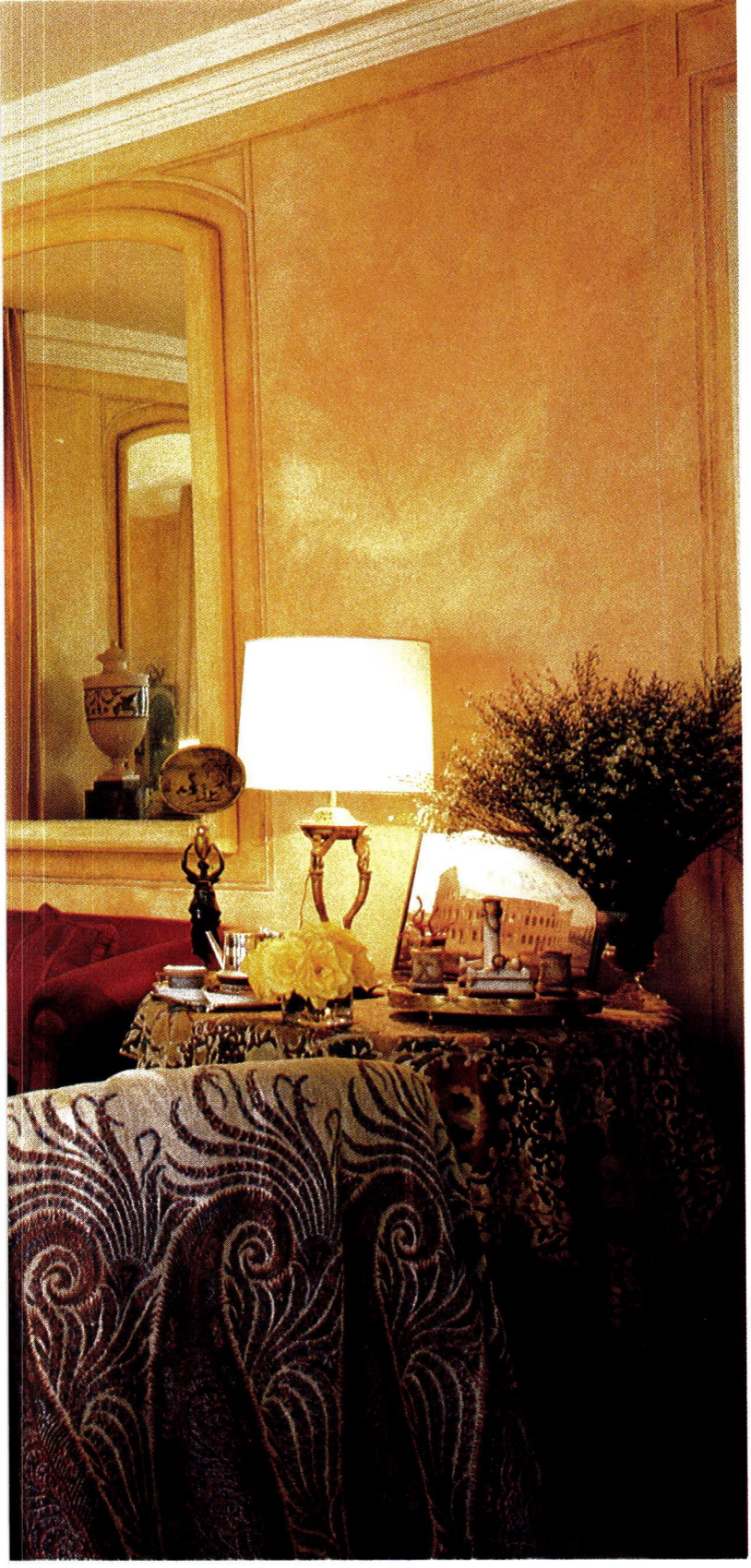


Using a technique borrowed from Herculaneum, warm wax was applied to the living room walls to achieve delicately gradated color. Forquet tempers the heat of Roman summer with seasonal white cotton slipcovers and curtains. The 1790 caryatid candelabra is the work of Righetti.

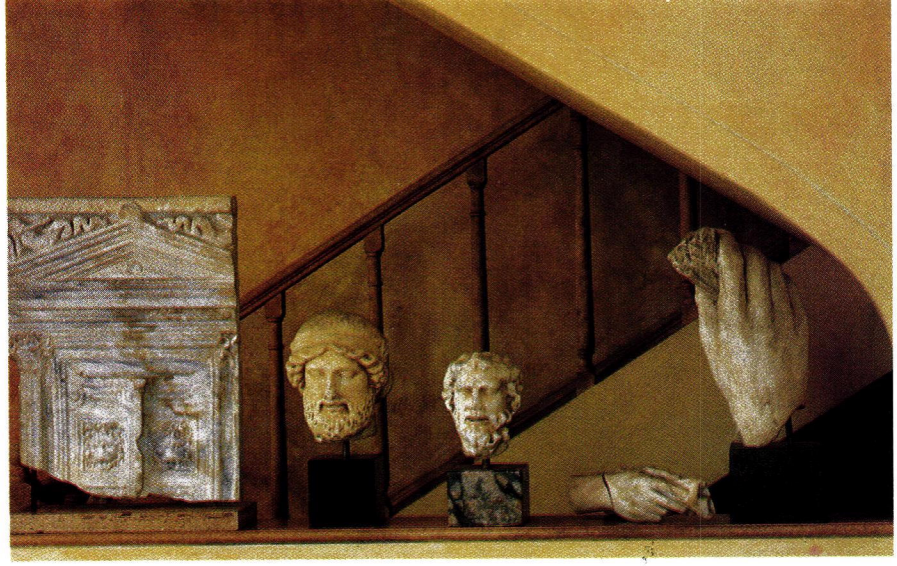




"Here are all the things that have followed me from the beginning"



The living room, above, with the dark upholstery of an 1860 sofa and modern chairs revealed for winter. Antique paisley shawls cover the armchair at right. Under the mirror at left are a mahogany console and clock with ormolu fittings, c. 1780, made by Giuseppe Valadier for the Villa Borghese. The sphinx motif recurs on the late 18th century pedestal-mounted urn by Raffaelli. A 2nd-century Roman mosaic emerges from behind the silk curtains.

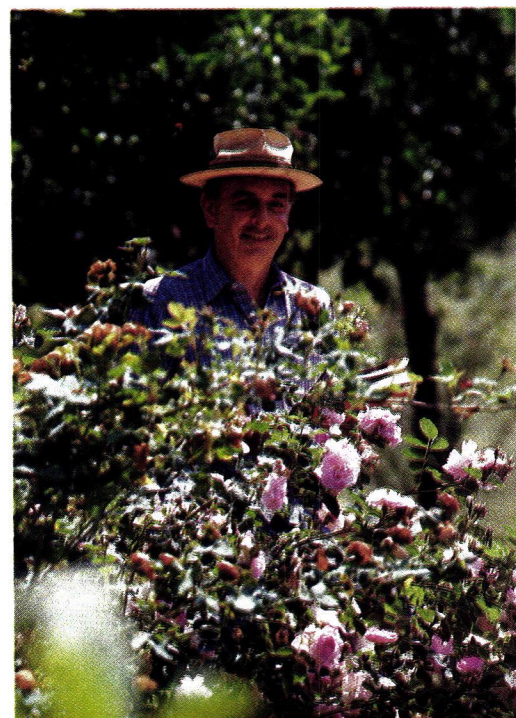


In many ways Federico Forquet's Roman apartment occupies the middle ground between his past and his present. Geographically, it stands halfway between Naples, where he was born and his sense of style was shaped, and Tuscany, where he now spends most of his time working on the celebrated garden that surrounds his restored farmhouse. As Forquet explains, the triplex in the rooftop tower of a building close to the Tiber "provides me with the opportunity to continue my conversation with *collectionismo*. I like antiques, Roman things, Empire furniture, little mosaics, marbles, and paintings of Naples. Here are all the things that have followed me from the beginning, the things I have loved during my life."

Forquet's passion for collecting is part of a familial, as well as a historical, tradition specific to the area around his childhood home. His great-grandfather was a discerning collector deeply impressed by the archaeological discoveries at Pompeii and Herculaneum. As Forquet points out, in the mid eighteenth century the objets d'art removed from these Classical excavations influenced style everywhere: "Neoclassicism started then. And at that moment Naples was the center of style and taste." Much of the decoration and many of the furnishings in Forquet's apartment reflect that taste, which was passed down to him through the generations along with a considerable number of antiques.

A suntanned robust man

Sculpture fragments from the 2nd and 3rd centuries in the stairwell, above. Below: Forquet in his garden at Valle Pinciole in Cetona.



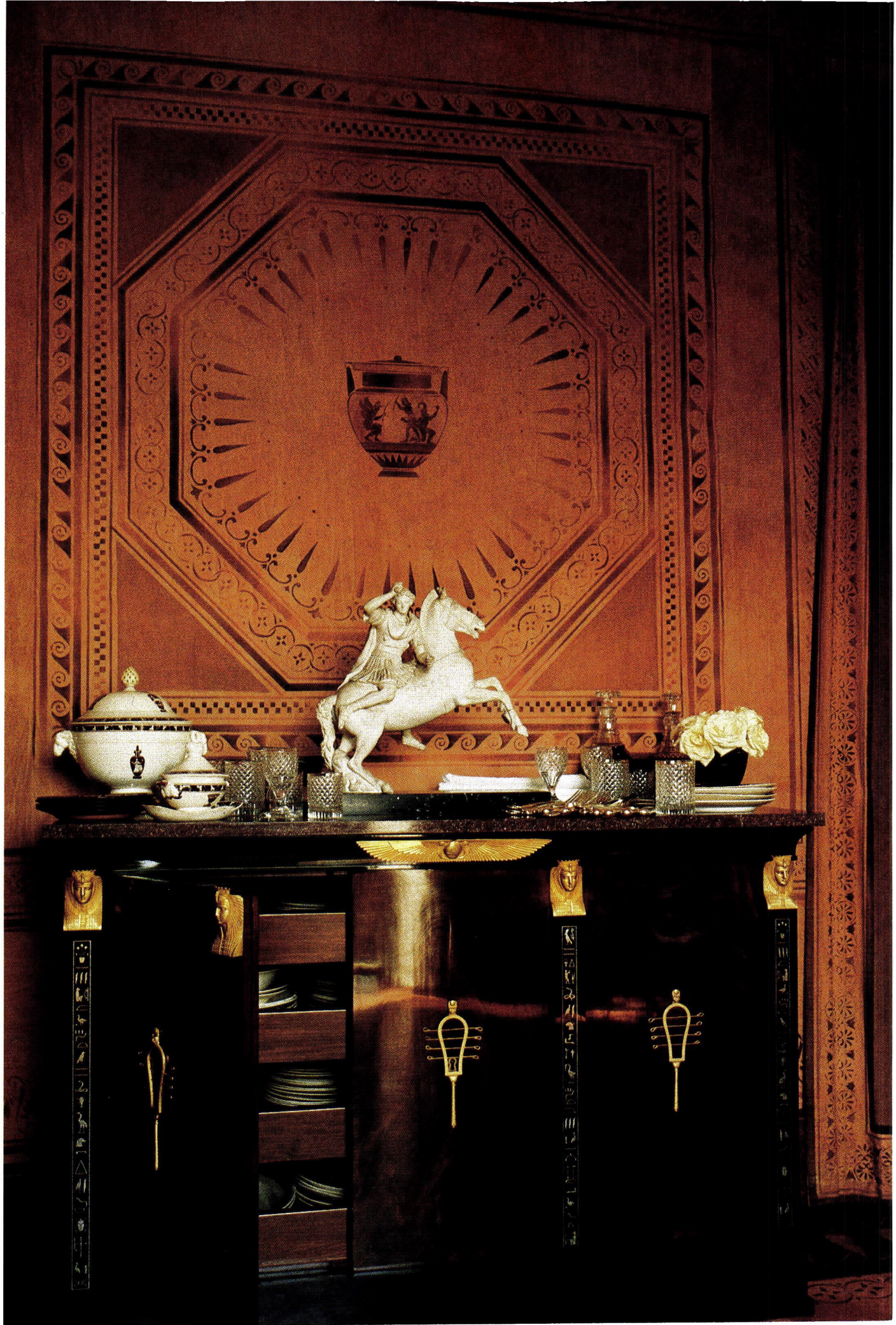


"My apartment provides me with the opportunity
to continue my conversation with collectionismo"





A 17th-century terra-cotta bas-relief by Algardi crowns an early 19th century porphyry mantelpiece in the living room, above. Magazines are stacked between the colonnettes of a 19th-century Neapolitan mahogany table. The floor is painted parquet. Right: One of Forquet's favorite pieces, a Roman Neoclassical tempietto, c. 1800, enshrining an allegorical figure.



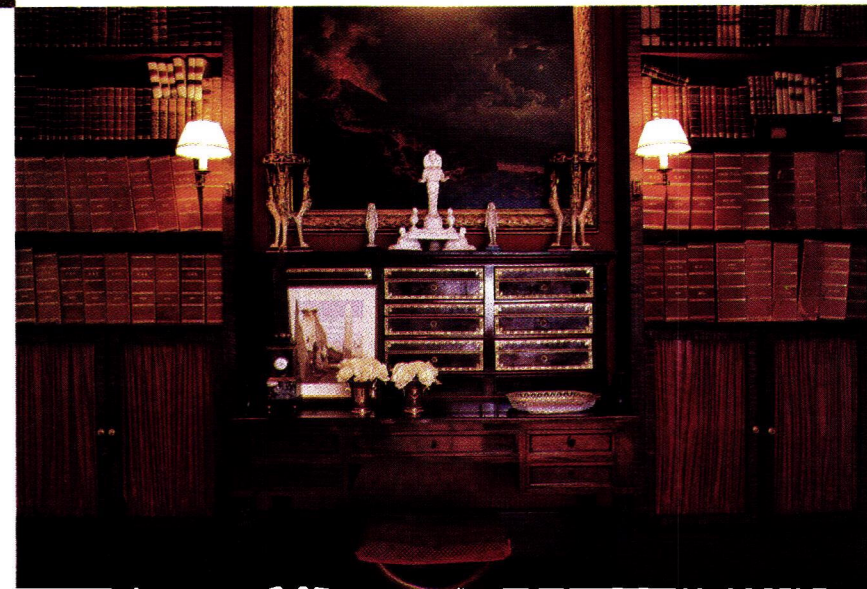
In the petit salon, or dining room, a Neapolitan Reale Fabbrica biscuit equestrian figure by Filippo Tagliolini, 1810, surmounts a 1798 égyptiennerie mahogany and bronze breakfront attributed to Biennais, which once belonged to Napoleon. Forquet commissioned a local artist to paint the Greco-Roman wall decoration on fabric.





A late 18th century Etruscan Revival mantelpiece, above, of marble and scagliola supports Neoclassical bronze candlesticks by Valadier, modeled on Egyptian figures. Each plate in the hand-painted Capodimonte dinner service depicts a different ancient Roman vase. The mahogany dining chairs are Russian Empire, c. 1820. Left: Melon and white striped cotton from Zumsteg covers the bedroom walls and a sofa draped with a chenille shawl. Two 19th-century views of Rome flank Barrigue de Fontainieu's *Bay of Naples*, 1818. Below: An Italian Empire mahogany and leather cartonnier in the library stands below *The Eruption of Vesuvius*, an 18th-century painting by Carlo Bonavia.

Each piece in his collection, no matter how precious, serves a purpose





bristling with energy and ideas, Federico Forquet started his professional life as a fashion designer. In the late 1950s he spent two years in Paris working with Balenciaga before moving to Rome to open his own *maison de couture*. From the living room of his current apartment he can gaze across acres of red tile roofs, past famous domes and cupolas, and describe the course of his career as he discusses the decoration of his previous residences. "I have discovered that it is not fashion that influences the way you decorate the place where you live, it is your state of mind." In the beginning he lived in a seventh-floor walk-up on Via del Babuino with a view of the Pincio and the Villa Medici. It was "very bohemian. That was my *stato d'animo*." He decorated the flat with modern sculpture and paintings, including a large canvas by Cy Twombly, a close friend.

Later, as his business expanded and grew more successful and he started to

A fragment of a 2nd-century marble statue of Jupiter and Ganymede, above, rests on the stair landing below an 18th-century Pietro Fabris landscape. Right: In the library, a 1st-century B.C. southern Italian vase collected by Forquet's great-grandfather holds flowers atop a table covered in 19th-century grosgrain. A painting of Vesuvius by the 18th-century French artist Volaire is a dramatic backdrop to the three Graces supporting a Louis XVI clock.





"In my decorating," says the former couturier,



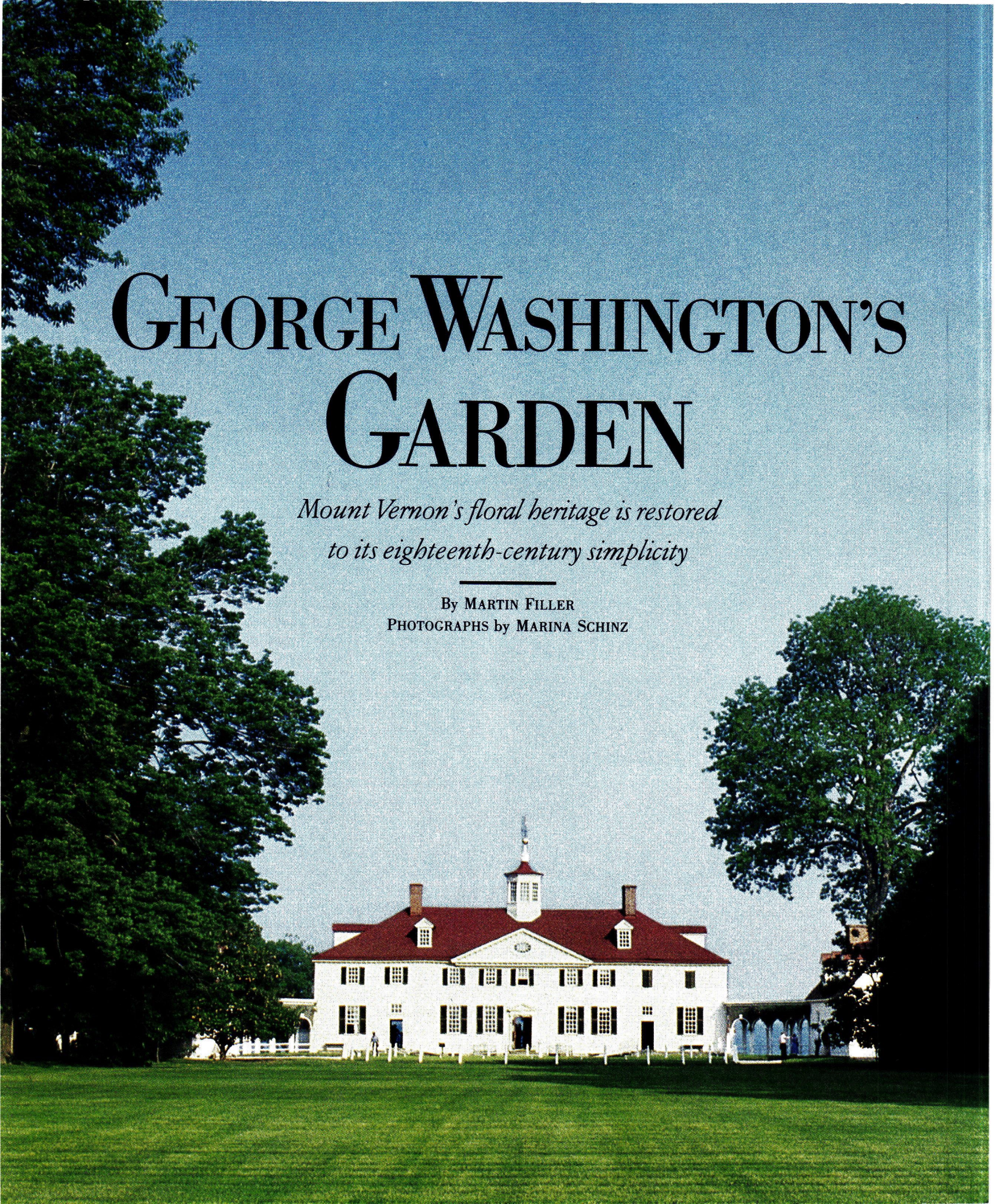


"think more grand, more sophisticated," he bought and decorated a sumptuous apartment on the Gianicolo. But his aesthetic interests were also broadening, and with the acquisition of Valle Pinciole in Cetona he began to take a greater interest in landscape gardening. The problem was that his work in haute couture kept him away from Italy for weeks at a stretch, and every spring, just when the flowers were blooming, he had to fly to the United States to sell his new line. To gain more freedom and more time in the country, he switched from fashion to designing home-furnishing fabrics and decor. Eventually, Forquet says, his gardening, an obsession that "started for love," became an added profession. He now writes a regular column on horticulture for *L'Espresso Più* and *Vogue Décoration* and has collaborated with Marella Agnelli, a longtime friend, on a lavish book, *Gardens of the Italian Villas*.

Although he speaks self-deprecatingly of his Roman apartment as a box that contains the objects he has inherited and collected, it would be ludicrous to think of it as no more than a storage space. It certainly has none of the lifeless claustrophobic atmosphere of a museum. With its verdant terraces and splendid views, the triplex is designed to be lived in. Forquet describes it as "really comfortable, really easy. It is less decorated, more practical than what I had before." Each piece, no matter how precious, serves a purpose—whether it is a first-century B.C. southern Italian vase full of flowers, a Roman bust to *(Text continued on page 210)*

A French Neoclassical enamel and ormolu clock, c. 1830, is the central ornament on a mahogany Directoire desk in the master bedroom, left. The painted armchairs are 18th century Neapolitan. Paintings in the alcove and flanking drawings comprise 18th- and 19th-century images of Naples, Forquet's birthplace. Above: Among the rugged timbers of the upstairs music room, an 18th-century Neapolitan oval bas-relief portrait lends a note of refinement. The trompe l'oeil window and foliage were commissioned from contemporary Roman decorative artist Benito Vandilli.

"I never follow fashion"



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S GARDEN

Mount Vernon's floral heritage is restored to its eighteenth-century simplicity

By MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS by MARINA SCHINZ



The oval entry court of Mount Vernon and the bowling green beyond it, seen from the mansion's cupola. Opposite: The slightly asymmetrical entry front faces a sweeping lawn flanked by some of the sixteen surviving trees planted by Washington.

As the face on the one-dollar bill, George Washington is difficult for most Americans to imagine as a flesh and blood individual with feelings and passions like our own. Nowhere does this iconic, even mythic, figure come more vividly alive than at Mount Vernon, his beloved Virginia estate overlooking the Potomac River fifteen miles south of the city that bears his name. Two hundred years after Washington took office as our first president, this classic southern manor house, its grounds, and now once again its pleasure garden are highly evocative and can tell us more about the man who created them than a dozen biographies.

In certain respects, Mount Vernon is much like our general notions of its owner: dignified, imposing, disciplined, and grand. A visit reveals it to be much else: simple, hospitable, and centered on the enjoyment of the natural world in all its variety. Washington had no greater pleasure than improving the landscape of his domain, and in that enthusiasm he was a true product of his century. The rage for gardening that swept Europe during the Enlightenment took root in America as soon as early settlers were able to shift their energies from the rigors of agricultural survival to the cultivation of a more civilized way of life.

Even after the United States broke away from England, the mother country provided the ideal of how a gentleman should live. Yet as often happened in those days of difficult travel and slow communication, styles in overseas outposts lagged well behind fashions at the center of the empire. The vogue for the Romantic "natural" garden was already in full swing in England by 1785 (when Washington undertook his extensive reworking of Mount Vernon after returning from the Revolution), but that new direction was only beginning to be felt in Virginia.

The landscaping of the Mount Vernon estate (which Washington acquired from his half-brother's widow in 1754) is quintessentially Colonial in plan. Washington's later superimposition of curving



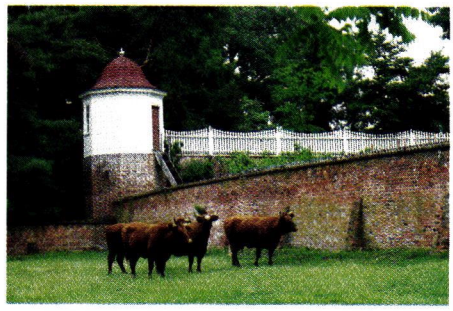
Trumpet honeysuckle (*Lonicera sempervirens*) on the wooden colonnade framing a view of the Potomac and connecting the house with the estate office.







Contemporary accounts of the Upper Garden by guests of Washington indicate he followed the advice of Batty Langley, the great English garden theorist, who recommended that flower beds in pleasure gardens such as this be centered with a fruit tree.



bouncing bet, Canterbury bells, cornflowers, heliotrope, hollyhocks, love-lies-bleeding, nasturtiums, primrose, snow-in-summer, sweet alyssum, verbena, and wallflowers. The exact arrangements of nearly one hundred kinds of flowering plants reflect recent research into eighteenth-century English and American practices, especially at the colonial Virginia capital of Williamsburg, the gardens of which Washington was well acquainted with.

Even less is known about the original layout of the Lower Garden (the twin of the Upper Garden) on the south side of the great lawn leading up to the main entry of the mansion house. The Lower Garden was Mount Vernon's workhorse plot, providing almost all the fruits, vegetables, and herbs used at the Washingtons' bountiful and well-attended table. There are lengthy records of the foods grown, but again the exact placement of plants is now only suppositional. The present arrangement dates from the 1930s, when it was replanted by the landscape architect Morley Jeffers Williams. It is probably a much more elaborate depiction of what existed there in the late eighteenth century. Nevertheless, this fine example of Colonial Revival garden planning will be preserved until—if ever—better documentation appears on how a Virginia kitchen garden of Washington's period looked.

What is so touching about the new Upper Garden at Mount Vernon is its accessibility and simplicity. At a time when many Americans are questioning our nation's goals and values, these gentle pathways speak eloquently of the man who first laid them out. With characteristic understatement George Washington called gardening "my little amusement," but like his personal integrity, it now grows larger in our enduring appreciation of him as an American perennial. ▲





The greenhouse, below, completed in 1787 and rebuilt in 1952, faces the newly restored pleasure garden. At center between hedges of English boxwood (*Buxus sempervirens* 'Suffruticosa') is a sago palm (*Cycas revoluta*), possibly a descendant of one given to Washington. Above left: Cattle graze next to wall of Lower Garden.

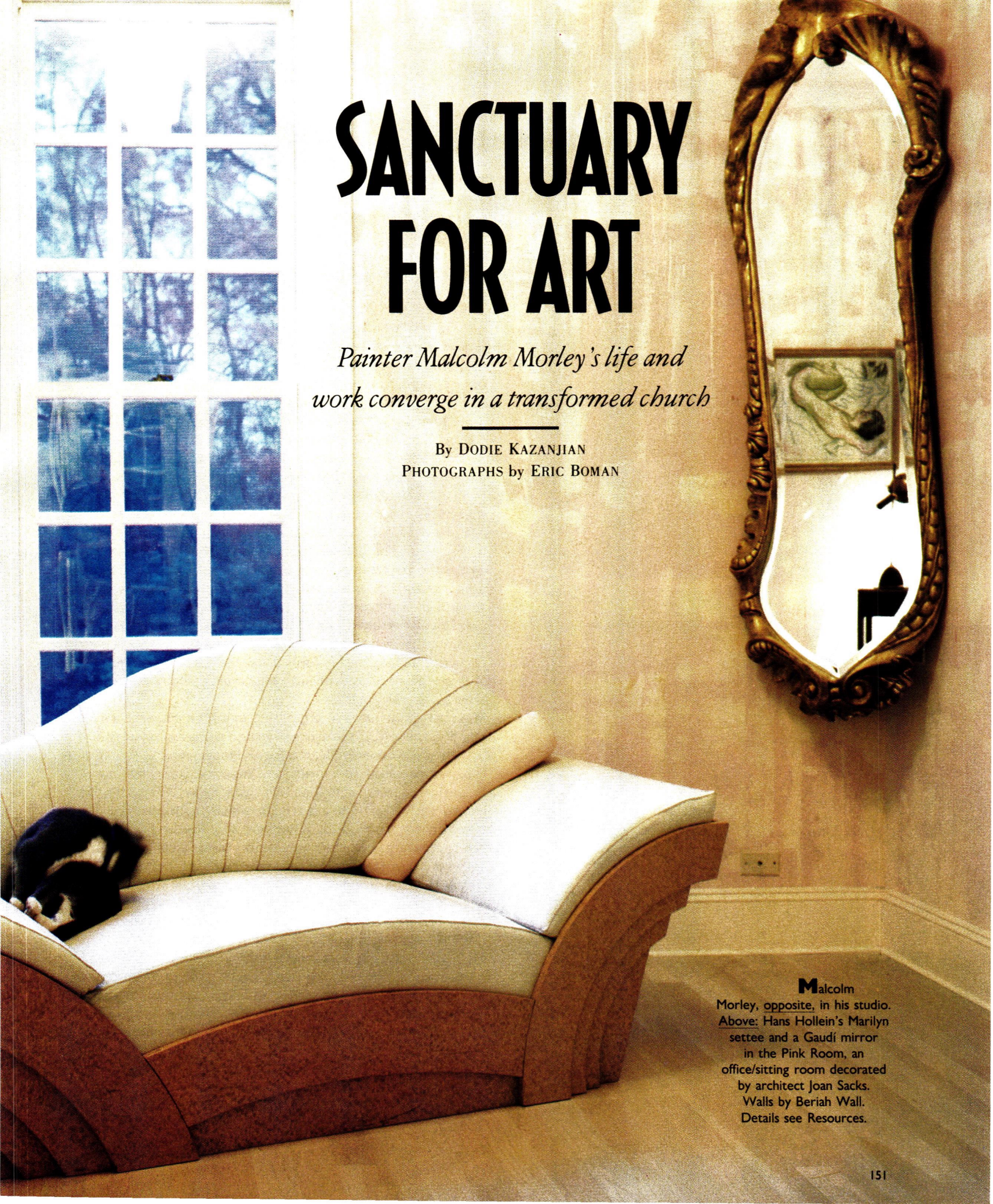


The greenhouse's south-facing sash windows and double-hinged shutters allow regulation of heat and light. Between May 21 and September 21 trees and plants are kept outdoors. On ledge above doorway are 18th-century glass forcing bells.

SANCTUARY FOR ART

Painter Malcolm Morley's life and work converge in a transformed church

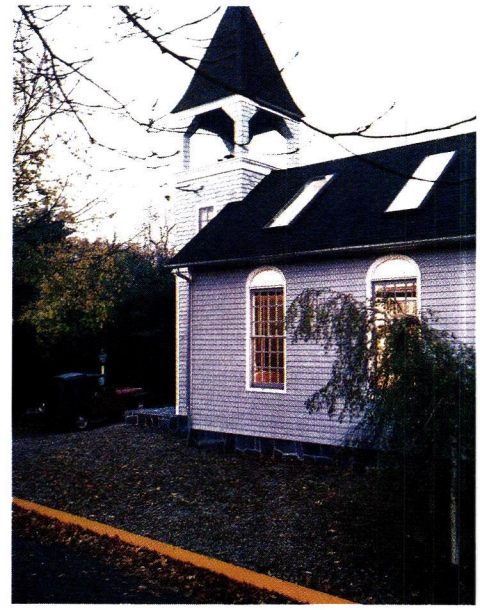
By Dodie Kazanjian
Photographs by Eric Boman



Malcolm Morley, opposite, in his studio. Above: Hans Hollein's Marilyn settee and a Gaudí mirror in the Pink Room, an office/sitting room decorated by architect Joan Sacks. Walls by Beriah Wall. Details see Resources.







Malcolm Morley's cup runneth over. Last December he had his first show at the Pace Gallery, whose owner, Arnold Glimcher, won out in a high-stakes duel with Mary Boone for the high-profile artist. All the paintings, which were priced up to $500,000 apiece, sold out before the show opened. For the first time in his life Morley, who was born in London in 1931 and has lived in a succession of cold-water flats since coming to New York in 1958, is thinking about living well. He now has three places—a converted Methodist church in Bellport, Long Island; a newly designed loft in New York City; a cottage in Maine—and he's negotiating to buy another house in Bellport for his housekeeper. Also, for the first time in his life, he's engaged—a long engagement with plans to get married in June. (He's been married before but never engaged.)

His principal residence is the church, which he's been working on over the past four years with architect Joan Sacks and with help from a number of artists and craftsmen. Calvin Tomkins and I dropped in on him at the church on a recent Sunday afternoon. We found him in his studio—the former place of worship—putting finishing touches on his huge painting *Black Rainbow over Oedipus at Thebes*. After cleaning his hands in a pot of Nivea, which he buys by the gallon, he sat us down in the bright yellow sitting room to talk about his new way of life.

MALCOLM MORLEY: I've never lived right. It's taken me a long time to find a way. Like the dog who turns round and round before he lies down. I've never addressed myself to the problem-solving of making a space to live in with the same amount of concentration that I use to make a painting. Before, I always thought, ''I'm renting this place—why bother?'' So this is really wonderful because I've discovered the space by doing it the same way I make a painting. I don't make the painting because I know what it is. I make it to find out what it is. And to find out what this church is for me has been a very open, very flexible experience. It's not to do with architecture—it's really just to do with color. The color is energizing, and people become somewhat theatrical here. It's like the stage.

CALVIN TOMKINS: Tell us how you came to settle here.

MM: It was a space to work in outside the city. The idea of ''doing'' a house was the furthest thing from my mind. I used to come to visit Xavier Fourcade [his former dealer] in Bellport and this was a place down the road. Nobody wanted to buy it. Families didn't like it. Perfect for a painter. I was here for about two minutes, and it was

The church, above. In Morley's studio, his painting *Black Rainbow over Oedipus at Thebes* in progress, above left, and a slop sink, left, from Urban Archaeology, NYC. Morley uses the target when he takes a dart break from painting.

instantly right. It was a wreck. In the big studio the ceiling was flat, and it had more of the feeling of a meetinghouse.

DODIE KAZANJIAN: You took that flat ceiling out and restored the vaulted roofline?

MM: Yes. In a sense, it's more like a church than it had been.

CT: Have you ever owned a house before?

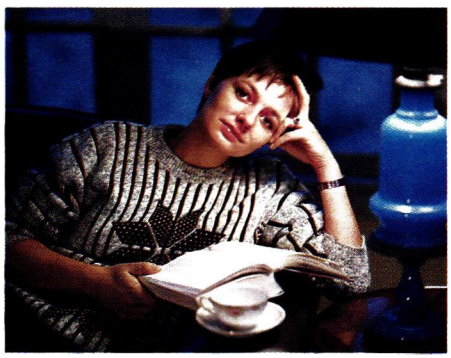
MM: I owned a house on the Bowery once, and I've rented a number of lofts, so I had a little rehearsal here and there. But you never finish them when you do it yourself. Now I've got a very finished loft. And the church is pretty well finished except for the outside. But it's taken four years. I had a blowup with the interior designer who started this place over the direction the bathtub had been put in. I felt that aesthetically being in the tub with your back to the door isn't a good idea. She thought I was making a big fuss. Then I had this idea about a greenhouse with wooden sash, but she got a metal monstrosity. I hated it. Anyway, she left, and that's when I started thinking about walls and color. Then I met Joan Sacks, and she began straightening out the work of the first lady.

DK: What are your ideas about walls and color?

MM: I remembered how I had gone to Petra, this town in Jordan carved out of red stone. The cross sectioning was extraordinary, all this rock color going from green to red to purple. That's the feeling I wanted with these walls. You don't have a sense that there's a skin on the wall. You feel that if you were to saw through it, it would all be the same stuff. *(Text continued on page 210)*









Bellport designer/craftsman David Ebner made chairs of curly maple and African wenge wood for Morley's kitchen, below. The table is made of Russian pine. Above: The prototype for the Ebner kitchen chairs, painted by artist Gordon Hart, sits under a Hart painting. Left: Bathroom walls by Beriah Wall. Below left: Morley's fiancée, Lida Kruisheer.



Cuttings of sassafras hanging in David Ebner's storefront gave Joan Sacks the idea for sassafras stair rails in Morley's sitting room. Ebner designed the coffee and end tables. Opposite: Detail of Morley's *Barcelona Cathedral as a Blood Red Orange*, 1986–87, oil and wax on canvas, 80″ by 90″. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ovitz; photograph courtesy the Pace Gallery, NYC.







In the living room, right, French majolica medallions face off above a Gothic Revival fruitwood desk. An 18th-century Aubusson provides common ground for a French slipper chair and a Syrian hexagonal table. Opposite: On an heirloom piano a flowery majolica vase holds one of Pauline Briger's bouquets. Details see Resources.



COLLECTIVE SPIRIT

On the Connecticut shore, decorator Georgina Fairholme creates a hospitable setting for unexpected antiques

By STUART GREENSPAN
PHOTOGRAPHS by OBERTO GILI

From the outside, there is nothing about this sprawling weathered Shingle Style house that would call attention to itself or set it apart from its neighbors in a private summer resort on the Connecticut shore. Here, the old houses lying low against the water are as much a part of the landscape as the rocks on the beach. But appearances to the contrary, this house is not at all like anything else around. For one thing, it is brand-new.

The house was built two years ago by Jonathan Butler of the New York firm of Butler Rogers Baskett for Paul and Pauline Briger and their three children. Butler is married to Pauline Briger's cousin, and in this way and many others the house is very much a family affair. Pauline's uncle's father was one of the founders of the community, and several of its houses have been owned at one time or another by still other relatives. Happy memories of childhood summers prompted Pauline and her husband—an entrepreneurial sort in his forties whose many hats include those of lawyer, businessman, collector, and, most recently, antiques dealer—to rent in the area for several years while waiting for a suitable house to become available for them to buy. When none did, they decided to build.

"A New England version of a seaside Tuscan villa" is how the Brigers describe their house, and that is essentially what they have achieved. Grand yet intimate, domestic yet exotic, the place perfectly reflects the personalities and diverse interests of the people who live inside. On the Saturday that I visited, Pauline Briger was



In the front hall, far left, a Venetian majolica bowl, c. 1920, perches on a French rustic table. Left: Pauline Briger surrounded by her zinnias and roses. Right: The second-floor gallery with 1920s club chairs and a Gothic-style railing overlooks an 1871 painting of a bacchante. Below: In a cozy end of the living room a Brunschwig & Fils chintz-covered sofa is paired with Madeleine Castaing's Edwardian-style coffee table.





The living room, left, with its Della Robbia–style ceramic crowning the doorway, stucco-colored walls, and eclectic furnishings, looks more Continental than Connecticut seaside. Below: A pineapple-toting Indian maiden serves as an unexpected doorstop. Opposite: Glowing with sponged turquoise walls, the dining room frames views of the garden and the sound beyond. Styled by Jacques Dehornois.

in the cozy tiled kitchen baking with exquisite seventeenth-century wooden cookie molds. Pretty and blond and, like her husband, too young looking to be the parent of grown children, she pointed out the window to the flowers that she tends and fixes into spectacular still lifes.

Paul Briger is slim and energetic with the expensively rumpled look of a country gentleman and the restless critical eye of a man who is constantly assessing what he has done. They are both enormously proud of their sprawling cottage by the sea.

The true nature of the house is concealed by the somewhat severe façade. But inside, the startling welcoming tableau is of a flower-shaped Venetian majolica bowl—of the sort that my grandmother might have collected—sitting with great dignity atop a brutal-looking bark table. To either side are such unlikely companions as an English Aesthetic chair, a nineteenth-century Japanese embroidered portrait of a tiger, a charming watercolor that may or may not have been painted by Queen Victoria, and a Napoleon III lead doorstop in the shape of an alluring Indian maiden, symbolizing America. All of this is underscored and pulled together by plank floors and a disarmingly sweet striped and flowered wallpaper. "We didn't want to get too fancy," Paul Briger says. It is apparent as one proceeds through the rest of the house that he and his wife have walked a fine line between the desire for a simple casual look and their equally strong instincts as collectors whose idiosyncratic taste runs from high-style Biedermeier to Edwardian flourishes.



A majolica orchid vase, left, blossoms on an early 19th century Continental table textured with simulated bark and lichen. The watercolor hanging above it is attributed to Queen Victoria.

The heart of the house is the airy two-story stucco-colored drawing room, with a long row of windows looking out over a broad sitting porch to Long Island Sound beyond. On one side is the master bedroom suite, a succession of rooms painted in subtle tints from the pink of the inside of a shell to a rose in full bloom. On the other is the formal dining room with a trompe l'oeil ceiling of sky and clouds by Robert Jackson and sponge-painted walls of an intense turquoise. The second-story gallery with its Gothic-style railing and more Jackson trompe l'oeil connects a mauve guest room with the Brigers' twelve-year-old daughter's very French bedroom, which has enough pink and gilt to please any fairy princess. (The Brigers' sons sleep in the summer in







Reflected in the Indian mother-of-pearl inlaid mirror, left, are Directoire painted beds and a Victorian cabinet. The fairy-tale bedroom, opposite and inset, occupied by the Briger's twelve-year-old daughter, Annabel, has a Louis XVI painted bed and gilt baldachin. Bed frame and gilt *dos à dos* (a chair for sitting back-to-back) upholstered in Cathy chintz from Hinson & Co.

detached and as yet unwinterized cabins that form their own compound.)

The Brigers' passion and eye for extraordinary furniture and objects have resulted in the formation of an antiques firm, Briger Fairholme, a partnership between the Brigers and the estimable Georgina Fairholme, a good friend and the Brigers' decorator through four houses over the past fifteen years.

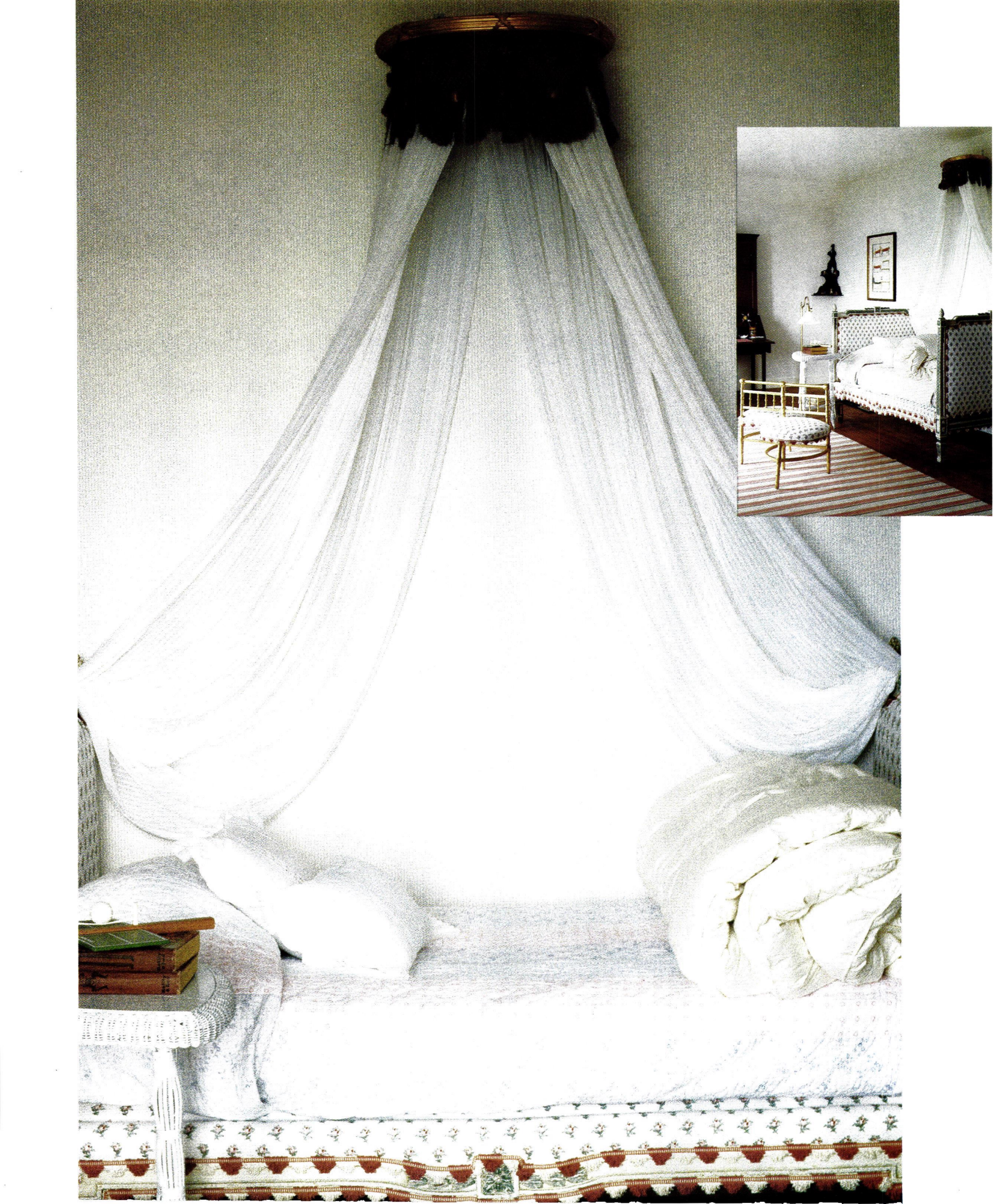
The sense of time and continuity which is the theme of this richly layered house—although spare for all its intriguing contents—has been underlined by Georgina Fairholme's contributions. It is she who has pulled together the Brigers' collections into a comfortable, livable home by means of her special gift for color and pattern, evident in every detail. "I don't think I'm very extreme," says Fairholme a little coyly. "I may be a little bit experimental," she says, finding just the right word.

The success of the house is in the degree to which its owners enjoy it. Although built as a summer place, it has become the Brigers' year-round retreat from city living. "This house totally reflects us, our likes and dislikes," Paul Briger says, mindful of the fact that theirs is not everyone's taste. "The things other people might buy as accents we surround ourselves with completely." That is the Brigers' special gift—combining objects with personalities as strong as their own into strangely beautiful and harmonious ensembles. ▲ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*





Much of the wicker furniture on the porch, above, has been in Pauline Briger's family for generations. Right: The master bedroom, which opens onto the porch, with a bed and corner chairs covered in quilted Brunschwig chintz.



GREAT NAPPERS

HG talks with Fran Lebowitz and others about the simple (and not so simple) pleasures of dozing

PHOTOGRAPHS by GEORGE LANGE



FRAN LEBOWITZ

"For people who don't go to work, napping comes with the territory."

Why do you nap?

FRAN LEBOWITZ: The reason that I nap, basically, is because I have insomnia. I think it unseemly for a writer to quote himself, but I feel compelled to commit this unseemly act. I once wrote a piece about sleep, and I said, "Sleep is death without the responsibility." I think a nap is sleep without the responsibility. That's why I can nap. I've always been able to do things I'm not supposed to do. At five thirty in the afternoon, you never think, "Oh, I should be napping, everybody else is napping, I'm being irresponsible by not napping." In fact, you are quite definitely not supposed to be napping. Not at my age. If you're three months old you're supposed to be napping, if you're eighty-seven you're supposed to be napping. I'm right in the middle. Thirty-eight. The middle years are non-nap years.

HG: *How much time do you devote to napping?*

LEBOWITZ: HAIR AND MAKEUP BY DONNA GREGORY FOR VICKI COLE. FERRI: MAKEUP BY NADIYA NOTTINGHAM FOR TIMOTHY PRIANO. STYLIST: ANDREW BASEMAN

FL: I nap, I would say, at least five days a week, usually for one and a half to two hours, at around six in the evening. It's a wonderful time to sleep. The day isn't so strident then. Even though I live in an extremely dull place and have my phone shut off a great deal of the time, I still sense that outside, people are working. It makes me uneasy, everyone out there in the early morning racing around. At six or seven, some of the people I know may end up going to parties—they're still working—but the normal people have stopped. Also, I live in the middle of a set of construction sites. By this time they're not making noise. So it's a nice time to get to sleep, this soft time of day.

HG: *What are the best conditions for napping?*

FL: I think of my sofa. I have a nap-oriented sofa. I had it made so that the arms were padded enough to lie on without a pillow. Because I don't like sofas that have pillows. They're kind of suffocating. I know some people like down sofas, the ones you sink into. That's too serious for me.

HG: *Do you need darkness?*

FL: Mostly, I tend to stay in dark places. I don't seek out the sunlight. When I find myself in the home of another, I encourage them to drape their windows. And I travel with masking tape to tape hotel curtains together because they always stay a little apart. I don't know if you ever noticed that. The curtains in a hotel are usually not that well made, and also they have been flung open by people who have no proprietary interest in them.

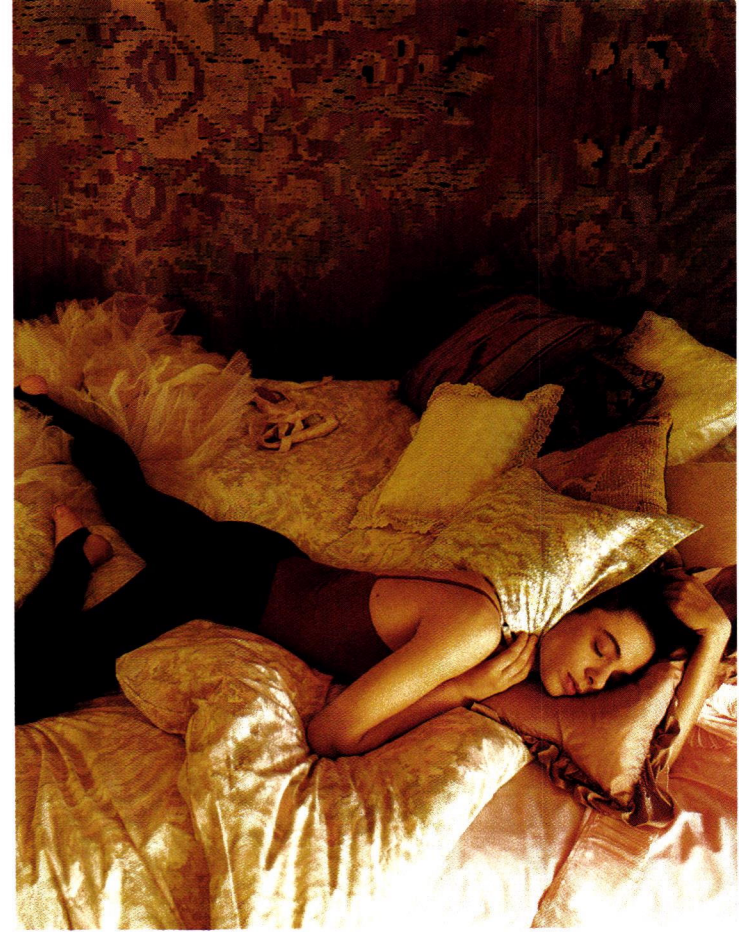
HG: *Do you ever set an alarm?*

FL: I had a very nice clock, but it's broken, so I have a borrowed one at the moment, one of these modern inventions that beeps. Terrible sound. Quite hateful. But there's no good sound to wake up to—even the most hospitable whisper is infuriating.

HG: *Do you have any special nap accoutrements? Do you, for instance, ever use a sleep mask?*

Alessandra Ferri

"The day of a ballet performance I go home after rehearsal, eat a little pasta, and then go right to bed as if it's night. There's nothing odd about my nap—I just put my head under the pillow and get completely away from the world. I sleep really heavily in the afternoon; it's a nervous reaction, I think. Some people, nerves make them awake and alert. They make me tired."
Details see Resources.



Spalding Gray

"I lie down in what is called the yoga death pose. Then I take a little paperback—Beyond the Pleasure Principle *is exactly the right size—and trick my body into believing that I've been reading and now I'm just relaxing. I go out for ten, fifteen minutes at most, and wake up completely refreshed."*





MILLO: RUG COURTESY RUG TOWER. PILLOWS COURTESY E. BRAUN. CHAISE AND SCREEN COURTESY NEWEL ART GALLERIES, ANTIQUE COSTUMES FROM GENE LONDON COLLECTION. STYLIST: GEORGIA GUNN. HAIR AND MAKEUP BY KRIS EVANS FOR TIMOTHY PRIANO.

APRILE MILLO

"I always take a nap at one o'clock the day of a performance. I wasn't always secure enough to do it—though once I mastered the operatic craft, I could. The nap, of course, is ideal for renewing the human battery, both physically and mentally."



FL: No, I don't use masks for anything. First of all, they look ridiculous, and the sense that I looked like that would keep me awake. If I had a mask on, I would think that I was in a 747 on an airstrip in the Middle East being held hostage and outside were lots of guys with submachine guns and TV cameras. That's the only circumstance under which I can imagine myself masked.

But a blanket is important. I like the weight of a blanket on me, and I like the air to be cold. I've been known to put on the air conditioning and then a blanket. On my bed I have a down quilt, but I never nap in bed and I'm not energetic enough to carry the quilt to the living room where I nap—the napping area. So I use an old blanket from my years of poverty—it's just a thin regular blanket.

HG: *What's the principle behind never napping in bed?*

FL: I believe that if you nap in bed it's going to be hard for you to sleep at night. You have to understand that, even though I nap regularly, I rarely think I am going to take a nap—because I don't want to set up in myself a rebellion against the notion of sleeping. So what I say is, "I am going to lie down on the sofa and read." And then I fall asleep.

HG: *Do you think you're fooling yourself into napping?*

FL: I feel that I am easing myself into it.

HG: *Then you don't have nap guilt?*

FL: I don't feel guilty about napping. In fact, I don't feel guilty about anything I've ever done in my entire life. It's always amazing to me the things people feel guilty about. People say things like, "Oh, I ate so much I feel guilty." I mean, there are murderers who don't feel guilty. Should you feel guilty because you ate two bowls of spaghetti? I don't feel guilty about pleasure, ever.

HG: *Some people fear napping as the beginning of decadence—that it's such a great pleasure it could become addictive.*

FL: Those are people who work. For people who don't go to work, napping comes with the territory. You see quite a few people on the streets napping. Perhaps they feel, "I should get up. Who's watching this corner?" But I don't think napping is decadent. And this word "addictive"—I hate the way it's used now. Addicted, to me, means you like something so much you do it all the time. What's wrong with that? I believe that people should do what they want to do, even things that are bad for them, as long as they're not bad for other people. Drinking and smoking cigarettes and taking drugs—I would rather people do all these things than talk about how they stopped doing them. Really—between a world full of drunks and a world full of people talking about AA—if these are my two choices, I'd take drunks.

HG: *Some people don't like to nap, claiming that it makes them groggy. That doesn't happen to you, we assume. You must wake up refreshed?*

FL: I'm trying to think of when I last felt refreshed. I haven't felt refreshed since, maybe, fifth grade. So I don't wake up refreshed. But I don't feel groggy. I feel good after a nap. Normal people, at this time, say, "Oh, my day is over." But I have the night to look forward to. Dinner. And that puts me in a good mood. I wake up and think, "What should I have for dinner?" It cheers me up.

HG: *Does the idea of a sleep cure sound appealing to you?*

FL: Someone once offered to take me to Switzerland for a sleep cure, and I was afraid to go. First of all, I had nothing to be cured of. Second of all, I asked how they keep you asleep. Well, they keep you asleep with drugs. I stopped taking drugs when I was a teenager, but if I were going to take them, I'd want to be awake to enjoy them. ▲

Editor: Dana Cowin



ANDERS WENNGREN

COURTESY NAPOLEONIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA, BELLEAIR, FLORIDA

Famous Nappers

Erich Leinsdorf

"The day when I can no longer nap, I'll know I should give up conducting."

Salvador Dali

Took naps sitting up with a spoon in his hand and a tin plate between his feet. When the spoon clattered onto the plate below, his nap was over.

Harry S. Truman

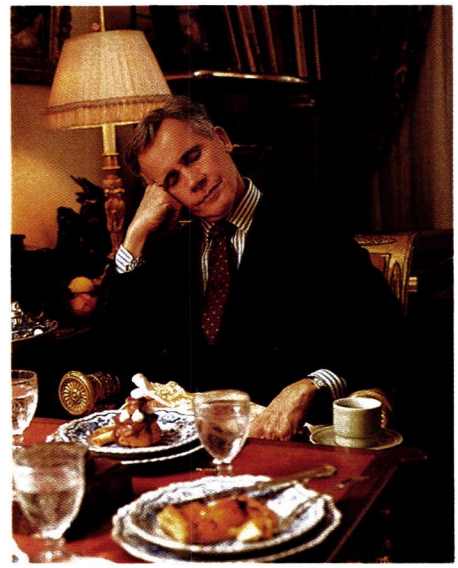
Was napping when an assassination attempt was made, November 1, 1950.

Thomas Edison

Trained himself to take short naps and work almost around the clock. His employees, whom he dubbed the insomnia squad, shared his sentiments.

Mark Hampton

"I can nap almost anywhere. I'm very suspicious of people who can't nap. There's something puritanical and pompous about them. If you can't nap, you should learn to."



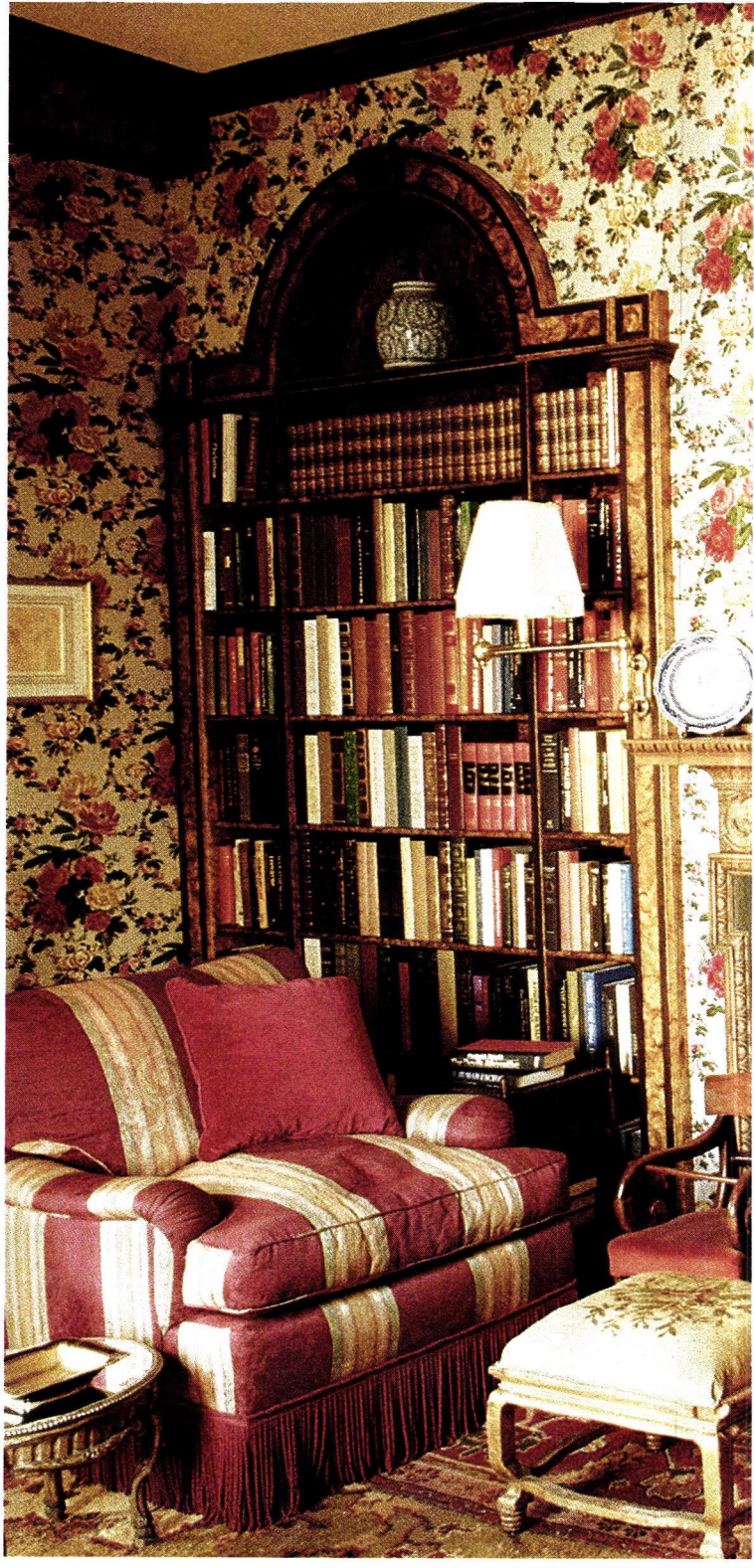
Robert Denning

"I learned to nap in the years when I ate with people who only spoke French, which I didn't understand. Unfortunately people don't like to eat next to somebody who's sleeping. They find it insulting. I once fell asleep next to Diana Vreeland, who poked me until I woke up."

Napoleon

The emperor likened his mind to a chest of drawers, each drawer a different subject. Often he'd dictate simultaneously on five subjects—five drawers open. When he wanted to nap, he'd stretch out on the floor and shut all five drawers.





Fernanda Niven, left, always on the move. Above: The library walls are covered in Fernanda, one of her first fabrics. (Fernanda Niven fabrics available from Cowtan & Tout.) Chairs in Imberline Caserta from Clarence House. The library's trompe l'oeil bookshelf on the left doubles as a secret entrance to the bar. Details see Resources.



ABLOOM IN THE CITY

The Manhattan apartment of Fernanda and Jamie Niven is a mixed bouquet of her romantic chintz designs

By JENNIFER CONLIN PHOTOGRAPHS by OBERTO GILI

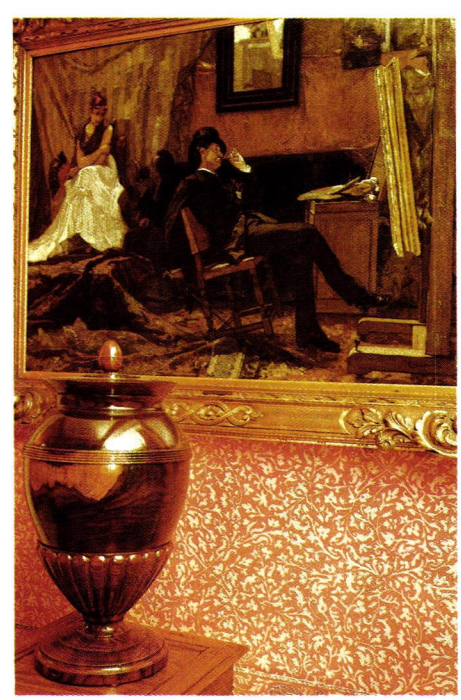


Hand-stenciled wooden double doors, above, separate the foyer from the living room, right. Fernanda's desk looks out over the caramel, gold, red, and blue room reflected in a Regency mirror found in England. The room is decorated in a combination of antique and contemporary fabrics.

On any given summer Sunday, Fernanda Niven can be seen in the driveway of her house in Southampton loading armfuls of lilies, peonies, irises, and lilacs into every crevice of her station wagon. Fernanda and her husband, Jamie, then drive the mobile greenhouse to Manhattan, where she fills her city apartment with her country garden. But even in the dead of winter the Nivens' New York apartment feels like a cozy bower where overstuffed sofas invite one to sit, and her designs of floral fabrics let the mind turn from the chaos of urban life to the tranquillity of the countryside.

"I wanted to make our apartment feel like a house," says Fernanda Niven, who grew up outside of Philadelphia in a house bustling with children and pets. With two teenage daughters and a pair of cats, the Nivens have also seen their share of domestic activity. Two years ago, the couple decided to redecorate the Upper East Side apartment they had lived in for a decade. "Our apartment had always been for children," says Niven, seated in the new library, its walls covered in one of her first fabric designs—a feminine but bold English floral of cranberry red, dusty rose, and dark greens named after her eldest daughter and namesake. "We wanted the apartment to be more elegant but remain comfortable."

She succeeded with the help of decorator Geneviève Faure. From the silver-framed family (*Text continued on page 214*)



The Nivens' dining room, above, where Fernanda displays her amber glass collection. The chairs are covered in Scalamandré damask. Wallcovering from Bennison Fabrics, London. Right: The urn of Costa Rican wood designed by decorator Geneviève Faure is under a Louis Joseph Pottin painting from Didier Aaron, NYC.





A view of the living room window adorned with Lee Jofa fabric, above, gives the room a European feeling. The embossed velvet love seat was designed by Faure. Left: Niven covered the English library in chintz and stripes. Opposite: Niven's own Eugenie's Ribbon dominates the master bedroom. Inset: A Clarence House paisley enlivens a living room corner.





LEFT: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART; RIGHT: DETROIT HISTORICAL MUSEUM

IN THE AMERICAN MOLD

Pioneering porcelains reflect the exuberance of an emerging nation

By MARGARET CALDWELL
PHOTOGRAPHS by EVELYN HOFER



A bar pitcher, opposite, c. 1876, designed by Karl Müller for the Union Porcelain Works of Brooklyn, illustrates a scene from a Bret Harte poem about a game of cards. This page: A monumental baseball vase made by the Trenton, New Jersey, firm of Ott & Brewer for the 1876 Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.



The secret of making true porcelain, as opposed to stoneware and other less sophisticated ceramics, was discovered more than thirteen centuries ago by the Chinese. It didn't reach Europe until the early eighteenth century when the Meissen manufactory established by Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony, finally mastered the formula. A gritty mixture of clay and ground stone is blended into a thick paste, molded into the desired form, and baked at temperatures exceeding 2,000 degrees. After being glazed, it is baked again, emerging miraculously transformed into the somewhat translucent and surprisingly durable substance called porcelain. The object is then decorated with paint and baked again at a much lower temperature.

It wasn't until the mid to late eighteenth century that Americans made fledgling attempts at commercial porcelain manufacture, two of the earliest of which were in Philadelphia. The Bonnin & Morris factory, founded there in 1770, lasted just two years, and examples of its work are the rarest of all American porcelain—approximately a dozen pieces are known to survive. The William Ellis Tucker factory (1826–1838) also failed to compete with better equipped and financed European rivals. By the mid nineteenth century, however, emerging American companies were a significant factor in the market. And by the 1880s and '90s domestic manufacturers had finally come into their own, producing distinctive American wares that included some of the world's most innovative porcelain.

This spring the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York presents the first comprehensive exhibition devoted to American porcelain, from its beginnings through the art pottery *(Text continued on page 214)*

Emblems of American history adorn a Century Vase, left, which the Union Porcelain Works modeled after ones it produced for the Centennial Exposition. Opposite: Monogrammed griffin-handled vase, 1884–90, is attributed to another Brooklyn manufacturer. This piece epitomizes the lush decoration of late 19th century wares.

LEFT: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART; RIGHT: COLLECTION JOHN H. NALLY





BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

Clothing designer Nancy Heller never returns to California empty-handed

By DALE KERN
PHOTOGRAPHS by OBERTO GILI



Provençal gardens inspired the layout and plantings of Nancy Heller's Los Angeles patio, opposite, seen through the arcade of a terrace used for outdoor dining. Rose and citrus trees and camellias rise above brick-edged flower beds. The Spanish Colonial house once belonged to Howard Hughes. Left: In the living room French antiques flank a George Hurrell photograph of Loretta Young and Tyrone Power.





Judging from her chic sportswear designs, which border on modern classicism, you might expect Nancy Heller's Los Angeles house to reflect a taste for simplicity, a preference for clean modern design, and a natural sense of order. Nothing could be further from the truth. At home Heller surrounds herself with a complex mix of seemingly contradictory styles and periods, aesthetics and motifs, all of which combine to express an intensely personal approach to decorating.

During the thirteen years that Heller has lived in her rambling Spanish Colonial house, it has undergone a series of transmutations. Today both the interiors and the grounds are far removed from their original state in the 1920s, when Howard Hughes, the first inhabitant, moved in. Most of the changes have been direct results of Heller's frequent trips to France and Italy, where, in the early days of her company, she spent several months a year overseeing the production of what was then mostly a T-shirt collection. "I never came home empty-handed," says the designer. "I would always make time to visit antiques shops and flea markets and then ship everything back with my T-shirts."

As Heller's business expanded to include a number of sportswear collections, so did her interest in antiques—inspired not by any desire to re-create a period environment but by a keen appetite for whatever might intrigue her eye and suit her way of life. At first Heller sent back small pieces: a Lalique vase, a set of Art Deco glasses. Later, though, where once she went from shop to shop, she began going from château to château. The shipments now include larger, more diverse items, like a seventeenth-century wooden statue she discovered in Italy, an eighteenth-century silver serving cart found in France, or an alabaster bust from New Mexico.

"I usually shop with something in mind and usually come back with it — and more.

Twin silk-upholstered walnut Empire armchairs, c. 1800, from La Maison Française, Los Angeles, and an 18th-century fauteuil confront African sculptures and contemporary American art across a 1920s Chinese export carpet. Two 18th-century Chinese vases rest on the hearth. The paintings, from left, are by Roger Mensink, Jessica Rice, and Roy Lichtenstein.



A pair of 17th-century blackamoors, right, stand guard under a Louis XV chandelier, c. 1760, from a château in southern France. Opposite: Among the candlesticks atop a mid 18th century Italian chest are a silver chalice and an ormolu-mounted French clock, both 18th century, and two sterling Art Nouveau timepieces. The painting is a picnic scene, dated 1939, by an anonymous Eastern European artist.





My acupuncturist calls me the Hunter. My friends,'' she adds laughingly, ''call me Mrs. Winchester''—after the legendary rifle heiress who kept adding rooms to her house on the advice of a psychic who told her she wouldn't die so long as she kept building. Because Heller's interests are wide-ranging, what she brings home often has little to do thematically with what has come before. ''I don't buy things for investment,'' she asserts. ''I buy for the pleasure they give me now.''

Along with her husband, Art Snyder, principal of his own advertising firm and partner in an architectural practice, and her seventeen-year-old son, Jonas, Heller considers her house a retreat. But they do entertain at home a great deal, usually at dinner. Heller is an inventive cook, who has left her mark on the kitchen, too. Here she joined what had been five rooms to create one 63-foot-long expanse where high-tech modern equipment coexists with mid nineteenth century English cabinetwork and American tableware made in the 1930s and '40s. Guests are served either in a charmingly cluttered dining room or on a veranda where floral scents from a patio garden perfume the air. Heller based the geometric pattern of her courtyard on gardens she admired in Provence, and, whenever possible, she has carried back plans from her travels. Besides the garden, she has a studio where she paints and a gym in the house for workouts with a personal trainer.

Like his wife, Snyder pursues a number of avocations, but unlike her, he leans toward a spartan, architectural aesthetic. Snyder himself collaborated on the design of the couple's 5,000-square-foot Malibu beach house. And when they began the project three years ago, they thought they would keep it sparsely decorated. Now, though, with completion due this summer they're not so sure. But if it becomes too cluttered, not to worry: they are about to build a new house on a ranch they just purchased outside Aspen. Nancy Heller will have another 5,000 square feet of space to fill with whatever else pleases her eye. ▲ *Editor: Paul Sinclaire*

Under a tile counter, above, Heller has installed an assortment of mid 19th century English oak cupboards. To the right of the stove the Victorian table with a carved apron and turned legs once supported a butcher's block. Open shelves above the table display multicolored Bauer pottery, c. 1930s, from Buddy's, Los Angeles. Opposite: A set of clear Manhattan glassware, 1938–42, also from Buddy's, has a showcase all to itself. Below: Second-story rooms open onto a balcony overlooking the garden.







ALICE SPRINGS

You might expect a taste for simplicity. Nothing could be further from the truth

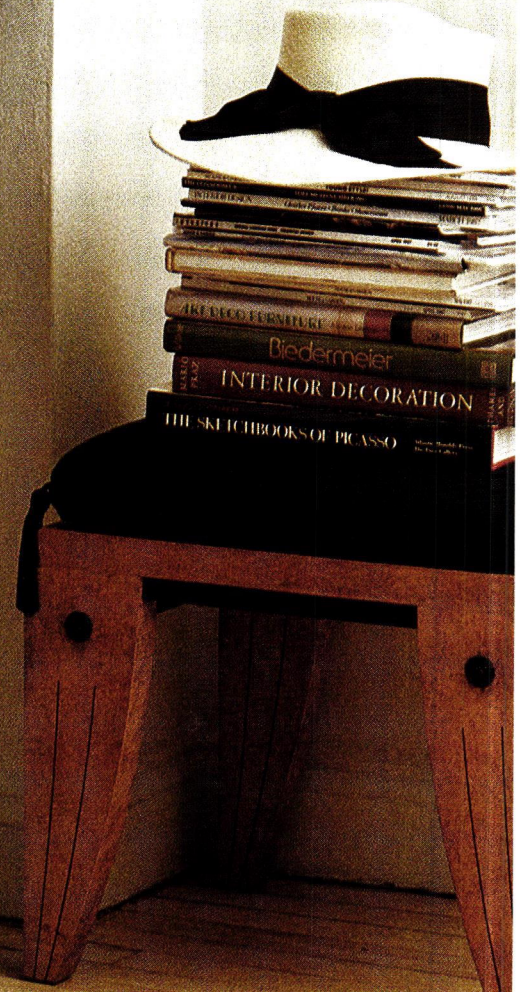
Nancy Heller and Art Snyder, above, have mounted Karsh photographs of Albert Einstein and Jacques Cousteau in the paneled library, opposite. The dressmaker's dummy, a whimsical emblem of Heller's profession, stands before a custom-built dark green marble mantel. Below: The curves of a leather upholstered Eames chair set off the angular frames of Art Deco armchairs. A Jessica Rice painting hangs behind the black-lacquered desk. Right: Hand-hewn beams contrast with modern tilework in the master bathroom.











Victoria Hagan, left, stands guard by a stool designed by Michael Graves. Far left: An antique ivory model of the Taj Mahal is the centerpiece of an eclectic mix of objects on an Art Deco table flanked by a pair of 1940s chairs. Opposite: In the sitting room Hagan added molding to create an elegant architectural frieze. The 20th-century classics are focal points—a Josef Hoffmann love seat and a pair of steel and black-leather chairs by Mies van der Rohe. A touch of whimsy is added by the horn-legged stool. Details see Resources.

VICTORIA'S SECRET

A childhood passion becomes a grown-up profession

By LYNN SNOWDEN
PHOTOGRAPHS by WILLIAM WALDRON



When asked how she describes her apartment, Hagan says, "I don't"



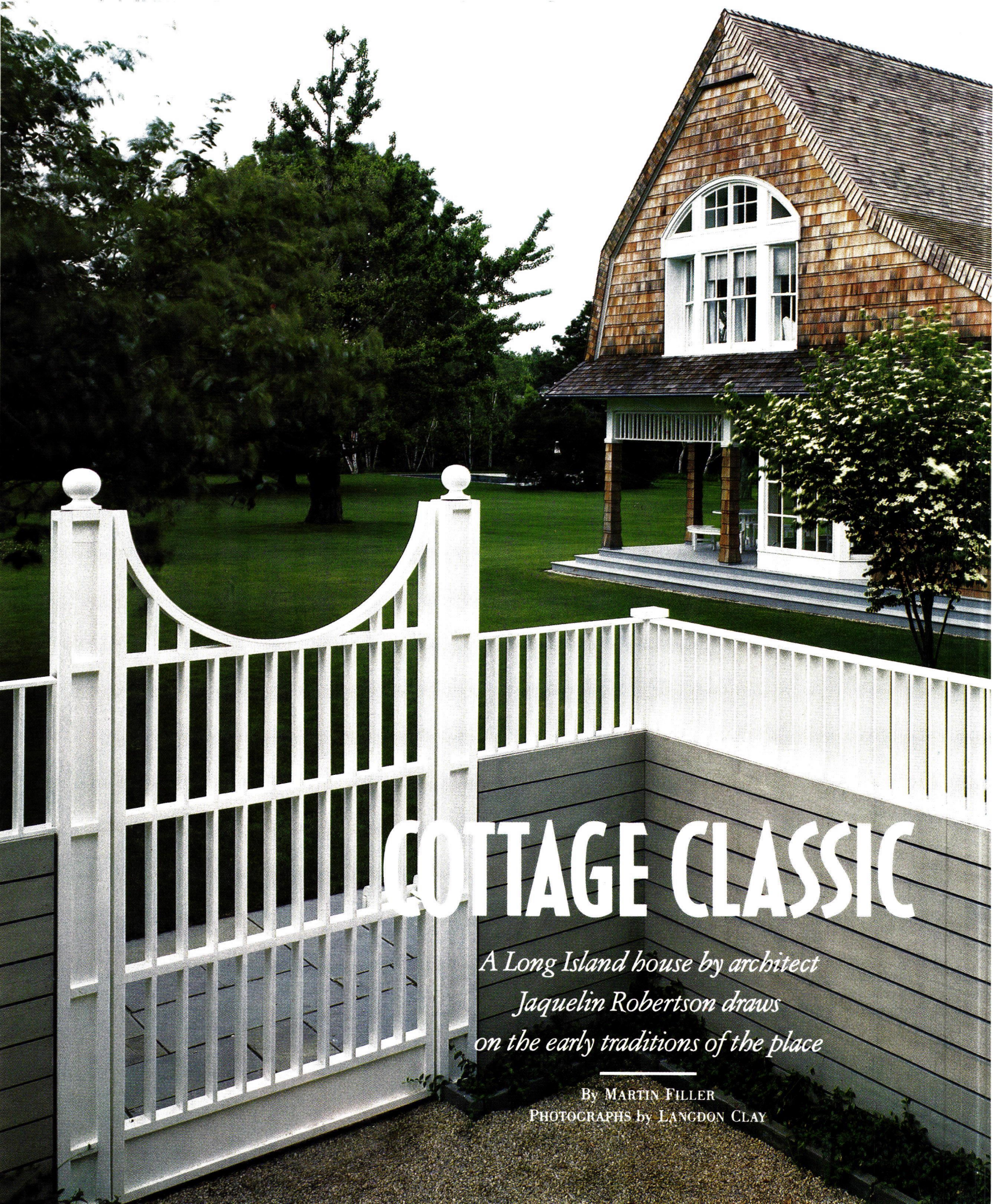


Decorator Victoria Hagan has a quiet confidence that's rare for someone in her late twenties. Her obsession with environment started early. "One of my first memories is crawling out of my crib and seeing my feet on pink linoleum," Hagan says. "I knew I wanted to be an interior designer by the time I was in the eighth grade." As a fifteen-year-old in Westchester County, New York, she was thrilled to discover that noted decorator Albert Hadley lived close by, and before long she was creeping around his house, peeking in the windows, interested less in bedroom antics than in bedroom fabrics. "I told him that at a reception recently, and he looked at me like I was crazy," says the chicly dressed Hagan from a green love seat in her living room.

Hagan's graduation from Parsons School of Design five years ago was followed by an apprenticeship with Simone Feldman, and this turned into the partnership of Feldman-Hagan after only two years. The two work out of an office on East 74th *(Text continued on page 212)*



On early Victorian chair, opposite left, a pillow made of antique tapestry. Opposite above: A sleek lamp illuminates a Regency-style bedside table. Right: A zebra skin is a surprisingly bold contrast to the understated elegance of Hagan's bedroom. A 1930s boudoir-style stool, one of a pair, with pink leather upholstery, c. 1940.



COTTAGE CLASSIC

A Long Island house by architect Jaquelin Robertson draws on the early traditions of the place

By Martin Filler

Photographs by Langdon Clay



Screened from the street by a high fence with a curved gateway, opposite, Jaquelin Robertson's latest design in the Hamptons is boldly defined by a massive Dutch-gable roof. Above: The center entry hall leads from the front door to the lawn.







If the Postmodern moment in architecture contributed one idea worth all the sound and fury of the past ten years, it is the belief that a building should respect a sense of place. One result of late International Style architecture was the homogenization of the world's cities, but even rural and resort areas received their share of insensitive, repetitive designs that ignored local topography, climate, and context. Postmodernism was meant to end all that. Its reintroduction of an indigenous East Coast tradition—the Shingle Style—was deemed more appropriate to the landscape of eastern Long Island than flat-roofed, glass-walled minimalist boxes. That was the theory. But in practice, the Shingle Style revisited often turned out to be just as overwrought and ungainly as the most egregious Modernist experiments.

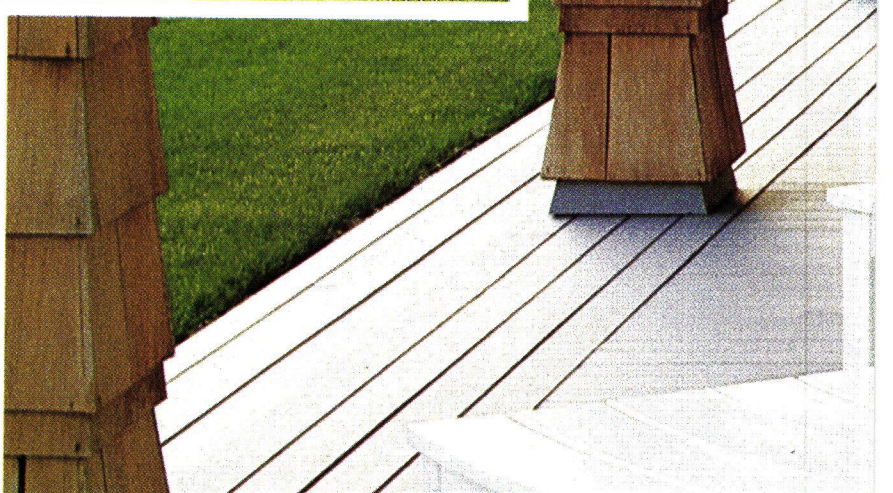
One recently completed Shingle Style house in the Hamptons designed by Jaquelin Robertson stands apart as a persuasive demonstration of accumulated local wisdom applied with attractive restraint. Robertson's newest work on Long Island places him in the forefront of architects

Flanking the entry hall are the library/dining room, left, and living room, above. Interior designer Victoria Borus mixed rustic antiques with country classics which complement the clean architectural spaces. Details see Resources.

Strong architectural forms expressed in warm materials give this house a solid but inviting presence



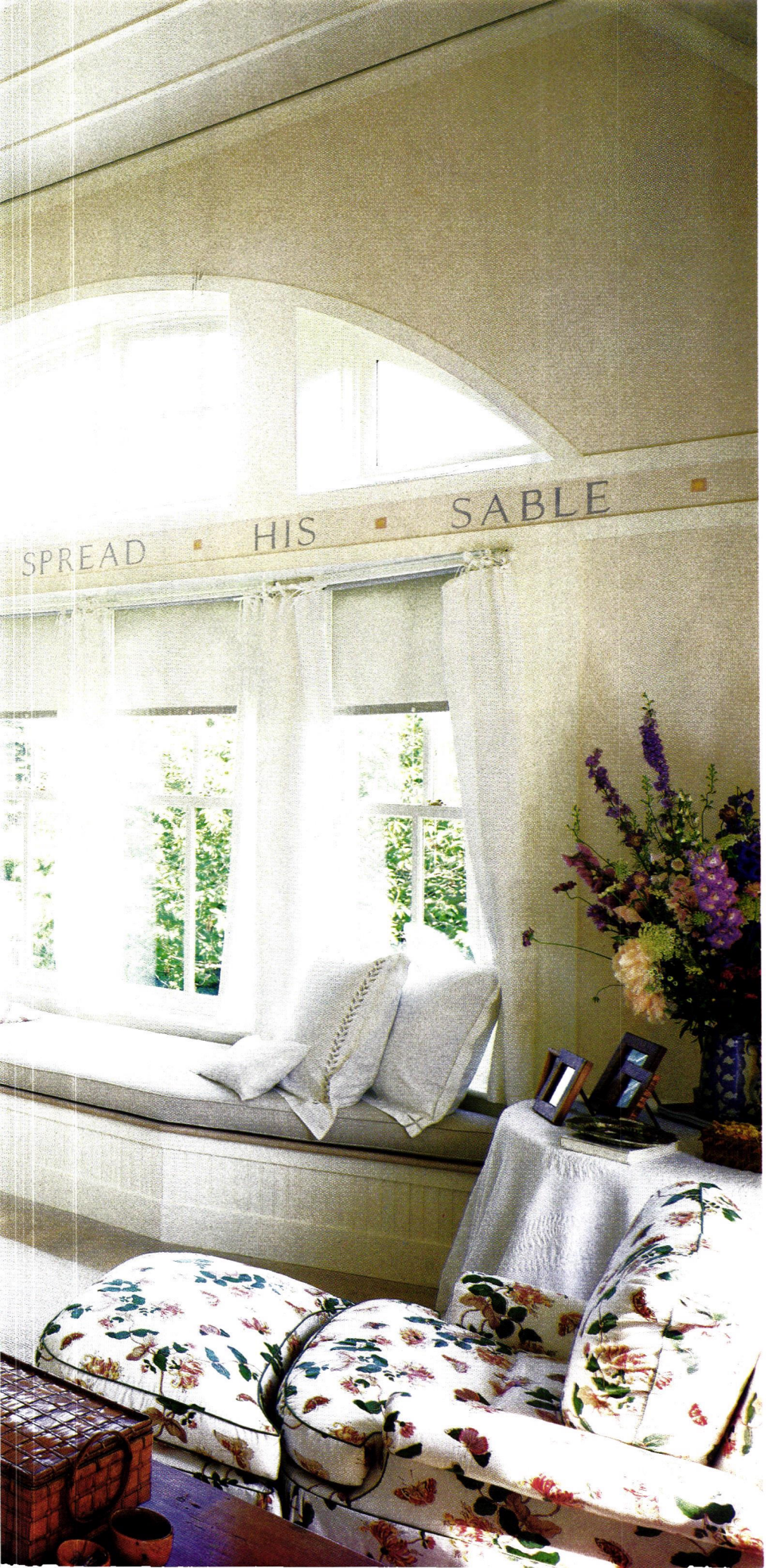




The generous west-facing porch, 85 feet long and 12 feet deep, above and right, becomes the focus for family life and entertaining during the warmer months. Further shaded by a valance of wooden slats, it is cooled by breezes from the nearby Atlantic Ocean.




BOTH I READ THY NAME WHEN THE REDBIRD



practicing in a historically influenced mode, but this scheme is neither run-of-the-mill revivalism nor an escapist exercise. It is an impeccably executed house that every would-be Hamptons builder ought to examine in detail, not for precise ideas but for the admirable attitudes it embodies.

Robertson knows the area well, having owned a turn-of-the-century house nearby for over twenty years. A partner in the New York firm of Cooper, Robertson & Partners (and also former dean of the University of Virginia School of Architecture), he has moved ever closer toward an informed and authoritative handling of the traditional forms he grew up with in Virginia, though he has never repudiated the best principles of his Modernist architectural education at Yale: geometric simplicity, linear clarity, material forthrightness, spatial logic, and functional ease.

This year-round house is low-key—a quality remarkable these days in its owners' high income bracket—and virtually faultless in the way it occupies its site and fits into the neighborhood. It is an excellent example of that rarest kind of architecture: an unassuming scheme that does not clamor for attention and yet continues to hold our interest well after a less thoughtful design would have exhausted it. Robertson's primary inspirations came from the saltbox and Dutch-gable houses and barns common in this part of Long Island since the colonial period. Very much a village house, it is placed at the street corner of a two-acre lot, preserving most of the land behind. Facing the rear of the property is a capacious porch that harks back to the heyday of the grand Shingle Style "cottage" from 1880 onward. The gracious swath of lawn is shaded by a fine array of specimen trees—among them copper beech, weeping beech, holly, ginkgo, and cedar—planted a century ago by a previous owner of the land, an avid horticulturist. A charmingly laid out flower garden tucked away behind high hedges next to an outbuilding adds to the period atmosphere of the *(Text continued on page 214)*

In the romantic master bedroom, a white-painted four-poster designed by the architect, English country antiques, and a frieze with lines from a poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson. On chair and ottoman, Honeysuckle chintz from Brunschwig.

MOVABLE SEATS

The best of benches, stools, and ottomans

PHOTOGRAPHS by MICHAEL MUNDY



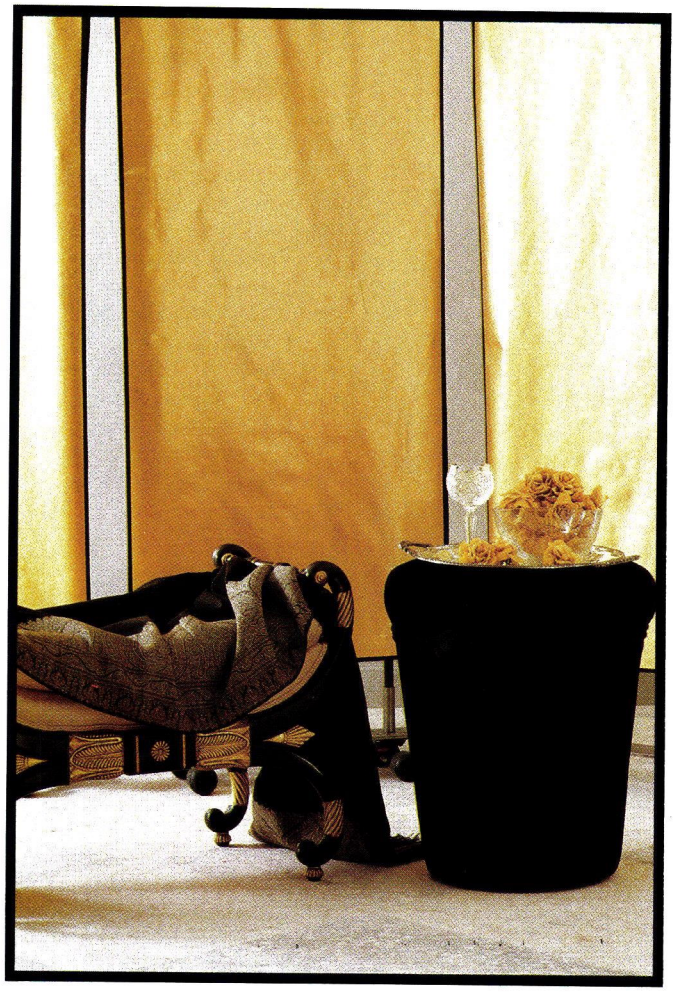
For a piece of furniture with a relatively low profile, the backless bench—and its near relations the ottoman, hassock, pouf, taboret, and pliant—has an impressive pedigree. The X-shaped pliant, for example, is one of the oldest forms of seating. Originally used by the ancient Egyptians, it has been modified over the centuries. Its outline, in fact, is still visible in the average American campstool. The taboret had its heyday during the reign of Louis XIV when courtiers vied for the distinction of sitting on one—not exactly comfortable but prestigious. In its latest incarnation the bench offers up its sturdy lap not only to the occasional sitter but also to piles of books, well-traveled luggage, dazzling tea services, and all manner of other things in need of a resting place.

Dana Cowin

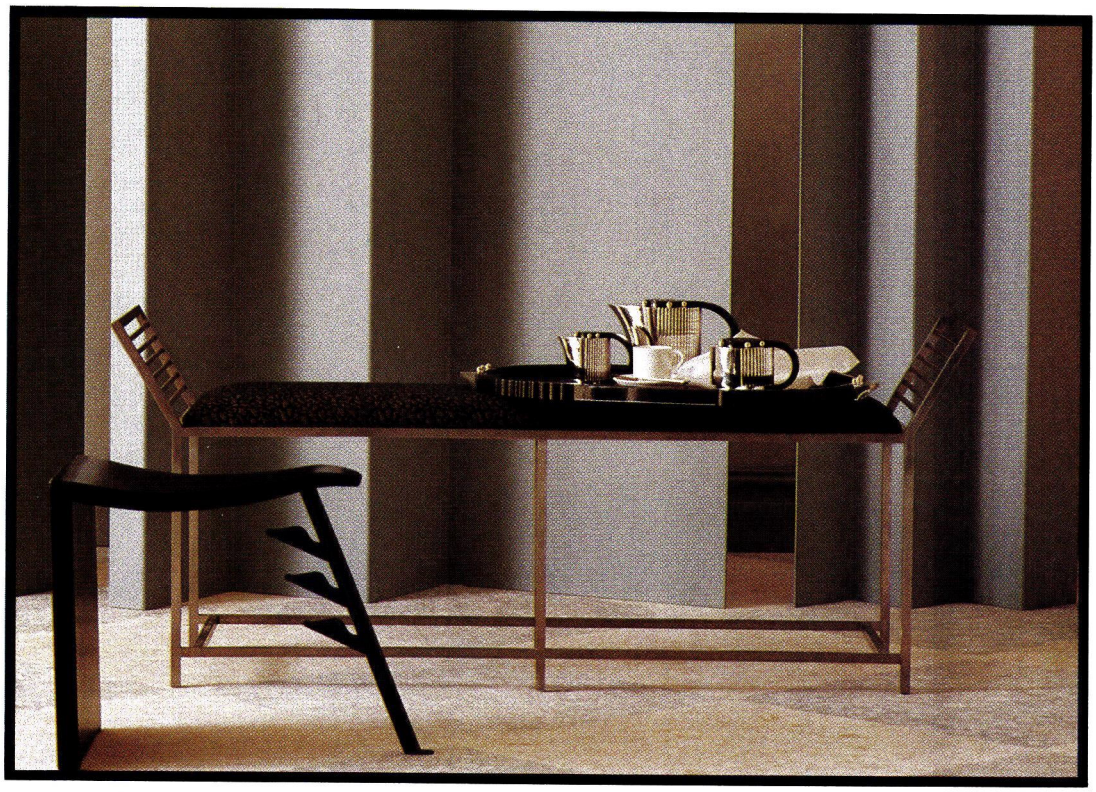
Editors: Carolyn Sollis and Anne Foxley



A trio of different styles: a Franco-Roman seat, at left, from Michael Shannon, draped with car blanket from Niall Smith; Mark Hampton's Directoire bench, center, for Hickory Chair; Cygnus, right, by Classic Impressions for Woodard, doubles as a luggage rack for suitcase from Duke's. Walking stick, Duke's. Wallpaper on screen from Zuber. A 17th-century stone head, Reymer-Jourdan. Floors by Sara Nesbitt. Styled by Dimitri Levas. Details see Resources.







Norma Kamali's velvet ottoman and tray, above left, from OMO Home, with Baker's Regency-style bench, Stately Homes Collection. Patrick Naggar screen, ARC International. Above: Bill Sullivan's faux marble swagged stool, from Chelsea Custom, crowned with shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Cupid and urn screen, House of Screens. Puiforcat tea service, left, on bench from Nolte. Naggar's sleek perch; screen by Bob Patino & Co. Opposite: Studded leather stool from Karges. Antique mini ottoman, from Trevor Potts. Mario Buatta's fringed ottoman, for John Widdicomb. Slippers, Berk. Wallpaper on screen, Zuber.



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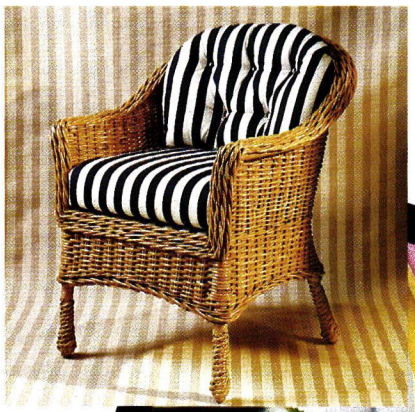
SAMPLES

The Stars of Stripes

This spring's fabrics are bright and bold, broad and narrow
By Eric A. Berthold

Stripes are showing off this spring in firecracker colors and a variety of cotton and canvas weaves. At Clarence House, summer-holiday hues come to life in the crisp cotton Martha's Vineyard line. And China Seas, known for a Far Eastern palette, blends exoticism with practicality: Night & Day stripe is richly woven, reversible, and dazzling on both sides. For a more traditional approach, Dek Tillett at Walters Wicker in New York City features a series of cool clean piano and circus stripes which can be custom ordered in any color and width. Through thick and thin, stripes are always dashing. ▲







MONICA STEVENSON



Stripes and wicker, left, go hand in hand at Walters Wicker, NYC. Background: white on natural from Alan Campbell. Below: Collage of color and design. Right from top: Berber from Quadrille; Samba Stripe from Roger Arlington; Salute, Quadrille; Night & Day stripe from China Seas; Majorca Rose Indienne, Clarence House; Piano Stripe, Dek Tillett at Walters Wicker; Martha's Vineyard Rouge, Clarence House; white on natural, Alan Campbell. Details see Resources.

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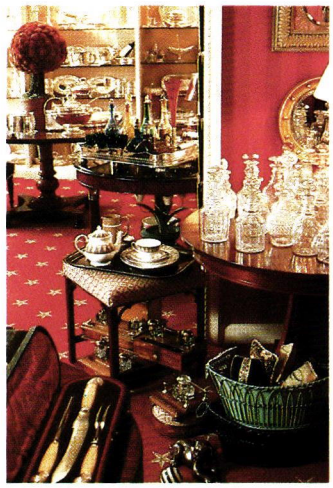
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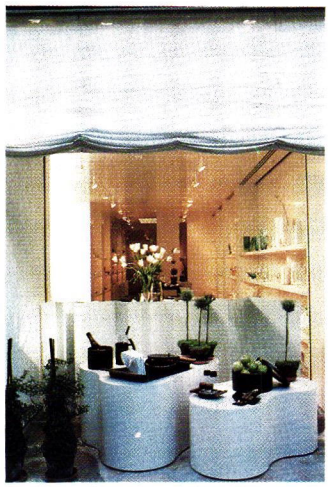
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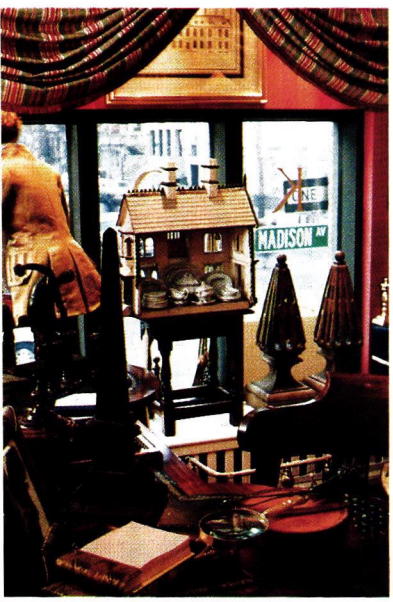
At Home on Madison

Haute couture gives way to high-style household design
By Anne Foxley





Europeans continue to dominate Madison Avenue, but now it's home couture not haute couture that's all the rage. What follows is a walking tour of twelve exceptional shops that have settled on the avenue in the past year and a half; they feature hand-painted linen tablecloths, not linen suits; 1920s wooden tie presses, not ties; handblown-glass scent bottles, not perfume. Pointing to a new direction in domestic fashion, the merchandise is moving away from a strict Modernist interpretation of functional design. The emphasis now is on luxurious materials and lavish attention to craft. Since shop hours vary, call ahead. (The area code for all numbers is 212.)



SHERIDAN

The bedroom textiles at Sheridan are not run-of-the-mill prints but more like art on cotton. The king of Australian sheets, duvets, and bedspreads furnishes images of the rugged outback (aboriginal patterns by artist Jenny Kee), the motherland (British-style floral prints), and the sunny beachfront. Although the patterns are immensely popular down under, Sheridan hasn't had a store of its own until now—it chose to launch the first Sheridan, decorated with murals of Sydney, in the prestigious Art Deco Fuller Building. (595 Madison Ave. at 57th Street; 308-0120)

BACCARAT

Baccarat has made a short hop from its long-standing 57th Street address to take a place in the Madison Avenue lineup of world-famous home couture shops. Baccarat has its own distinguished French crystal collection—the latest addition is an egg, the first of a new series—but the store also offers Ceralene china, and silver from Christofle and Puiforcat. (625 Madison Ave. between 58th and 59th Sts.; 826-4100)

DAUM CRISTAL FRANCE

Daum's first American boutique is impossible to miss: a posse of prickly six-foot cactus looms in the window behind Hilton McConnico's offbeat cactus-stoppered decanters. McConnico's pâte de verre and crystal work is part of an ongoing series of commissioned



Victorian clutter, top left, at Kogan & Co. Top right: Linen scrim shades frame the window at the LS Collection. Above: Kogan & Co. mezzanine evokes a gentleman's study. Right: The LS Collection's sleek glass and silver wares.

MICHAEL MUNDY

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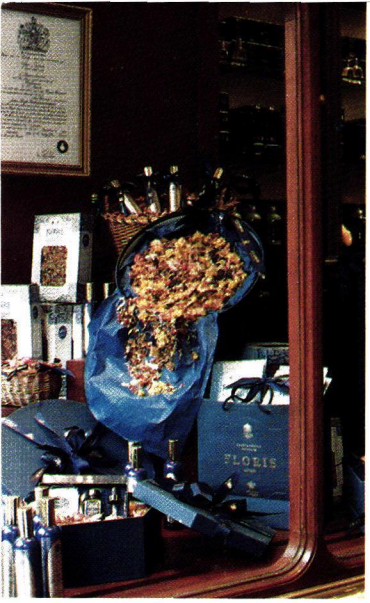
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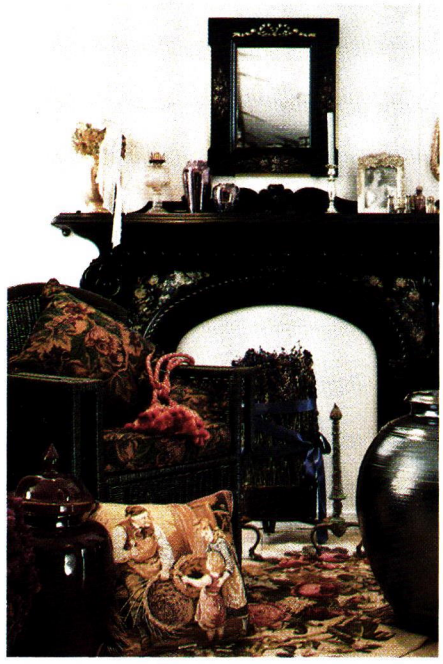
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Flowing potpourri, above, at Floris. Above right: Heather Ramsay's rubber-stamped boxes at Store Next Door. Right: A cozy corner at Grange.

sculptures by such artists as François Lalanne and French hipster Philippe Starck. Daum's Art Deco and Art Nouveau pieces have been bought by museums around the world, and the new collection certainly appears to have posterity in mind. (694 Madison Ave. between 62nd and 63rd Sts.; 355-2060)

THE FLORIS SHOP

This quintessentially British scent shop, purveyors to the queen and the Prince of Wales, is finally in New York. And U.S. owner Jamie Niven is making sure that Americans get the full Floris effect. The walls are paneled with rich mahogany to lend a very English feel, and row after orderly row of toilet waters (fifteen flowery scents in all), potpourri in a bowl, sachets, soaps, and shampoos line the shelves. Following in the wake of less exclusive Crabtree & Evelyn, Floris will soon open stores across the country. (703 Madison Ave. between 62nd and 63rd Sts.; 935-9100)

THE LS COLLECTION

Yoshikazu and Masahiko Kasuga are Japanese entrepreneurs with an American drive for upward mobility. After succeeding with the gift shop Lazy Susan on less posh Third Avenue, the partners traded up. LS, the new venture, is a chic housewares store. The shop carries many extravagant items, from the gracefully tapered silver champagne flutes with sundial bases ($13,500 for twelve, with a matching cooler) to Italian walking sticks, crutches, and crooks—each with something to hide, either a whiskey flask, monocle, or chess set. The serene interior by decorator Bob Patino almost upstages the merchandise but not quite. The floors are crab apple orchard stone. The display

SOURCES

tables, are highly polished mahogany—some with leather inlays—and owe more to Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann than to D. F. Sanders, the grandfather of modern housewares stores. (765 Madison Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts.; 472-3355)

PUIFORCAT

Until six months ago, an American fan of Puiforcat's handsome Art Deco designs would have been forced to settle for a few pieces found in different stores around the country—a full complement of its gleaming silver was unavailable. But in December, the 169-year-old firm opened a jewel box of a shop on Madison. The centerpiece is a stunning pair of chalices from the 1920s. Arranged around this are reproductions of Puiforcat's classics, newly minted tea services, sterling and silver-plate flatware, as well as jewelry, leather goods, and Limoges porcelain with shagreen look-alike borders. (811 Madison Ave. at 68th St.; 734-3838)

GRANGE

If one-stop shopping has a Madison Avenue equivalent, this is it. Grange stocks needlepoint rugs for the floors, plaster-cast angels for the walls, and furniture for nearly every room in the house. Owner Joseph Grange, whose taste runs to country French, early American, and sophisticated Directoire, composes real room vignettes that customers can buy as is. A bedroom might be decked out with a cane sleigh bed made up with crisp linen sheets and a Shaker-style bedside table propped with grandmotherly perfume bottles. (831 Madison Ave. between 69th and 70th Sts.; 737-8080)

STORE NEXT DOOR

The Whitney Museum of American Art's Store Next Door (literally one door away) is not just a plain-Jane shop for Grant Wood postcards or books on Robert Mapplethorpe. It showcases a number of American-designed pieces of furniture, jewelry, and collectibles: suede-and-metal handbags by Wendy Stevens, triangular squiggly-legged tables by Will Stone, and Heather Ramsay's boxes rubber-stamped with fish, pencils, or letters. The Whitney's exposure of American artists and manufacturers is heartening, particularly considering the strong presence on Madison. (943 Madison Ave. between 74th and 75th Sts.; 606-0200)

Daum's colorful art glass combines pâte de verre and crystal.



KOGAN & CO.

Regardless of location, Barbara Kogan's stores flourish. She ran a hugely successful china, crystal, and jewelry shop in Puerto Rico and is thriving in a not-quite-prime "mezzanine" spot with an entrance off the avenue at 76th Street. For the opening last November, decorating heavies David Easton, Mario Buatta, and Robert Metzger and architect Peter Marino each designed tables around a different theme. It is the only place in New York

MICHAEL MUNDY



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carrying Colefax & Fowler accessories—special items like carpet balls, chintz umbrellas, and tulipières—and was the first in the city to show Viscount Linley's classical creations—the porcelain dinner service and decanters. Kogan & Co. is permanently cluttered with English antiques and bibelots from wooden tie presses to elaborate inkwells. (971 Madison Ave. at 76th St.; 288-8523)

VILLEROY & BOCH

This is no place for a bull. In a bright white two-story china shop, Villeroy & Boch displays endless examples of its crystal and bone-china dinnerware patterns, including Naïf with village scenes of brides chasing grooms or a couple sitting by the fire with pets. Its latest addition is jewelry designer Paloma Picasso's Bijou collection with semiprecious stones set in plain china bowls, candleholders, vases, and candy boxes. (972 Madison Ave. at 76th St.; 535-2500)

KEESAL & MATHEWS

Susanna Vasillov and David Clarke's new store fits right in on conservative upper Madison. Vasillov and Clarke pamper the customers, helping the traditional-minded through tricky table-setting decisions. Vasillov learned the hands-on approach when she worked in the neighborhood at a service-oriented clothing store—the approach is as effective in arranging a table as it is in accessorizing an outfit. Vasillov and Clarke can dress a table from handmade linen tablecloths to hand-painted French dessert plates. The hot item of the moment: pewter bunny napkin rings. (1244 Madison Ave. between 89th and 90th Sts.; 410-1800)

ADRIEN LINFORD

Gary Yee and Morgan Allard loved shopping for their new apartment, but they came up short in the dining room—they couldn't find the right table settings. So the partners did some research and decided to open their own store. Although they carry the expected Michael Graves tea kettle and other design icons of the 1980s, the shop stands out with pieces by young artists such as porcelain bowls by Marek Cecula and glass tumblers laced with gold leaf by Roger Nachman. Adrien Linford is the perfect place to end a stroll on Madison, as there is complimentary coffee served in the back beyond all the wineglasses and plates. (1320 Madison Ave. between 93rd and 94th Sts.; 289-4427) ▲

Noble Roman

(Continued from page 139) delight the eye, or a neo-Egyptian breakfront where Capodimonte china is stored.

Those walls not covered with cotton fabric from the Swiss firm of Zumsteg have been hand-painted. On the lowest floor, or entrance level, the colors change with the rising and setting sun, turning from Pompeian red to terra-cotta. On the second floor the walls are lighter and, depending on the time of day, appear salmon pink or pumpkin-tinted. The top floor, a tiny tent-shaped space Forquet calls the music room, is lighter yet and has trompe l'oeil windows on the walls and ceiling. The overall effect is a progression from rich earth tones to an airy openness to the sky. Just as the color scheme changes from floor to floor, so does the decor, which Forquet alters with the seasons. "In summer," he says, "the curtains are open twelve hours a day, and Rome is so bright you want something clean and simple that doesn't disturb your eyes. The motion outside is so big you want to be relaxed inside. But in winter, when you have to close the curtains early, you want to have brighter, warmer colors."

In a classic understatement Forquet concludes, "Now I have the life I want." In Tuscany he has his house and magnificent garden. In Rome he not only has a place for his collection, he has a view of Saint Peter's from his bedroom and of Castel Sant'Angelo and the Campidoglio from the living room. Having spent twenty years in the world of fashion, he still sees old friends from that milieu—he remains in touch with Oscar de la Renta, Irene Galitzine, Bill Blass, Givenchy, Galanos, and Valentino—and he keeps busy with new projects. He has just finished redecorating the Italian embassy in Paris and is redoing Palazzo Sacchetti on Via Giulia in Rome. "It's a huge work," he says. "I have only three or four more rooms to do, but each of them is larger than my whole flat." Meanwhile he is also working on a reception center for Martini & Rossi, continues to design home-furnishing fabrics, and does some landscape gardening "out of love and real friendship." The key to his protean imagination and the common denominator of all his endeavors, he explains, is that "I have never followed fashion. I follow the promptings of my spirit." ▲

Sanctuary for Art

(Continued from page 153)

CT: But how did you get that effect?

MM: It's achieved by mixing dry pigment into Spackle. For a clear wall you mix it thoroughly, but you can just throw in powder in different colors and not mix it so it comes out in marblelike swirls. Then after a while, like Jackson Pollock, you can anticipate a particular mood if you put in a certain amount of pigment and mix it to a certain degree.

CT: You worked this out with professional painters?

MM: The guy who did the walls is a potter. His name, if you can believe it, is Beriah Wall. I found him through [SoHo dealer] Tony Shafrazi. The moment he said Beriah Wall, I said, "Oh, but of course. Why haven't I called Beriah Wall?" He lived out here with his team for four months, and after this Joan Sacks used him to do the walls in a nightclub and then something else. So it's like William Morris's crafts at my church. Everybody working here is an artisan, and they go on to apply what they learn to whatever else they do. Much of the furniture was designed by David Ebner. I call him the Chippendale of our time.

CT: You've flung a lot of money into this. Does this make you uneasy?

MM: No, I think it's the best thing you can do. I'd rather have it all in the way I live than in some stock. I don't want to live uncomfortably just to leave a lot of money.

CT: Live fast, die handsome.

MM: Got it. It's inspiration.

CT: But you demolished that expensive greenhouse completely.

MM: I swapped the greenhouse, this $16,000 mistake, for a few thousand dollars' worth of welding to build a retaining wall. We're going to build a wall outside with tiles the first decorator ordered that were too rough for the shower. I'm doing this like a bird, building a nest out of bits and pieces it finds.

CT: Does this nest building have anything to do with your decision to get married?

MM: The only thing I had left that was new was an engagement—getting the ring and having it made. It's a wonderful state.

CT: What do you think made you want to live with style, after years of—

MM: Living in cold-water apartments? I have a thing about the word style. Style is



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Sanctuary for Art

simply the result of the instrument that you're using. The instrument has become an aesthetic problem.

DK: In doing this house what were some of the specific problems or ideas that came up?

MM: Not only the idea of what is a wall but ideas about what is a door. How do you want it to feel? Is it alive? Is it dead? Is it binding you in? Is it keeping you out? You go into this whole process of thinking. It can apply to anything.

CT: It sounds like you have for the first time applied the kind of process that you apply in your painting to your living arrangements.

MM: Absolutely. Or to wanting to learn to play the piano. Or taking the same approach to Ping-Pong. What is a Ping-Pong ball?

DK: What is a house?

MM: Exactly. A house is an extension of body. It has eyes—windows and doors. It has a front and a back door, as all living things do. It also has an umbilical cord. If that isn't there, it was never born. And if it was never born, it was never a work of art. It's a great test in all architectural objects: where's the belly button?

DK: Where's the belly button here?

MM: Here it's the color. The birth of the house is in its color.

DK: Is that why you preferred a woman architect?

MM: Women design from another space than men—a form of sheltering or nurturing. And Joan Sacks is a great nurturer. She midwives her staff. True intellect is really organic. From head to toe. I think of the intellect as being emotional if it's integrated.

CT: Something perplexes me. You say you don't want the walls to look like a skin, but with the analogy of the house as an extension of the body, what is the objection to skin?

MM: I think of this space as being inside the body, and the skin would be the outside. We're inside the body itself. In the organs.

CT: Has the work that you've been doing on this house affected your painting in any way? I would think that becoming so involved in this process, which is analogous to the painting process, would almost have taken all of that energy and all of that imagination.

MM: Somehow it leads back into the painting. I can imagine myself painting interiors in the future. I can see having this in reserve and getting my money back.

DK: There's not only this place—all of a sudden there are three places in your life.

MM: The newest is the little house in Maine. It has a studio, a fisherman's shack, with water running underneath.

DK: Sounds romantic.

MM: I like the idea of living romantically. I don't mean looking at the blue moon every night. But in the real sense. The classicist knows what he wants and then designs it. The romantic has a feeling, an intuition, and then makes his dreams come true.

DK: Did you dream of the Caribbean for your bathroom?

MM: Oh, you mean the Caribbean flash? That was a little thing Beriah Wall did. Everybody here was working like a jazz band. You know, Miles Davis wouldn't tell Thelonius Monk how to play the piano—they'd start grooving together. Beriah and I were on that level. I'd say, "Beriah, think of the Caribbean every time you're taking a shower. That's what I want." And he did that.

DK: And it worked?

MM: Yes. Method decorating. Stanislavsky. That's the key. ▲

Victoria's Secret

(Continued from page 190) Street, so clients rarely see Hagan's apartment, which is her preference. "I don't want them to think what's right for me is something I'd want for them," she explains, while admitting that her rooms clearly reflect her personal taste. She acknowledges the apartment's flaws: "The space is very limited and the kitchen is minute, but I chose this apartment because it had great light and higher ceilings than most places." Her immediate goal at the start was "to give the apartment character," rather than focus on a specific period or style.

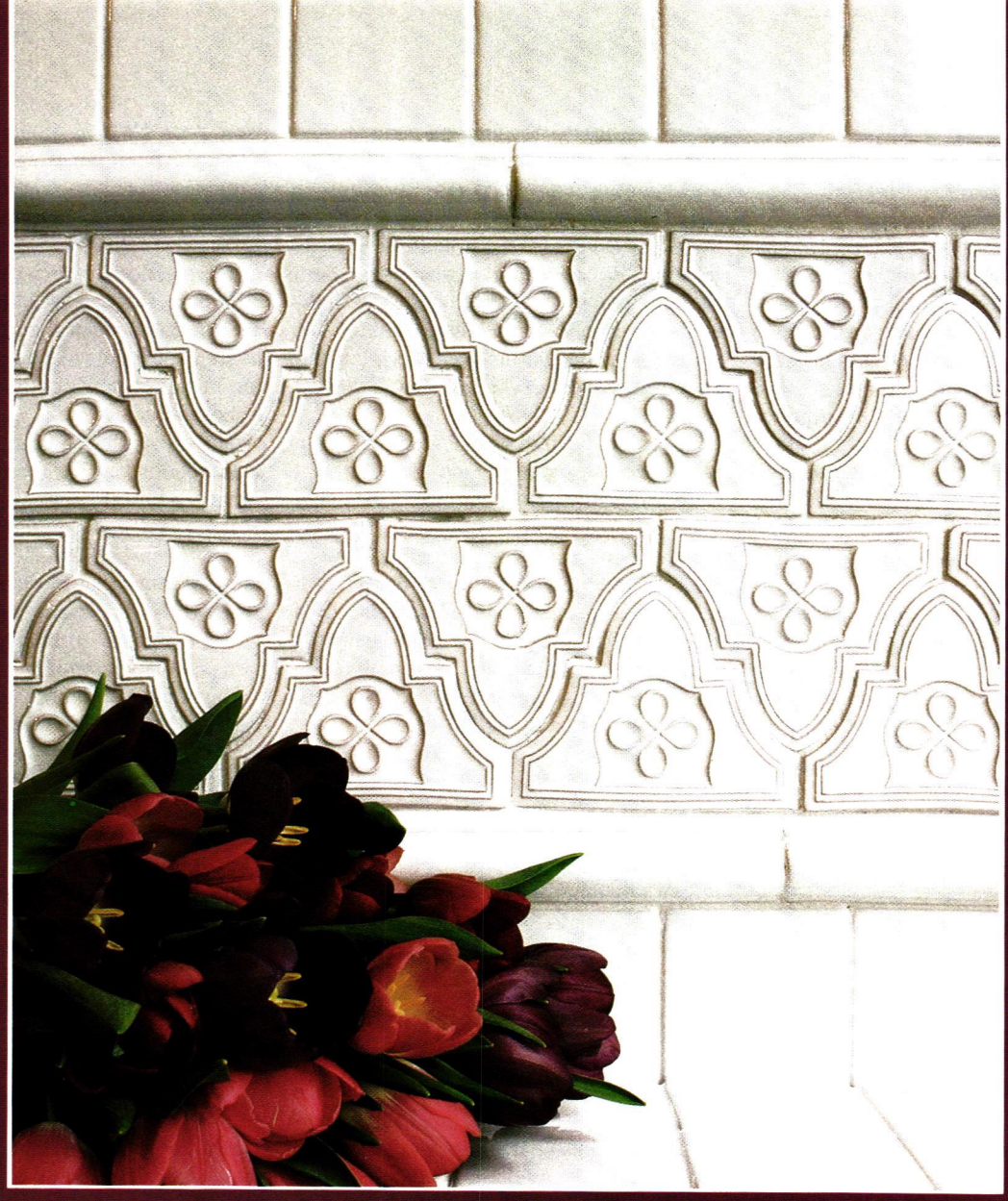
The floors were bleached, architectural moldings were added to the walls, and the kitchen was redone. The refrigerator was moved into a new niche that juts into the living room, allowing for counter space and a spot for a dishwasher. Paint colors were chosen to help create the illusion that the apartment fills with light as you move through it and that there's always more space just around the corner. The nonworking fireplace was left in "because I liked having a mantel," and the rest of the apartment's considerable charm is in the furnishings. Although Hagan lives alone, hers is not the cliché "woman's apartment" with fussy elements like bows and pots of potpourri. The apartment is comfortable without frills and elegant without looking too stark.

Despite the small rooms, the furniture doesn't cramp movement or overwhelm the space. "The scale of furniture is really important in a small apartment," says Hagan, who found most of hers in flea markets and antiques shops. As a rule, Hagan stays away from oversized furniture, even when working with very large spaces. "Oversized furniture doesn't make people feel comfortable. They feel overwhelmed. I don't know why people always think they need huge sofas and chairs in large spaces. In the Renaissance, the furniture was not overscale even in castles. People filled the space with several small seating areas."

A few necessary elements frustrate Hagan: for instance, her window air conditioner ("I hate it, but it's the nicest one I can find. I'd love to design an air conditioner"), as well as the high-tech telephone answering machine ("I think old phones look great, but I won't give up the technology"). And there is the placement of the television set: "Mine's in the bedroom, which I always argue against doing, but I have such a tiny television no one could possibly see it from any distance! I don't know why architects aren't designing places for televisions in interiors, when most households have one or two. I mean, there weren't closets at one point in time; now there are closets."

Feldman and Hagan have kept busy this year from former clients' good word of mouth, "although that only goes so far," says Hagan, which is why Feldman-Hagan designed rooms in two show houses open to the public. Twenty-thousand people walked through one of them, and the exposure led to numerous jobs, including a project for Olympia Dukakis in New Jersey, Hagan mentions modestly. She is fascinated with set design in film and would love to design a restaurant someday. "People really appreciate the small details, the way the silverware looks or the way the chair feels, and these are so often overlooked." She cites as another example of attention to detail the changing postcards as wall decorations in Manhattan's refurbished Royalton Hotel. "It's a tiny thing and so simple. But it makes people smile."

When asked how she describes her apartment, Hagan says, "I don't." She adds, "I like to find the relationships between periods, and I love what happens when you abstract elements and mix them. The approach is modern, perhaps," she admits. "It's hard to pinpoint a particular style, it's all so personal. Nothing in this apartment is terribly expensive, and nothing is perfect, and I love that. We all strive for perfection, but life isn't perfect." ▲ *Editor: Amicia de Moubray*



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Abloom in the City

(Continued from page 171) photos displaying pictures of Jamie's late father, the actor David Niven, to the brocade pillows and thickly cushioned dining room chairs, each room has an at-ease feel to it. Most unusual is the living room, which doubles as Fernanda Niven's office. "People are always surprised that I have my desk in the living room," says Niven, who daily works on her fabric business at the Regency desk in the corner of the room. "But I love to look out over the room, and it makes sense to me to use it as much as possible."

Until this project, Niven had never hired a decorator. But after redoing the family's house in Southampton solo, Niven swore she'd never decorate again. To decorate the New York apartment, she selected Faure after admiring a bedroom she had done for the Southampton Designer Show House.

Like Niven, Faure believes in searching out items in the most unlikely spots. Behind almost every piece of furniture and art in the Nivens' apartment there is a tale. "I have found wonderful things in the junkiest junk shops," says Niven, who has mastered the art of scavenging for unusual antiques and collectibles. Niven readily admits that she also haunts some of the more prestigious shops and auction houses in New York and London—but again, she usually finds deals like the enormous painting in her living room she fell upon in a neglected corner at Sotheby's. Niven also peruses stores looking for, among other things, nineteenth-century English Nailsea bells, which she has collected for years.

Niven and Faure, however, did more than just redecorate. Faure made the apartment "architecturally right," according to Niven. She suggested giving an illusion of height to the rooms by enlarging the ceiling beams. They encased the beams in the library with molding and painted them to resemble burled walnut. In the living room an extra beam was added in the middle to run the length of the room. The living room beams were then stenciled with Victorian designs.

Over the past year Niven has been occupied with more than just the apartment, which was completed in September. She has been busy introducing her second line of fabrics in the Fernanda Niven collection. She now has ten fabric designs in forty colorways available through Cowtan & Tout. In January one of her newest designs was highlighted at New York's Winter Antiques Show: her blue and white floral Jamesington linen decorated a room at the armory where tea was served to benefactors previewing the show. Another of her newest fabrics is a peach, apricot, and dusty rose floral, which covers the couple's bedroom. Eugenie's Ribbon, named after her younger daughter, makes up the curtains as well and hangs like a canopy from above the headboard, which is covered with the same material.

Some five times a year, the Nivens travel to London, where her fabrics are printed. He recently bought the American rights to Floris, the British perfume and soap company started in 1730. In November he opened the first American Floris store on Madison Avenue. Niven began her design business with the idea of combining what she liked best of American and English fabric designs. "The American fabrics are often made in such lively colors, and the English fabrics are too often muted," she says. "I wanted to create something with a soft strength to it." Her inspiration comes from old fabrics she finds during her travels. She then adapts designs from these fabrics to today's printing methods—and chooses colors that are uniquely Fernanda. ◆ *Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet and Jacques Dehornois*

Cottage Classic

(Continued from page 199) grounds, which complement the character of the house to a degree impossible when Shingle Style extravaganzas sprout on barren potato fields.

Similarly effective is the decorating by New York interior designer Victoria Borus, which offers a harmonious response to the architectural framework. The decorative elements are not meekly recessive nor do they distract from the well-proportioned spaces and superb detailing. A case in point is the handsome fireplace surround by Robertson in the living room, made of green Alberene soapstone from the same Virginia quarry that supplied Thomas Jefferson. Borus's choice of fabrics, carpets, and seating has a softening effect so that the stone does not dominate. Neither is there any question that this is the architectural center around which the furnishings are organized, though again the deference is reciprocal and absolutely fitting.

Throughout, Robertson has done a deft job in concealing such mundane necessities as porch drainage, air conditioning, heating vents, and lighting, but the uncluttered surfaces are anything but stark. Floorboards, chair rails, and moldings are quietly deployed to give each room strong definition, but never do the details become a display of snazzy custom woodwork for mere show.

A significant difference between this structure and old Shingle Style houses is the vast amount of daylight that enters here, thanks to the orientation: the west-facing ground-floor window wall, the seven large dormer windows carved into the massive roof above it, and the huge arched south window in the master bedroom. Jaquelin Robertson's comprehensive knowledge of American domestic design in general and that of the Hamptons in particular makes his liberties a welcome continuation of what is obviously still very much a living tradition. ◆ *Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac*

The American Mold

(Continued from page 176) made until 1920. According to associate curator Alice Cooney Frelinghuysen, the objects on view (through June 25) include several previously unknown examples and a number of pieces never exhibited before. Some of the most spectacular were made especially for the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876, which provided an opportunity for American companies to demonstrate their ability to manufacture porcelain equal to the best made in Europe. (Fittingly, the Metropolitan exhibition is sponsored by Lenox China of New Jersey, now celebrating its own centennial.)

A famous pair of Century vases produced in Brooklyn was among the most conspicuously patriotic artifacts exhibited in Philadelphia—the handles of the nearly two-foot-high vessels are modeled as North American bison heads, and their sides are decorated with profile portraits of George Washington and a variety of scenes from American history. The quintessentially American game of baseball inspired a second pair of extraordinary vases, manufactured by a New Jersey firm. Figures of pitchers, batters, and catchers surround each three-foot-tall shaft, and the cover is designed to look like a giant baseball. Above it all sits a defiant American eagle, as much a symbol of national honor as it is a token of the maker's pride.

Resources

DESIGN

Page 44 Bertrand sideboard, by Massimo Iosa-Ghini for Memphis/Milano, $18,895, at Urban Architecture, Detroit; Giles & Co., NYC; OLC, Philadelphia; Inside, San Diego; Limn, San Francisco; Current, Seattle; to the trade at Illuminations, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Stilnovo, Coral Gables; Artemide, Culver City, Long Island City. Curva chrome-plated steel and polyurethane-foam chair on second floor, from $417 in fabric to $585 in leather, designed by Massimo Iosa-Ghini for Moroso, at Palazzetti, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles; Repertoire, Boston; Leitmotif, New Orleans; Knepper-Sweeney, Philadelphia; Limn, San Francisco; to the trade at Edelson, Atlanta; Modern Living, Los Angeles; Counterpoint, Miami; Business Interiors, Norfolk; Interiors Unlimited, St. Louis. Guizzo chrome-plated stool, from $262 in fabric to $315 in leather, and Balzo V wood and chrome-plated-steel chair, from $1,510 in fabric to $2,595 in leather, designed by Massimo Iosa-Ghini for Moroso (see above).

SANCTUARY FOR ART

Pages 150–55 Marilyn settee, to the trade from Poltronova International, Long Island City (718) 482-7660. Pigmented plaster walls, approx $10 sq ft, by Beriah Wall, NYC (212) 431-6162. J. L. Mott's Eureka kitchen sink, c. 1880, approx $3,500, from a collection at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. Custom-made furniture, approx $1,000–$12,000, to order from David Ebner, Bellport (516) 286-4523.

COLLECTIVE SPIRIT

Page 156 Dorval fabric edging the armless chair, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Latour Bouclé fabric on two back chairs, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. **158–59** Ardentes Cotton Print, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). **160** Persano fabric on ottoman, 51" wide, 63/10, Gotha striped fabric on sofa, 53½" wide, 75/10, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Nancy Miklos Mason, Birmingham; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia; James Goldman, Seattle. Rayures Mousseline wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). **161** Albi Plain Glazed Chintz on shade (two colorways pieced together), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Lorraine chintz on chair, 51" wide, 93/10, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above). **162** Daffodil & Vine Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). **163** Cathy chintz on bed and seat, 50" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Hinson & Co., NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Brandt's, Phoenix; Designer Showroom, Seattle. Shadow Stripe fabric crowning bed, to the trade at Henry Cassen at Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Nash Edging fringe on bed and seat, to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran & Assoc., Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Kress/Tennant, Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman, Seattle. Marquee Stripe wallpaper, by Twigs, 27" wide, $30 roll, to the trade at Fonthill, NYC; Marion-Kent, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.; Devon Services, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Donghia Showrooms, Dania, Los Angeles; Reynolds-Howard, High Point; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Custom carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle.

GREAT NAPPERS

Page 165 Malachite Fard queen-size duvet cover, $87.50, queen-size flat sheet, $53, pillowcase, $32, designed by Primrose Bordier, at Descamps, NYC, Costa Mesa, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. Silk taffeta pillow, $75, ecru lace pillow, $44, lace square pillow, $65, at Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Kilim rug (stock #64705), $1,499, kilim pillow (stock #67396), 20"x20", $65, kilim pillow (stock #65112), 14"x14", $40, kilim pillow (stock #65113), 14"x14", $40, at Central Carpet, NYC (212) 787-8813. **166** Chinese needlepoint rug,

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Resources

$3,995, at Rug Tower, NYC (212) 677-2525. Pink silk pillow, $500, at E. Braun & Co., NYC (212) 838-0650. Empire-style récamier and screen, $18,000 ea, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970.

ABLOOM IN THE CITY

Pages 168–69 Fernanda chintz, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 156). Imberline Caserta fabric, 51" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Velours Uni silk on pillows, 26½" wide, $369 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Mahogany lamp, designed by Faure, approx $500, to the trade from Geneviève Faure, NYC (212) 288-2946. **170** Faux wood-grain doors at top, painted by Gail Leddy, available through Geneviève Faure (see above). Damask Carrare fabric on chair at top, 51" wide, $85.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **171** Hepplewhite Damask, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; JEH/Denver, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; James Goldman, Seattle. India linen and cotton, 120 cm wide, £48 m, India Stripe linen and cotton used as border, 121.8 cm wide, £42 m, from Geoffrey Bennison Fabrics, London 1-730-8076. Late 19th century oil paintings—*The Connoisseur*, by Charles Hermans, at left, and *Interior of a Studio*, by Louis Joseph Pottin, at right—from Didier Aaron, NYC (212) 988-5248. **172** Hasketon Damask curtain fabric, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above for pg 163). Giubileo Rigato wool and silk fabric on pillow at left, 60" wide, $270 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Kashmir cotton on library armchairs, by Groundworks division of Lee Jofa, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above for pg 163). Castello Aragonese fabric on pillow by library window, 51" wide, $187.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **173** Eugenie's Ribbon, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 156). Elysée fringe, to the trade at Houlès, NYC, Los Angeles. Courtnay Strié wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). Taj fabric lining crown of bed, 48" wide, $21 yd, at Christian Schlumberger, NYC; to the trade at Hines & Co., Chicago; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Marion Kent, High Point; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Todd Wiggins, Miami. Padua Moiré Stripe fabric edging on headboard to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above for pg 163). Rothschild Paisley, 54" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Byblos fringe, $27 yd, at Christian Schlumberger (see above).

BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

Pages 180–81 Empire armchairs, at La Maison Française, Los Angeles (213) 653-6540. **184–85** Bauer pottery and Manhattan glassware, at Buddy's, Los Angeles (213) 939-2419. **186** Eames lounge chair (and ottoman), at authorized Herman Miller dealers, call (800) 851-1196.

VICTORIA'S SECRET

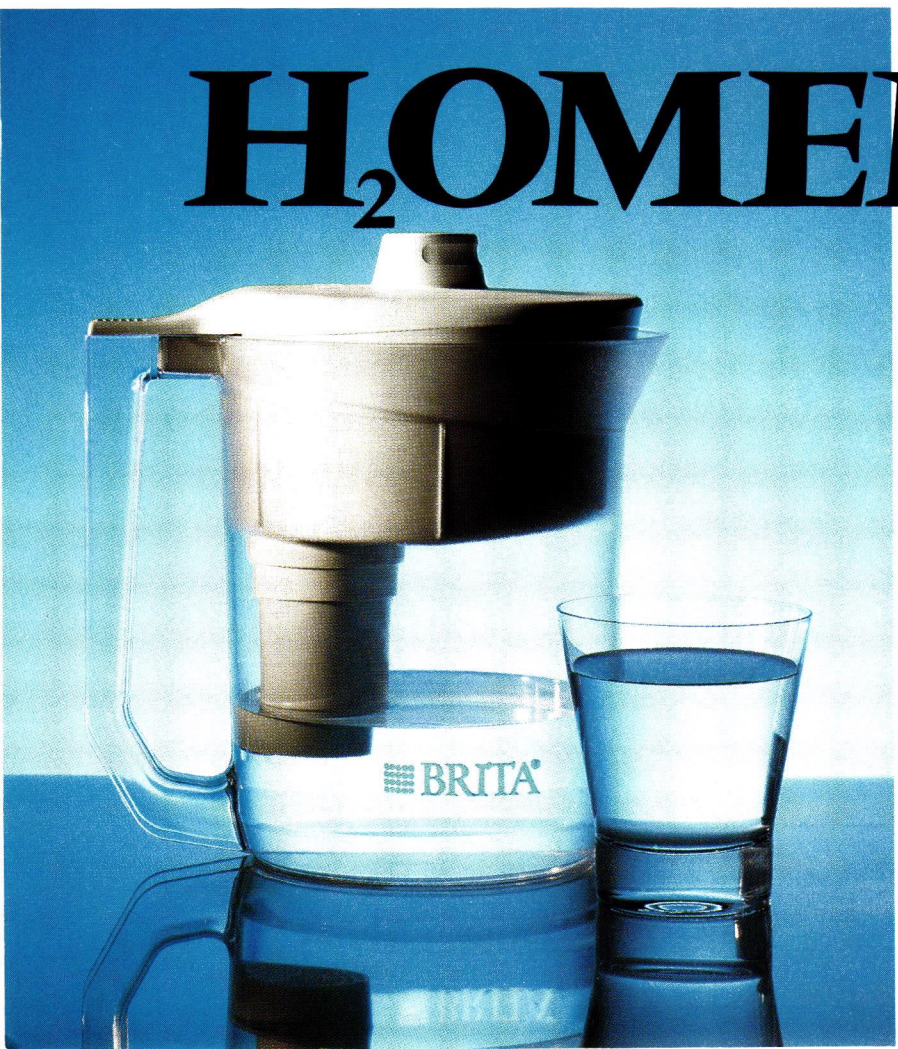
Page 189 Villa Gallia love seat, designed in 1913 by Josef Hoffmann, $3,346 in mohair plush, to the trade at ICF, for nearest showroom call (914) 365-2500. Brno armchairs in steel and black leather, designed by Mies van der Rohe in 1930, $2,373 ea, to the trade from KnollStudio at Knoll International, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.

COTTAGE CLASSIC

Page 193 Area rug, $68 sq ft, by Elizabeth Eakins, NYC, (212) 628-1950. **194–95** Area rug, $68 sq ft, by Elizabeth Eakins (see above). Borghese Stripe cotton on Swope sofa, 51" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Donghia, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Swope sofa, to the trade from Thomas De Angelis & Co., NYC (212) 620-0191. **197** Weatherend table, 60" wide, $3,700, benches, $2,800 ea, rocking chairs, $1,860 ea, swing, $2,468, from Weatherend Estate Furniture, Rockland (207) 596-6483. Bernadino Stripe cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). **198–99** Honeysuckle Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). Frieze text, painted by muralist Michael Thornton-Smith (212) 619-5338. Custom-made bed linens and curtains, to the trade at N.K.A., NYC (212) 929-8684. Early American Wool Braid carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pg 163).

MOVABLE SEATS

Pages 200–03 Faux marble floor, hand-painted by Sara Nesbitt, Hoboken (201) 792-3127. **200–01** Gothique wallpaper on screen, $450 per panel, to the trade at Zuber, NYC (212) 486-9226. Backless Franco-Roman seat, by Michael Shannon, $750, at Howard Kaplan, NYC (212) 674-1000; to the trade at Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Mitchell Ryan, Dania; Blake House, Denver; Showroom Mé-



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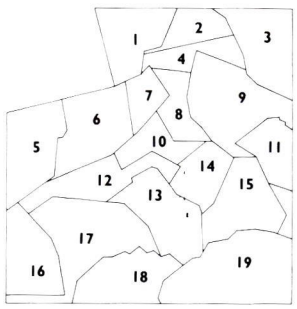
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nage, Los Angeles; Dunkirk, San Francisco; Michael Folks, Seattle. English leopard-patterned blanket, at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. Directoire-style bench (#5015-88), by Mark Hampton for Hickory Chair, $484 (COM), for nearest store call customer service at (704) 328-1801. Stone head at Reymer-Jourdan, NYC (212) 674-4470. Cygnus swans-headed bench, $500 as shown, optional cushion extra, from Classic Impressions collection, by Woodard, for nearest store call customer service at (517) 723-7881. Leather suitcase, $350, walking stick, $300, at Duke's, NYC (212) 966-2946. **202** Three-panel screen, $2,800, to the trade at Bob Patino & Co., NYC (212) 355-6581. Black-lacquer taboret, by Patrick Naggar, $390, at ARC International, NYC (212) 727-3340. P bench, $3,200, by David Pallaschuk, at Nolte, NYC (212) 431-0162. Jean Puiforcat teapot, $950, creamer and sugar, $625 ea, tray, $800, at Puiforcat, NYC (212) 734-3838. Goldleaf-papered screen, by Naggar, $2,400 as shown (or $800 per panel), at ARC International (see above). Regency-style bench (style #5118-D), from Stately Homes Collection, by Baker Furniture, 917 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654. Black velvet ottoman, by Norma Kamali, $1,080, antique tray from collection ($75–$550 ea) at OMO Home, NYC (212) 334-9696. Faux marble bench, by Bill Sullivan, $4,200 unfinished, to order at Chelsea Custom, NYC (212) 242-5252. Sunny shoes, $410 pr, at Manolo Blahnik, NYC (212) 582-3007. French three-panel screen, $1,500, at House of Screens, NYC (212) 534-8773. **203** Hand-painted Médiévale wallpaper on screen, $450 per panel, to the trade at Zuber (see above). Belvedere stool (style #4977) in black leather, $1,380, by Karges Furniture, for nearest store call (800) 252-7437. Blue silk stool, $675, at Trevor Potts Antiques, NYC (212) 737-0909. Yellow ottoman, by Mario Buatta, NYC, reproduced as the James ottoman, $975 (COM), by John Widdicomb, for nearest store call (616) 459-7173. Black velvet slippers, $145 pr, at Berk, NYC (212) 570-0285.

SAMPLES

Page 204 Wicker chair, $560, cushions, $350 for two, to the trade at Walters Wicker, for nearest showroom call (212) 758-0472. Upholstered in Piano Stripe canvas, 48" wide, $51 yd, by Dek Tillett, to the trade at Dek Tillett, Sheffield; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Mimi London, Los Angeles; Decorators Walk, Miami; Walters Wicker, NYC; Dean-Warren, Phoenix; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Billi Born, Troy. White-on-natural cotton and linen stripe, 48" wide, $47 yd, to the trade at Alan Campbell, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. From top right: Berber, 54" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Quadrille Wallpapers & Fabrics, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Hugh Cochran, Dania; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Baker Knapp & Tubbs, Minneapolis; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Company, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Samba Stripe Dralon, 55" wide, $36 yd, to the trade at Roger Arlington, NYC; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Portland; McQuiston-Riggs & Thomas, Seattle. Salute, 54" wide, $39 yd, to the trade at Quadrille (see above). Night & Day: Stripe, 51" wide, to the trade at China Seas, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Taggart-Zweibel, Philadelphia; James Goldman, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. Majorca Rose Indienne, 51" wide, $22.50 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). Piano Stripe polished cotton fabric, 48" wide, $45 yd, by Dek Tillett (see above). Martha's Vineyard Rouge, 55" wide, $45 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). White-on-natural cotton and linen stripe by Alan Campbell (see above).



Key to fabric collage: **1.** Dancer Stripe, 48" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Dek Tillett (see above). **2.** Gaspard Stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). **3.** Biedermeier Stripe, 51" wide, $99 yd, to the trade at Quadrille (see above). **4.** Gaspard Stripe (see #2 above). **5.** Coochie Coochie Dralon, 55" wide, $36 yd, to the trade at Roger Arlington (see above). **6.** Bergame, 51" wide, $193.50 yd, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above for pg 160). **7.** Salute, to the trade at Quadrille (see above). **8.** Gaspard Stripe (see #2 above). **9.** Windsor, 51" wide, $48 yd, to the trade at Donghia (see above for pgs 194–95). **10, 11.** Martha's Vineyard Vert and Jaune, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 168–69). **12.** Piano Stripe polished cotton, by Dek Tillett (see above). **13.** Michelle, 51" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Manuel Canovas (see above for pg 160). **14, 15.** Night & Day: Stripe, to the trade at China Seas (see above). **16.** Gaspard Stripe (see #2 above). **17.** Sorbetto Cotton Stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above for pg 156). **18.** Circus Stripe, 48" wide, $66 yd, to the trade at Dek Tillett (see above). **19.** Carioca Stripe Dralon, 55" wide, $36 yd, to the trade at Roger Arlington (see above).

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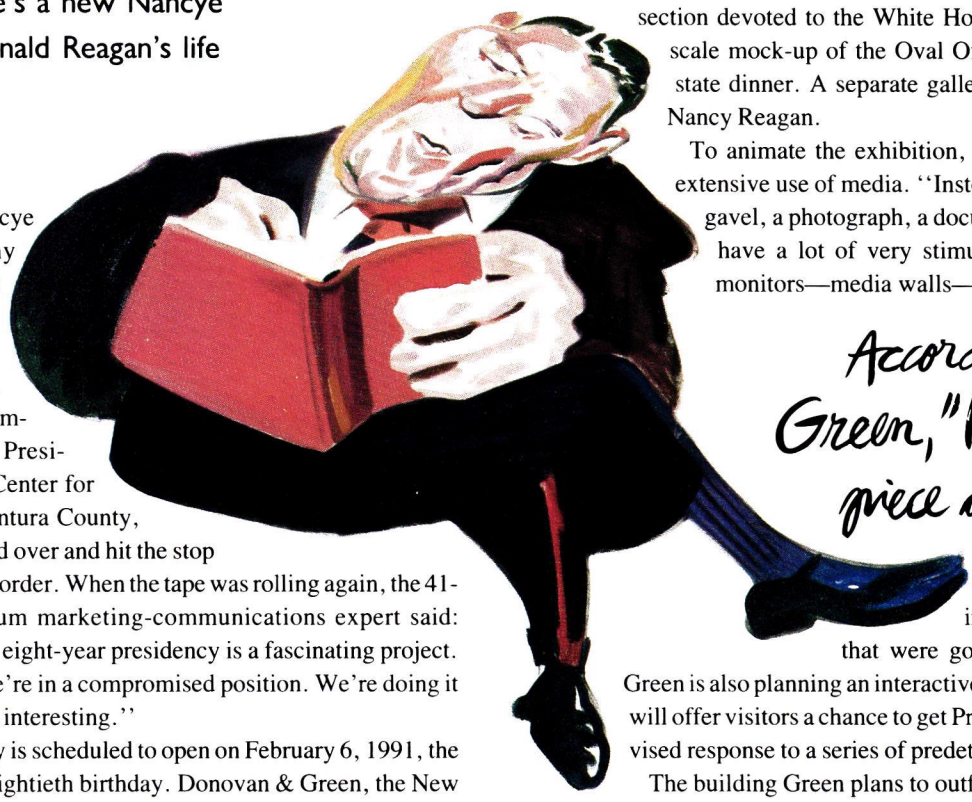
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Gandee AT LARGE

There's a new Nancye in Ronald Reagan's life



When I asked Nancye Green if she had any reservations about accepting the commission to design the public exhibition spaces of the forthcoming Ronald Reagan Presidential Library and Center for Public Affairs in Ventura County, California, she leaned over and hit the stop button on my tape recorder. When the tape was rolling again, the 41-year-old designer cum marketing-communications expert said: "Communicating an eight-year presidency is a fascinating project. We don't find that we're in a compromised position. We're doing it because we think it's interesting."

The Reagan library is scheduled to open on February 6, 1991, the fortieth president's eightieth birthday. Donovan & Green, the New York–based firm Green heads with her husband, Michael Donovan, was tapped for the job less than four weeks after the partners, along with their collaborator, Stuart Silver, were summoned to Washington to present their portfolio, which currently contains an advertising campaign for Lees Commercial Carpet, a total image—"including the food"—for a new chain of Japanese fast-food restaurants, and a traveling exhibition entitled "Hollywood: Legend and Reality."

The task now before Green, as she sees it, is "to convey the true essence of what this presidency was about, to capture the sense of Reagan in the space." I asked her what she had come up with so far—in the way of Reagan's true essence. "We wrote a concept which was that this presidency was about restoring the stature of the office of president, about restoring the country, about restoring America to a certain level in the community of nations. Reagan was the consummate father figure, so we decided that was going to be an important theme. Secondly, we decided that the library was going to have a lot of media in it, because you must deal with Reagan's aura."

To make the point about President Reagan's enormous popularity, Green plans to welcome library visitors into a gallery filled with selections from the "tens of thousands of gifts" he received while in office, which "range from live animals to objects that run the gamut from funky to wonderful." The gift chamber will serve as an anteroom to a theater that will show a film on the Ronald Reagan presidency by Phil Dusenberry, an advertising mogul who also coauthored the screenplay for *The Natural,* which starred Robert Redford. After the movie, Green has planned an approximately 75-minute chronological walk through Reagan's life. About fifty percent of the exhibition will be devoted to the various stages of Reagan's career: the "early years, to what made the man, his ascendance to positions of leadership, the substantive issues—domestic achievements, international achievements." There will also be a section devoted to the White House, including a full-scale mock-up of the Oval Office and, possibly, a state dinner. A separate gallery will be devoted to Nancy Reagan.

To animate the exhibition, Green plans to make extensive use of media. "Instead of walking up to a gavel, a photograph, a document, we're going to have a lot of very stimulating, highly active monitors—media walls—which means Reagan talking, people talking, crosscuts of things that were going on at the time." Green is also planning an interactive press conference that will offer visitors a chance to get President Reagan's televised response to a series of predetermined questions.

According to Green, "It's not a piece of hype"

The building Green plans to outfit with such high-tech wizardry is being designed by Boston architect Hugh Stubbins, the man who gave Manhattan the Citicorp building in 1978, a shiny aluminum office tower in midtown with an odd wedge-shaped top. I telephoned Stubbins at his weekend retreat outside West Palm Beach, Florida, but he wouldn't talk about the project. "I'll call you back this afternoon after I've checked with California," he said. But this afternoon never came. Green was more forthcoming about Stubbins's building, which she describes as "Western vernacular architecture—tile roof, sort of Mission style and very classic. Most of the time architects leave you with really garbagey spaces to work with, but Hugh left us with a really thoughtful space, clean, basically a shoe box."

I asked Green what she thought visitors to the library would walk away with in the end—what image of Ronald Reagan would she be creating for posterity. "A balanced view," she said. "It's not a piece of hype." At long last our chance to meet the real Ronald Reagan—the man behind the photo opportunity. And just what kind of man is that? "Amazing, charismatic, elegant, articulate, comfortable, secure, loved," according to Nancye Green. "A man who really believes in what he really believes in." **Charles Gandee**

PHILIP BURKE